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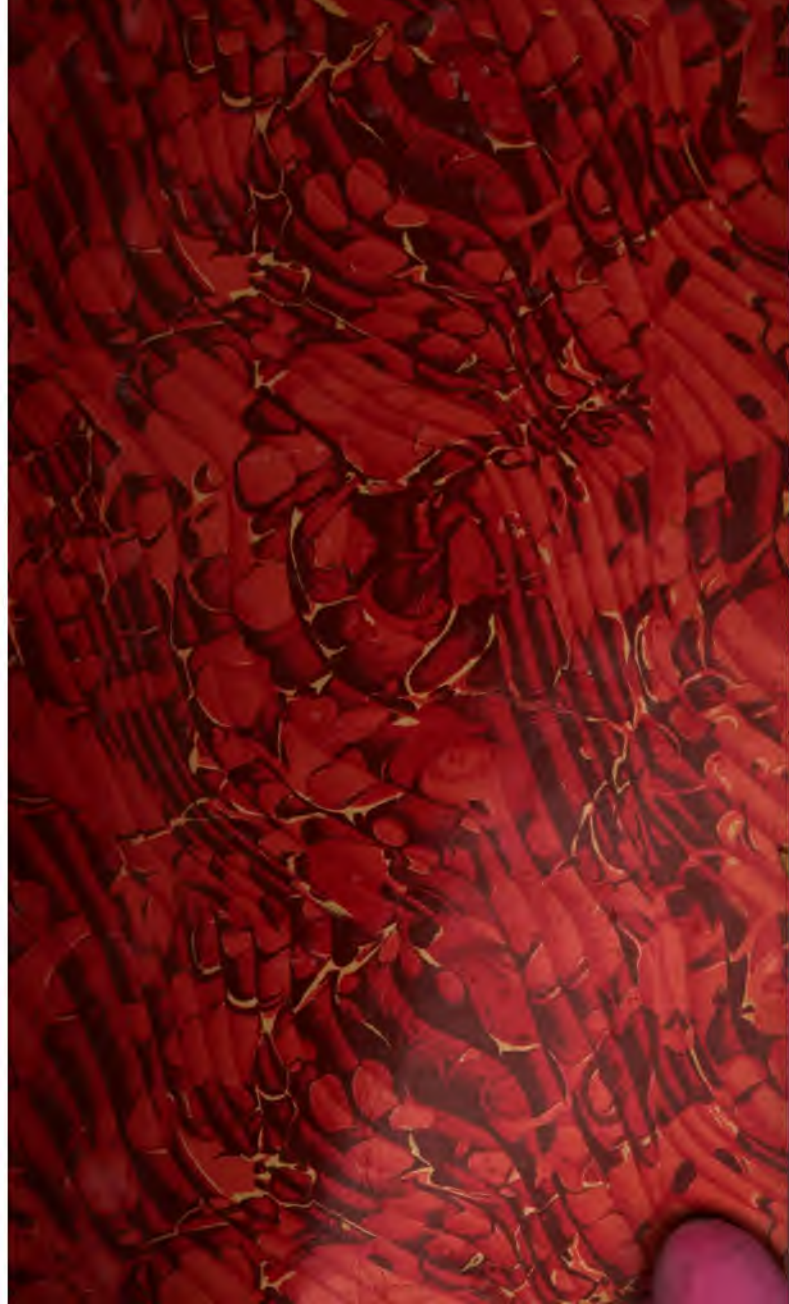
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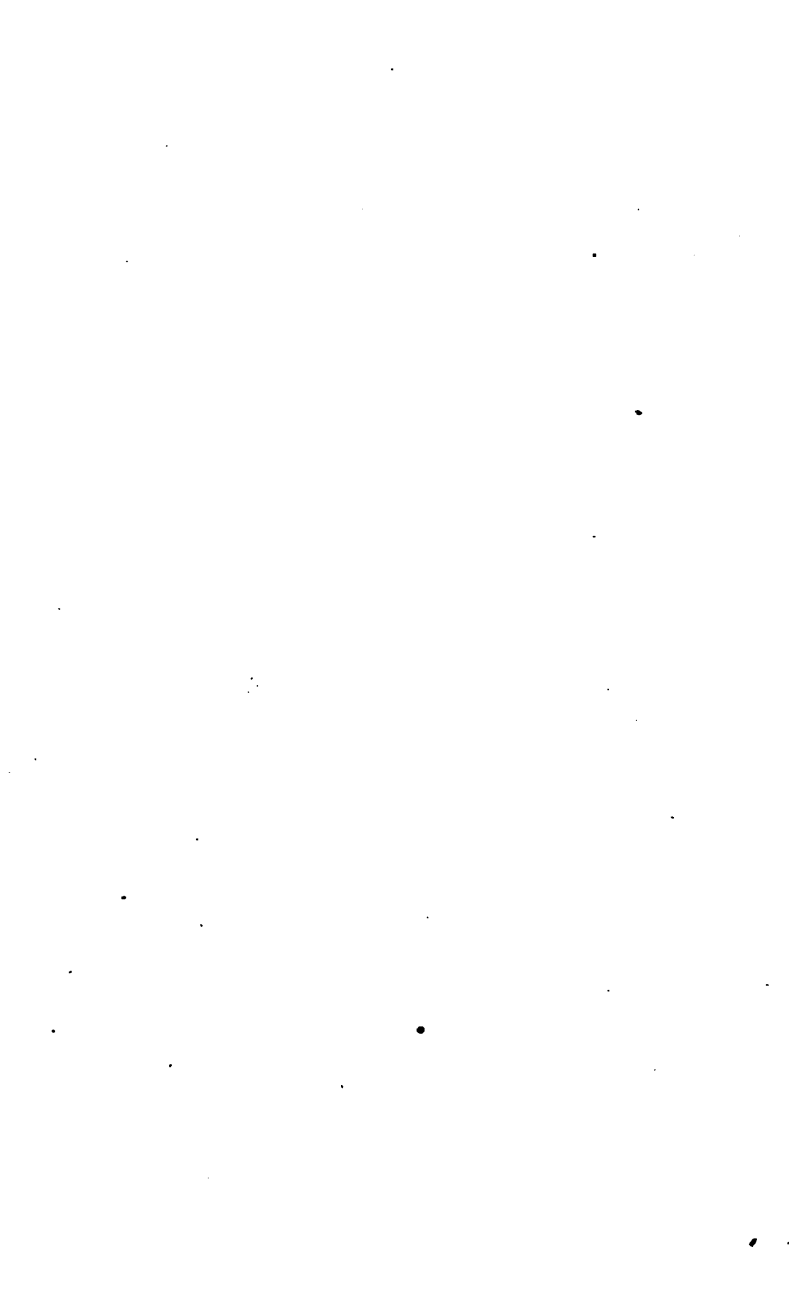


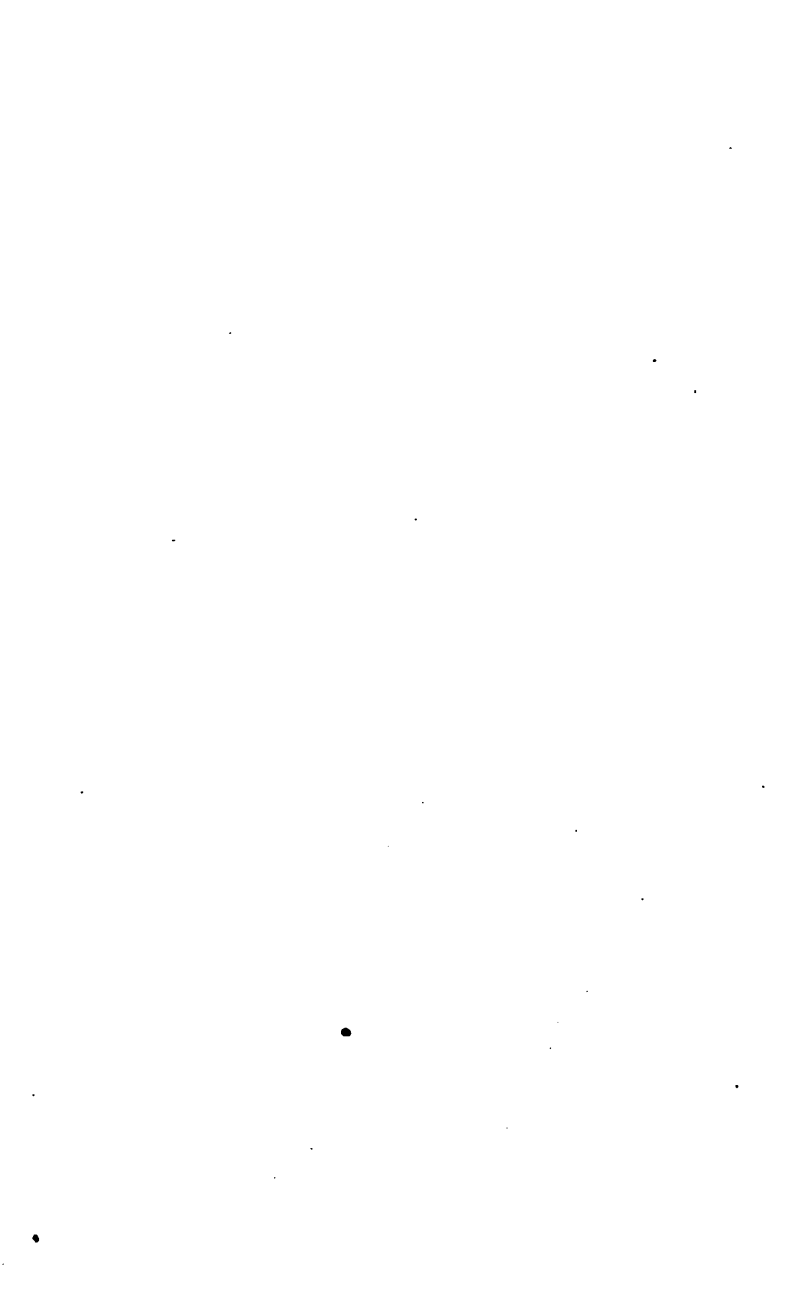
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AMERICAN LYRICS

CHOSEN BY
EDITH RICKERT
AND
JESSIE PATON

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by
Doubleday, Page & Company

GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
1912

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NO. 1000
ALBANY, N. Y.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Company wish to make note of their indebtedness to the following publishers and authors:

D. APPLETON & COMPANY, for permission to use "*Thanatopsis*," "*To a Waterfowl*," "*To the Fringed Gentian*," "*Robert of Lincoln*," and "*The Planting of the Apple Tree*," by William Cullen Bryant.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Cheney; "*The Crowing of the Red Cock*," by Emma Lazarus; "*Meadow-Larks*," by Ina Coolbrith; "*The Grasshopper*," by Edith M. Thomas; "*Candlemas*," "*In Extremis*," by Alice Brown; "*Spring Beauties*," by Helen Gray Cone; "*Honeysuckles*," by Frank Dempster Sherman; "*The Wild Ride*," by Louise Imogen Guiney; "*Twilight Song*," by Edwin Arlington Robinson; "*Gloucester Moors*," "*Road-Hymn for the Start*," "*The Daguerreotype*," "*Pandora's Song*" (*Because One Creature*, etc.), "*Pandora's Song*," (*I stood within the heart of God*, etc.) by William Vaughn Moody; "*The Stay-at-Home*," "*The Singing Man*," by Josephine Preston Peabody (Mrs. Lionel Marks).

HORACE TRAUBEL, for permission to use "*Give Me the Splendid Silent Sun*," "*To the Man-of-war-bird*," "*O Captain! My Captain!*" "*Darest Thou Now, O Soul*," "*Pioneers! O Pioneers!*" "*I Hear America Singing*," "*In Praise of Death*," "*Youth, Day, Old Age and Night*," "*Prayer of Columbus*," "*Weave in, My Hardy Life*," "*Quicksand Years*," "*Out of the Rolling Ocean the Crowd*," "*O Magnet-South*," "*Miracles*," "*Joy, Shipmate Joy!*" "*As Toil-some I Wandered Virginia's Woods*," "*Warble for Lilac-Time*," by Walt Whitman.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

WHITE-SMITH MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY for permission to use "*Kentucky Babe*," by Richard Henry Buck. Words of this poem set to music by Adam Geibel, the well-known and eminent blind composer.

THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY for permission to use "*Another Way*," by Ambrose Bierce.

THE ROBERT CLARKE COMPANY for permission to use "*The Cardinal Bird*," by William Davis Gallagher.

MISS ANNE WHITNEY for permission to use her poems: "*Joy*," "*All's to Gain*," "*Hymn to the Sea*."

JOEL BENTON for permission to use his poem, "*December*."

HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL for permission to use her poem, "*The Crickets*."

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ELLA WHEELER WILCOX for permission to use her poems: "*Solitude*," "*You and To-day*."

HAMLIN GARLAND for permission to use his poems: "*The Toil of the Trail*," "*The Meadow Lark*."

THOMAS FLEMING DAY for permission to use his poem, "*The Coasters*."

ROBERT CAMERON ROGERS for permission to use his poems: "*A Ballad of Dead Camp-Fires*," "*The Rosary*."

RAYMOND WEEKS for permission to use his poem, "*Take Thou This Rose*."

FLORENCE WILKINSON for permission to use her poems: "*As a Little Child*," "*The Supreme Forgiveness*."

MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON-BIANCHI for permission to use her poems: "*The Watcher*," "*The Night-Watch*," "*In Dreams*."

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH for permission to use her poems: "*My Mother's Clothes*," "*Song of the Wandering Dust*."

LUCY M. S. MATHEWSON for permission to use her brother's poem, "*Lucretius*," by Trumbul Stickney.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

CLINTON SCOLLARD *for permission to use his poems; "Song of the Ships," "The Thrall."*

SARAH PRATT MCLEAN GREEN *for permission to use her poem, "De Sheepfol'."*

PREFACE

IN these days of copyright protection, a collection of modern poetry has to be a compromise between what should be and what may be. The present volume, accordingly, represents our taste but partially. If any one objects that some of our best poets are inadequately represented, while certain ones have more than their due of space, let him remember that very often choice has been curtailed and restricted by authors or publishers. Our only plea is that we have tried to get together the best that was procurable and to make as representative a book as was possible under the conditions that prevailed.



INTRODUCTION

IN our country to-day the lyric is the universal fashion. There is scarcely a novelist of repute, critic, college professor, dramatist, or journalist who has not turned out, even published, more or less creditable verse. Engineers and brokers, statesmen and clergymen, indulge in rondeaus and triolets, and college classes are put through the intricacies of the sonnet. Professional poets are few, and usually possessed of an income that comes in of itself. Among the magazines, however, there is a certain demand for "fillers," which are rivals to tail-pieces in covering the whiteness of a blank page. It follows that many a verse owes its existence in print to its size rather than its quality, and its mediocrity inspires others to vie in meeting the demand. More than this, the practice of lyric making is one aspect of the universal desire for self-expression fostered by our present system of education.

For, note you, this desire to turn personal emotions into verse is in our country a growth of the last fifty years. Before the nineteenth century we had practically no lyrics except a few political and war songs of the Revolution, these of scant value. It may be that the pioneer sang at the ax and his wife hummed

at her loom, but no such songs made their way into print. The lyric impulse of the early settlers was not strong; and they found sufficient gratification for it in hymns. Aside from these, such verse as was published was didactic, philosophical, satirical, reflecting the sophisticated society of eighteenth century England. The Puritans, in rebellion against the excesses of the English Renaissance, held that it was irreligious to express emotions in the arts. The irreligious folk of the eighteenth century held that it was unseemly to allow the expression of emotions to go beyond the limits of fashionable convention. Both attitudes of mind were deadly to the lyric, which in its essence is the most natural and spontaneous form of literature.

The germ of the lyric lies in the hunter's shout over his prey, the mother's croon to her child, the warrior's battle-cry. As soon as these emotions are voiced articulately we have lyric verse. It is originally mere release of the soul from the constraint of passionate feeling. Unlike the ballad and the epic, it may be born in solitude, demanding no audience; unlike the drama, it requires no interplay of persons. It is only a stage beyond tears and laughter as a comment on human experience, and its primal characteristics are sincerity and unconsciousness.

Among primitive peoples such lyrics are still sung, and, I venture to believe, they are still being made and forgotten, because they are unrecorded, all the world over. The potter sings at his wheel, the plowman along his furrow, the fisherman over his nets,

the housewife at her spinning, the child in his play; and now and again a new song, more striking than usual, or more fortunate in being heard, is, by some chance, added to the old tradition.

But this wild lyric, as it might be called, is soon carried to the market place, where it gradually ceases to be unconscious and personal, and takes on conventions of form, phrasing, and idea, from the multitude. It tends to grow universal in character and to crystallize in a variety of forms the experiences common to many. In this way it loses its high original value and degenerates into mere trickery of form. But still the impulse comes freshly now and again, and a new aspect of life, felt deeply and passionately, sings itself in verse, and we have a Villon, a Burns, an Emily Dickinson. Or again, some impulse to self-expression stirs in a nation or an age, and we have the Minnesingers, the Elizabethan lyrists, or the countless minor poets of our own time.

The present impulse to self-expression in song in America began with Fréneau, Dana, Wilde, Sprague, and a few others, who wrote but little and experimentally, and yet with surprising freshness and sincerity in contrast with the didactic waste that preceded them.

Closely upon them followed Longfellow and the other poets of the New England School, whose achievement had an immediate success out of all proportion to its merit, in Europe as well as in this country.

This immediate success meant, of course, that they adequately reflected the thought and the civilization

of their day, and that in proportion as they were not in advance of their times, they were doomed to suffer from a reaction of taste.

This reaction is rapidly coming about. Not only have the relative positions of the poets in the New England School been shifted about, but the School itself, while its productions have become crystallized into classics for the young, has none the less fallen into a comparatively insignificant place in our literary development. We see plainly now that our national poetry is still in the dim future, if indeed it is to come ever; that we as a nation are no more justly represented by the New England poets than by the 1776 patriots. Both did their work and had their day; but the work of the patriots is more enduring in that it founded a nation which lives on, while the work of the poets will soon become only historically interesting in that it represents a crude culture, a by-gone fashion of thought, a fire of emotion of which the exciting causes are dead.

They were not representative of even the America of their day. Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes reflected Victorian culture as transplanted to New England; Whittier and Emerson both stood for the Puritan type of mind. With the old life of the South they had no sympathy; of the expanding life of the West they had no knowledge. They lived and wrote in the centre of a narrow circle of states which by their isolation from the Old World, together with their monopoly of the greater part of the Old World culture that found its way to this country, had come to feel

themselves as self-sufficient in ideas and ideals. And with the overwhelming growth of the outside forces in which they had little interest, their appeal has become still more restricted.

In the shifting of positions among these poets, it now appears that Emerson is bound to take the first place.

Emerson is a thinker, a philosopher, a teacher, whose work has elements of permanence. The mere fact that he revolutionized the mystic philosophy in the New England of his day does not mean that he was a great poet; but it means that he was not without the first essential of great poetry — a personal reaction to certain aspects of truth. Then again he was tremendously in earnest, and in the fire of his earnestness he struck off phrases, lines, whole poems, of deep imaginative appeal. This absolute earnestness, this deep-rooted sincerity in responding to the great issues of life, make almost any man a poet in mind; and these qualities in Emerson were combined with enough sense of form, enough mastery of rhythm to give them that transfusion of thought and emotion, that sense-appeal, music, and rhythm, that distinguish poetry from prose.

Longfellow, on the other hand, has been deposed from his throne because we all see now that, although he had a pretty lyric gift, he had almost nothing to say. It is easy to see how he at once took high rank among our provincial ancestors and countrymen. He was cultured in the days when culture was rare. He had studied and travelled much; and, wherever

he went, he assiduously gathered legend and lore of many kinds and came home laden as with the wealth of the Indies. He translated and imitated from the French, German, and Italian; he introduced a great mass of Indian material into our literature. And in all his work he shows the same easy, melodious, undistinguished verse, the same commonplace sentiments, the same second-rate thoughts. It is only occasionally, in poems of New England inspiration, that he strikes a note of freshness and of realized experience, as notably in "My Lost Youth." But although he did useful work in broadening the ideas and interests of people who sadly needed this very thing, he is preëminently now, what he was less distinctly felt to be in his own day, the Children's Poet.

Whittier, like Longfellow, was betrayed by his gift of fluency. To Longfellow's simplicity he added a deeper earnestness, a veritable zeal, which could not, however, make up for the Puritan bareness of his soul. He was spiritual-minded, but fundamentally sober in spirit; noble, but without wings to lift his verses into the ether of impersonal, creative emotion. When he is deeply stirred as by injustice, his wrath is of the man, not of the poet. For that reason he but rarely has any touch of poetic magic, and many of his poems are merely undistinguished verse.

Holmes, as we can see now, was no poet at all, but merely an amiable dilettante, a clever practitioner of verse, often amusing, always of a highly ethical and sentimental turn.

Lowell, like Longfellow, was the man-of-letters

type, the closet poet. He never got away from consciousness of himself as a versifier, from the necessity, so to speak, of keeping an eye on the technique of his work. As he wrote conscientiously, we view the results coldly. He never kindles us with the fire of his own creative vision so that we forget to be critical.

Akin to the New England poets in the spirit of his work is Citizen Bryant. His old-fashioned eloquence has a certain zest about it when it is not drowned in pomposity, but it rarely escapes entirely from the meshes of his journalistic career. Even his most delicate thing "To a Waterfowl" is not without its touch of banality. It is impossible to dissociate Bryant from the newspaper world of which he was a part.

Before the War, the South had also its group of poets, of which Poe, Timrod, Simms, and Hayne are the most noteworthy. Timrod, Simms, and Hayne all have a certain suavity, a melancholy grace, a kind of weeping-willow tone that finds expression in musical verse; but Timrod and Hayne lacked the strong fibre of thought, and Simms was primarily a writer of prose. Poe, however, is our first great American poet. With many of the faults of lesser poets, he has the peculiar redeeming quality which enables the flaws to be blotted out in the terrorizing splendor of the effect. His imagination shows the same warp toward the gloomily fantastic that appears in the paintings of Arnold Böcklin; but Böcklin could once in a while come out into the sunlight of pagan laughter; Poe's laughter has always a suggestion

of the diabolical, not the merely pagan, even in that meaningless "tintinnabulation" of sounds, "The Bells." He had no philosophy of life, no consciousness of a message, no deep love of humanity or of nature; but he was keenly alive to the possibilities of his own technique, and with a cool deliberation, I believe, fashioned his grotesque imagery to make a new form of art, and to produce such poetic effects as had never been attained before. And in this task that he set himself he succeeded. Within his limits he is great; and his very limitations make him unique.

Since the War we have had an increasing host of men of letters; but among them all the only ones to whom poetry was more than an incident of self-expression, or, being more, was in itself of the quality that long outlives the life of its producer, are Lanier, Sill, Aldrich, Whitman, Moody, and the one woman — Emily Dickinson.

Lanier is our most conspicuous instance of promise cut short; but its failures are worth more than most men's achievements. When he died, he had still but incomplete mastery of his material, but the reason for this is that up to the day of his death he was still experimenting with his new theories of rhythm, originating fresh methods of welding sense to sound. He was working toward a highly individual and poetic treatment of Nature and more flexible verse-music than had been used before; but he had not time to perfect his work so that it was clear of the mechanics of his theories. In his longer poems there are magnifi-

cent passages, but the whole effect is uneven. In the marvellous little "Ballad of Trees and Their Master" he shows the possibilities that were almost within his grasp.

Sill is distinctly narrower, less original, much less musical; but his work has a strongly individual quality that gives it permanence. He had always something to say, and utterance was difficult. He was spared the curse of the minor poet — facility; and so his work has a penetrating conviction that makes it linger in the memory.

Aldrich at his best is our Horace. Much of his work is unimportant, but a little of it shows a fine craftsmanship delicately adapted to each trifling theme.

No greater antithesis to Aldrich than Whitman could be found, — the one finished in form, crystalized in ideas, and the other, vague, immense, and formless. In his very formlessness, however, there seems a kind of purpose, though it is hard to say how far he was conscious of it. Certainly it is true that he used the only vehicle — complete elasticity of verse form — that would make his crude, chaotic, imperfectly formulated thought endurable. Reduced to foot and stanza, his poetry would be like a barbarian tricked out in silk hat and trousers; but in that his unpruned form and his undirected thought grow together, they succeed in conveying both the message with which he felt himself charged and the gigantic personality of the man himself. In his great moments he has a big rhythm that suggests the undeveloped possibilities in verse movements.

Unfortunately too many little poets have wrongly conceived that it is an easy thing to play with the magician's rod, and the results are deplorable. Anything worse than an imitation of Whitman is scarcely to be imagined. But the man himself, with all his glaring absurdities, his bottomless depth of crudity, in the ultimate primitive strength of his natural resources is more nearly typical of our national development than any other poet.

If Whitman grips us because of a certain national and even universal appeal, Emily Dickinson remains little known and less understood because of her remoteness from our common life, her intense conceptions of phases of experience which are necessarily limited to the few rare souls who by their very individuality are forever shut out from the common-places of life. Their loss — and it is a real loss — is the gain of the world, which can know only by reflection, can but "see in a glass darkly," what is clearly revealed to the finer sensitiveness of some peculiar types of genius. Emily Dickinson had little craft in her verse; but there were moments when the heavens were opened to her and the reflections of these imaginative moods are more likely divine ecstasy of poetry than anything else written on this side of the Atlantic.

Latest of our great poets thus far I count William Vaughn Moody, who combines to an extraordinary degree something of Emily Dickinson's sensitiveness to beauty in the external world and in the spiritual world, with much of Sill's earnestness, Lanier's music,

and Whitman's national consciousness, together with a robustness and daring quite his own. Reading his poems one says, "This is Greek," or "This is like the flame of Dante"; and then suddenly comes a note straight out of our own life that is like nothing else. Many of his poems are extraordinarily fused out of Nature impressions, a keen sense of human suffering and brotherhood, and a strong national consciousness almost if not quite unique among our poets. Had he not died young, he might have been our poet of poets. There is no other to-day who, to my thinking, shows anything like his promise.

When I began to make this collection, I hoped to find distinctively American notes in our lyric poetry; but aside from the few writers named above, our achievement is more in mass than in quality. It is an extraordinary fact that our love poems are all conventional; our patriotic poems are bombast; our religious poems, doggerel. Our Puritan ancestry and traditions forbid free expression to the natural impulses of love; our national consciousness is swallowed up in commercialism, individual greed of gain; our religion is divorced from poetry. There is only one topic that we can write about with any degree of sincerity and that is Nature. So it happens that we have many fresh little lyrics dealing with various aspects of the natural world, birds and animals, flowers, rivers, landscape. These are by no means great, but they are sincere.

The truth that we are bound to come to is that we are an eminently scientific and practical nation; and,

in our usual moods, we pride ourselves upon these very qualities. We must admit, however, that our lyric poetry is like a stream that has been diverted from the springs of our daily life and conveyed in artificial channels remote enough from the things that touch us deeply. Shall we ever return to the lyric way of expressing emotions, which is as old as the race? That is scarcely the question. The old way was at first a personal cry; but it gradually took on something of communal and finally of universal human experience. In our lyrics to-day we have again the personal pipings of a multitude of small voices. Very few show any national, much less universal, consciousness. It is a part of our selfish individualism that this should be so. When we have had a great national awakening to the ideals of the spirit, we may look for lyric poetry that will inspire and kindle to fresh endeavor. But the new order comes slowly, and when these things shall be — who knows?

E. R.

AMERICAN LYRICS



THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE

BY PHILIP FRENEAU

FAIR flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouched thy honied blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet:
No roving foot shall crush thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white arrayed,
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by;
Thus quietly thy summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with those charms, that must decay,
I grieve to see your future doom;
They died — nor were those flowers more gay,
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;
Unpitying frosts and Autumn's power
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews
At first thy little being came;
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same;
The space between is but an hour,
The frail duration of a flower.

ON A HONEY BEE

Drinking from a Glass of Wine and Drowned Therein

BY PHILIP FRENEAU

THOU born to sip the lake or spring,
Or quaff the waters of the stream,
Why hither come, on vagrant wing?
Does Bacchus tempting seem, —
Did he for you this glass prepare?
Will I admit you to a share?

Did storms harass or foes perplex,
Did wasps or king-birds bring dismay, —
Did wars distress, or labors vex,
Or did you miss your way?
A better seat you could not take
Than on the margin of this lake.

Welcome! — I hail you to my glass:
All welcome here you find;
Here let the cloud of trouble pass,
Here be all care resigned.
This fluid never fails to please,
And drown the griefs of men or bees.

What forced you here we cannot know,
And you will scarcely tell,
But cheery we would have you go

And bid a glad farewell:

On lighter wings we bid you fly,—

Your dart will now all foes defy.

Yet take not, oh! too deep a drink,

And in this ocean die;

Here bigger bees than you might sink,

Even bees full six feet high.

Like Pharaoh, then, you would be said

To perish in a sea of red.

Do as you please, your will is mine;

Enjoy it without fear,

And your grave will be this glass of wine,

Your epitaph — a tear;

Go, take your seat in Charon's boat;

We'll tell the hive, you died afloat.

SONG

BY JOHN SHAW

WHO has robbed the ocean cave,
To tinge thy lips with coral hue?
Who, from India's distant wave
For thee those pearly treasures drew?
Who, from yonder orient sky,
Stole the morning of thine eye?

Thousand charms, thy form to deck,
From sea, and earth, and air are torn;
Roses bloom upon thy cheek,
On thy breath their fragrance borne.
Guard thy bosom from the day,
Lest thy snows should melt away.

But one charm remains behind,
Which mute earth can ne'er impart;
Nor in ocean wilt thou find,
Nor in the circling air, a heart.
Fairest! wouldst thou perfect be,
Take, oh take that heart from me.

THE LITTLE BEACH-BIRD

BY RICHARD HENRY DANA

THOU little bird, thou dweller by the sea,
Why takest thou its melancholy voice,
And with that boding cry
Why o'er the waves dost fly?
O, rather, bird, with me
Through the fair land rejoice!

Thy flitting form comes ghostly dim and pale,
As driven by a beating storm at sea;
Thy cry is weak and scared,
As if thy mates had shared
The doom of us: Thy wail, —
What doth it bring to me?

Thou call'st along the sand, and haunt'st the surge,
Restless and sad; as if, in strange accord
With the motion and the roar
Of waves that drive to shore,
One spirit did ye urge —
The Mystery — the Word.

Of thousands, thou, both sepulchre and pall,
Old Ocean! A requiem o'er the dead
From out thy gloomy cells

A tale of mourning tells, —
Tells of man's woe and fall,
His sinless glory fled.

Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy flight
Where the complaining sea shall sadness bring
Thy spirit nevermore;
Come, quit with me the shore,
And on the meadows light
Where birds for gladness sing!

TO THE MOCKING-BIRD

BY RICHARD HENRY WILDE

WINGED mimic of the woods! thou motley fool!
Who shall thy gay buffoonery describe?
Thine ever-ready notes of ridicule
Pursue thy fellows still with jest and gibe.
Wit, sophist, songster, Yorick of thy tribe,
Thou sportive satirist of Nature's school,
To thee the palm of scoffing we ascribe,
Arch-mocker and mad Abbot of Misrule!
For such thou art by day, — but all night long
Thou pourest a soft, sweet, pensive, solemn strain,
As if thou didst in this thy moonlight song
Like to the melancholy Jaques complain,
Musing on falsehood, folly, vice, and wrong,
And sighing for thy motley coat again.

TO MY CIGAR

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE

YES, social friend, I love thee well,
In learnèd doctors' spite;
Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,
And lap me in delight.

By thee, they cry, with phizzes long,
My years are sooner passed;
Well, take my answer, right or wrong,
They 're sweeter while they last.

And oft, mild friend, to me thou art
A monitor, though still;
Thou speak'st a lesson to my heart
Beyond the preacher's skill.

Thou 'rt like the man of worth, who gives
To goodness every day,
The odor of whose virtue lives
When he has passed away.

When, in the lonely evening hour,
Attended but by thee,
O'er history's varied page I pore,
Man's fate in thine I see.

Oft as thy snowy column grows,
Then breaks and falls away,
I trace how mighty realms thus rose,
Thus tumbled to decay.

Awhile like thee the hero burns,
And smokes and fumes around,
And then, like thee, to ashes turns,
And mingles with the ground.

Life's but a leaf adroitly rolled,
And time's the wasting breath,
That late or early, we behold,
Gives all to dusty death.

From beggar's frieze to monarch's robe,
One common doom is passed;
Sweet Nature's works, the swelling globe,
Must all burn out at last.

And what is he who smokes thee now? —
A little moving heap,
That soon like thee to fate must bow,
With thee in dust must sleep.

But though thy ashes downward go,
Thy essence rolls on high;
Thus, when my body must lie low,
My soul shall cleave the sky.

THANATOPSIS

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart; —
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around —
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —
Comes a still voice: — Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go

To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world — with kings,
The powerful of the earth — the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, — the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. — Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings — yet the dead are there!
And millions in those solitudes, since first

The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep, — the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men —
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the speechless babe, and the gray-headed man —
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

TO A WATERFOWL

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast —
The desert and illimitable air —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

THOU blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night,

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frost and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue — blue — as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gaily drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest.
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;

This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

COME, let us plant the apple-tree.
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As, round the sleeping infant's feet,
We softly fold the cradle-sheet;
So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest;
We plant, upon the sunny lea,
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee,

Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky,
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when, above this apple-tree,
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by cottage-hearth,
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine
And golden orange of the line,
The fruit of the apple-tree.

The fruitage of this apple-tree
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,
And ask in what fair groves they grew;
And sojourners beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day, .

And long, long hours of summer play,
In the shade of the apple-tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verduous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.

The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple-tree.

And time shall waste this apple-tree.
Oh, when its aged branches throw
Thin shadows on the ground below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?

What shall the tasks of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this little apple-tree?

"Who planted this old apple-tree?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them:

"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes,
On planting the apple-tree."

TO A BUTTERFLY

BY JAMES GATES PERCIVAL

THOU, who in the early spring
Hoverest on filmy wing,
Visiting the bright-eyed flowers,
Fluttering in loaded bowers,
Settling on the reddening rose,
Reddening ere it fully blows,

When its crisp and folded leaves
Just unroll their dewy tips,
Soft as infant beauty's lips,

Or anything that love believes, —
Little wanderer after pleasure,
Where is that enchanted treasure,
All that live are seeking for?
Is it in the blossom, or

Where we seek it, in the roses
Of a maiden's cheek, or rather
In the many lights that gather

When her smiling lip uncloses?
Wouldst thou rather kiss a flower,
When 't is drooping with a shower,
Or with trembling, quivering wing
Rest thee on a dearer thing,
On a lip that has no stain,
On a brow that feels no pain,
In the beamings of an eye,

Where a world of visions lie,
Such as to the blest are given,
All of heaven, — all of heaven?
If thou lovest the blossom, I
Love the cheek, the lip, and eye.

EVENING

BY GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee:

Thou, whose all-pervading eye,
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault and secret sin.

Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee:

Thou, who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

A SERENADE

BY EDWARD COATE PINKNEY

Look out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes,
On which, than on the lights above,
There hang more destinies.
Night's beauty is the harmony
Of blending shades and light;
Then, lady, up, — look out, and be
A sister to the night.

Sleep not! thine image wakes for aye
Within my watching breast:
Sleep not! from her soft sleep should fly
Who robs all hearts of rest.
Nay, lady, from thy slumbers break;
And make this darkness gay
With looks, whose brightness well might make
Of darker nights a day.

SONG

BY EDWARD COATE PINKNEY

WE break the glass, whose sacred wine
To some beloved health we drain,
Lest future pledges, less divine,
Should e'er the hallowed toy profane;
And thus I broke a heart that poured
Its tide of feelings out for thee,
In draughts, by after-times deplored,
Yet dear to memory.

But still the old, impassioned ways
And habits of my mind remain,
And still unhappy light displays
Thine image chambered in my brain;
And still it looks as when the hours
Went by like flights of singing birds,
Or that soft chain of spoken flowers
And airy gems, — thy words.

CONCORD HYMN

*Sung at the completion of the Battle Monument,
April 19, 1836*

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, or leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

WALDEINSAMKEIT

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

I do not count the hours I spend
In wandering by the sea;
The forest is my loyal friend,
Like God it useth me.

In plains that room for shadows make
Of skirting hills to lie,
Bound in by streams which give and take
Their colors from the sky;

Or on the mountain-crest sublime,
Or down the oaken glade,
Oh, what have I to do with time?
For this the day was made.

Cities of mortals woe-begone
Fantastic care derides,
But in the serious landscape lone
Stern benefit abides.

Sheen will tarnish, honey cloy,
And merry is only a mask of sad,
But, sober on a fund of joy,
The woods at heart are glad.

There the great Planter plants
Of fruitful worlds the grain,
And with a million spells enchants
The souls that walk in pain.

Still on the seeds of all he made
The rose of beauty burns;
Through times that wear and forms that fade,
Immortal youth returns.

The black ducks mounting from the lake,
The pigeon in the pines,
The bittern's boom, a desert make
Which no false art refines.

Down in yon watery nook,
Where bearded mists divide,
The gray old gods whom Chaos knew,
The sires of Nature, hide.

Aloft in secret veins of air,
Blows the sweet breath of song,
Oh, few to scale those uplands dare,
Though they to all belong!

See thou bring not to field or stone
The fancies found in books;
Leave authors' eyes, and fetch your own,
To brave the landscape's looks.

Oblivion here thy wisdom is,
Thy thrift, the sleep of cares;
For a proud idleness like this
Crowns all thy mean affairs.

BRAHMA

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good,
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

DAYS

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

DAUGHTERS of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
I, in my pleachèd garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

EACH AND ALL

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

LITTLE thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown
Of thee from the hilltop looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.
I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky;
He sang to my ear, — they sang to my eye.
The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;

But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.
The lover watched his graceful maid,
As mid the virgin train she strayed,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;
The gay enchantment was undone,
A gentle wife, but fairy none.
Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth."
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;
Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

FORBEARANCE

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

HAST thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

FATE

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

DEEP in the man sits fast his fate
To mold his fortunes mean or great.
Unknown to Cromwell as to me
Was Cromwell's measure or degree;
Unknown to him as to his horse,
If he than his groom be better or worse.
He works, plots, fights, in rude affairs,
With squires, lords, kings, his craft compares,
Till late he learned, through doubt and fear,
Broad England harbored not his peer:
Obeying Time, the last to own
Thy Genius from its cloudy throne.
For the prevision is allied
Unto the thing so signified;
Or say, the foresight that awaits
Is the same Genius that creates.

GIVE ALL TO LOVE

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

GIVE all to love;
Obey thy heart;
Friends, kindred, days,
Estate, good-fame,
Plans, credit, and the Muse, —
Nothing refuse.

'Tis a brave master;
Let it have scope:
Follow it utterly,
Hope beyond hope:
High and more high
It dives into noon,
With wing unspent,
Untold intent;
But it is a god,
Knows its own path
And the outlets of the sky.

It was never for the mean;
It requireth courage stout.
Souls above doubt,
Valor unbending,
It will reward, —
They shall return

More than they were,
And ever ascending.

Leave all for love;
Yet, hear me, yet,
One word more thy heart behoved,
One pulse more of firm endeavor, —
Keep thee to-day,
To-morrow, forever,
Free as an Arab
Of thy beloved.

Cling with life to the maid;
But when the surprise,
First vague shadow of surmise
Flits across her bosom young,
Of a joy apart from thee,
Free be she, fancy-free;
Nor thou detain her vesture's hem,
Nor the palest rose she flung
From her summer diadem.

Though thou loved her as thyself,
As a self of purer clay,
Though her parting dims the day,
Stealing grace from all alive;
Heartily know,
When half-gods go,
The gods arrive.

FRIENDSHIP

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

A RUDDY drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs,
The world uncertain comes and goes;
The lover rooted stays.
I fancied he was fled, —
And, after many a year,
Glowed unexhausted kindliness,
Like daily sunrise there.
My careful heart was free again,
O friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red;
All things through thee take nobler form,
And look beyond the earth,
The mill-round of our fate appears
A sun-path in thy worth.
Me too thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair;
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair.

THE HUMBLE-BEE

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

BURLY, dozing humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid-zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air;
Voyager of light and noon;
Epicurean of June;
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum, —
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And with softness touching all,

Tints the human countenance
With the color of romance,
And infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,
Thou, in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple-sap and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's tongue,
And brier-roses, dwelt among;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

SONNETS

From the series relating to Edgar Allan Poe

BY SARAH HELEN WHITMAN

I

ON our lone pathway bloomed no earthly hopes:
Sorrow and death were near us, as we stood
Where the dim forest, from the upland slopes,
Swept darkly to the sea. The enchanted wood
Thrilled, as by some foreboding terror stirred;
And as the waves broke on the lonely shore,
In their low monotone, methought I heard
A solemn voice that sighed, "Ye meet no more."
There, while the level sunbeams seemed to burn
Through the long aisles of red, autumnal gloom,—
Where stately, storied cenotaphs inurn
Sweet human hopes, too fair on Earth to bloom,—
Was the bud reaped, whose petals pure and cold
Sleep on my heart till Heaven the flower unfold.

II

If thy sad heart, pining for human love,
In its earth solitude grew dark with fear,
Lest the high Sun of Heaven itself should prove
Powerless to save from that phantasmal sphere
Wherein thy spirit wandered,— if the flowers
That pressed around thy feet, seemed but to bloom

In lone Gethsemanes, through starless hours,
When all who loved had left thee to thy doom,—
Oh, yet believe that, in that hollow vale
Where thy soul lingers, waiting to attain
So much of Heaven's sweet grace as shall avail
To lift its burden of remorseful pain,
My soul shall meet thee, and its Heaven forego
Till God's great love, on both, one hope, one Heaven
bestow.

THE STAR OF CALVARY

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

It is the same infrequent star, —
The all-mysterious light,
That like a watcher, gazing on
The changes of the night,
Toward the hill of Bethlehem took
Its solitary flight.

It is the same infrequent star;
Its sameness startleth me,
Although the disk is red as blood,
And downward silently
It looketh on another hill, —
The hill of Calvary!

Nor moon, nor night; for to the west
The heavy sun doth glow;
And, like a ship, the lazy mist
Is sailing on below, —
Between the broad sun and the earth
It tacketh to and fro.

There is no living wind astir;
The bat's unholy wing
Threads through the noiseless olive trees,
Like some unquiet thing

Which playeth in the darkness, when
The leaves are whispering.

Mount Calvary! Mount Calvary!
All sorrowfully still,
That mournful tread, it rends the heart
With an unwelcome thrill, —
The mournful tread of them that crowd
Thy melancholy hill!

There is a cross, —not one alone:
'T is even three I count,
Like columns on the mossy marge
Of some old Grecian fount, —
So pale they stand, so drearily,
On that mysterious Mount.

Behold, O Israel! behold,
It is no human One
That ye have dared to crucify.
What evil hath he done?
It is your King, O Israel!
The God-begotten Son!

A wreath of thorns, a wreath of thorns!
Why have ye crowned him so?
That brow is bathed in agony, —
'T is veiled in every woe:
Ye saw not the immortal trace
Of Deity below.

It is the foremost of the Three!
Resignedly they fall,
Those deathlike drooping features,
Unbending, blighted all:
The Man of Sorrows, — how he bears
The agonizing thrall!

'T is fixed on thee, O Israel!
His gaze! — how strange to brook;
But that there's mercy blended deep
In each reproachful look,
'T would search thee, till the very heart
Its withered home forsook.

To God! to God! how eloquent
The cry, as if it grew,
By those cold lips unuttered, yet
All heartfelt rising through, —
"Father in heaven! forgive them, for
They know not what they do!"

THE GRAPE-VINE SWING

BY WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS

LITHE and long as the serpent train,
Springing and clinging from tree to tree,
Now darting upward, now down again,
With a twist and a twirl that are strange to see;
Never took serpent a deadlier hold,
Never the cougar a wilder spring,
Strangling the oak with the boa's fold,
Spanning the beech with the condor's wing.

Yet no foe that we fear to seek, —
The boy leaps wild to thy rude embrace;
Thy bulging arms bear as soft a cheek
As ever on lover's breast found place;
On thy waving train is a playful hold
Thou shalt never to lighter grasp persuade;
While a maiden sits in thy drooping fold,
And swings and sings in the noonday shade!

O giant strange of our Southern woods!
I dream of thee still in the well-known spot,
Though our vessel strains o'er the ocean floods,
And the Northern forest beholds thee not;
I think of thee still with a sweet regret,
As the cordage yields to my playful grasp, —
Dost thou spring and cling in our woodlands yet?
Does the maiden still swing in thy giant clasp?

THE SWAMP FOX

BY WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS

WE follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
His friends and merry men are we;
And when the troop of Tarleton rides,
We burrow in the cypress-tree.
The turfy hammock is our bed,
Our home is in the red deer's den,
Our roof, the tree-top overhead,
For we are wild and hunted men.

We fly by day and shun its light,
But, prompt to strike the sudden blow,
We mount and start with early night,
And through the forest track our foe.
And soon he hears our chargers leap,
The flashing saber blinds his eyes,
And ere he drives away his sleep,
And rushes from his camp, he dies.

Free bridle-bit, good gallant steed,
That will not ask a kind caress
To swim the Santee at our need,
When on his heels the foemen press, —
The true heart and the ready hand,
The spirit stubborn to be free,
The twisted bore, the smiting brand, —
And we are Marion's men, you see.

Now light the fire and cook the meal,
The last perhaps that we shall taste;
I hear the Swamp Fox round us steal,
And that's a sign we move in haste.
He whistles to the scouts, and hark!
You hear his order calm and low.
Come, wave your torch across the dark,
And let us see the boys that go.

We may not see their forms again,
God help 'em, should they find the strife!
For they are strong and fearless men,
And make no coward terms for life;
They'll fight as long as Marion bids,
And when he speaks the word to shy,
Then, not till then, they turn their steeds,
Through thickening shade and swamp to fly.

Now stir the fire and lie at ease, —
The scouts are gone, and on the brush
I see the Colonel bend his knee,
To take his slumbers, too. But hush!
He's praying, comrades; 't is not strange;
The man that's fighting day by day
May well, when night comes, take a change,
And down upon his knees to pray.

Break up that hoe-cake, boys, and hand
The sly and silent jug that's there;
I love not it should idly stand
When Marion's men have need of cheer.

'T is seldom that our luck affords
A stuff like this we just have quaffed,
And dry potatoes on our boards
May always call for such a draught.

Now pile the brush and roll the log;
Hard pillow, but a soldier's head
That's half the time in brake and bog
Must never think of softer bed.
The owl is hooting to the night,
The cooter crawling o'er the bank,
And in that pond the flashing light
Tells where the alligator sank.

What! 't is the signal! start so soon,
And through the Santee swamp so deep,
Without the aid of friendly moon,
And we, Heaven help us! half asleep!
But courage, comrades! Marion leads,
The Swamp Fox takes us out to-night;
So clear your swords and spur your steeds,
There's goodly chance, I think, of fight.

We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
We leave the swamp and cypress-tree,
Our spurs are in our coursers' sides,
And ready for the strife are we.
The Tory camp is now in sight,
And there he cowers within his den;
He hears our shouts, he dreads the fight,
He fears, and flies from Marion's men.

MONTEREY

BY CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN

WE were not many, — we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day;
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if but he could
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot it hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on — still on our column kept,
Through walls of flame its withering way;
Where fell the dead, the living stept,
Still charging on the guns which swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And, braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play;

Where orange boughs above their grave,
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many, — we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest
Than not have been at Monterey?

THE MINT JULEP

BY CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN

'T is said that the gods on Olympus of old
(And who the bright legend profanes with a doubt?)
One night, 'mid their revels, by Bacchus were told
That his last butt of nectar had somehow run out!

But determined to send round the goblet once more,
They sued to the fairer immortals for aid
In composing a draught which, till drinking were o'er,
Should cast every wine ever drank in the shade.

Grave Ceres herself blithely yielded her corn,
And the spirit that lives in each amber-hued grain,
And which first had its birth from the dew of the morn,
Was taught to steal out in bright dewdrops again.

Pomona, whose choicest of fruits on the board
Were scattered profusely in every one's reach,
When called on a tribute to cull from the hoard,
Expressed the mild juice of the delicate peach.

The liquids were mingled while Venus looked on
'With glances so fraught with sweet magical power,
That the honey of Hybla, e'en when they were gone,
Has never been missed in the draught from ~~that~~ ^{that} hour.

Flora, then, from her bosom of fragrancý, shook,
And with roseate fingers pressed down in the bowl,
All dripping and fresh as it came from the brook,
The herb whose aroma should flavor the whole.

The draught was delicious, and loud the acclaim,
Though something seemed wanting for all to bewail,
But Juleps the drink of immortals became,
When Jove himself added a handful of hail.

THE TIDE RISES, THE TIDE FALLS

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THE tide rises, the tide falls,
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;
Along the sea-sands damp and brown
The traveler hastens toward the town,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and walls,
But the sea, the sea in the darkness calls;
The little waves, with their soft, white hands,
Efface the foot-prints in the sands,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks; the steeds in their stalls
Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls;
The day returns, but nevermore
Returns the traveler to the shore,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

THE BELLS OF LYNN

Heard at Nahant

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

O CURFEW of the setting sun! O Bells of Lynn!
O requiem of the dying day! O Bells of Lynn!

From the dark belfries of yon cloud-cathedral
wafted,
Your sounds aerial seem to float, O Bells of Lynn!

Borne on the evening wind across the crimson twilight,
O'er land and sea they rise and fall, O Bells of Lynn!

The fisherman in his boat, far out beyond the head-land,
Listens, and leisurely rows ashore, O Bells of Lynn!

Over the shining sands the wandering cattle homeward
Follow each other at your call, O Bells of Lynn!

The distant lighthouse hears, and with his flaming signal
Answers you, passing the watchword on, O Bells of Lynn!

And down the darkening coast run the tumultuous
surges,
And clap their hands, and shout to you, O Bells of
Lynn!

Till from the shuddering sea, with your wild incanta-
tions,
Ye summon up the spectral moon, O Bells of Lynn!

And startled at the sight, like the weird woman of
Endor,
Ye cry aloud, and then are still, O Bells of Lynn!

THE BRIDGE

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight,
And gazed on the wave and sky!

How often, oh, how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,

Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

ENDYMION

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THE rising moon has hid the stars;
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had dropt her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,
She woke Endymion with a kiss,
When, sleeping in the grove,
He dreamed not of her love.

Like Diana's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought;
Nor voice, nor sound betrays
Its deep, impassioned gaze.

It comes,— the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity,—
In silence and alone
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep
Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,
And kisses the closed eyes
Of him who slumbering lies.

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!
O drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Responds, — as if with unseen wings
An angel touched its quivering strings;
And whispers, in its song,
“Where hast thou stayed so long?”

A DUTCH PICTURE

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

SIMON DANZ has come home again,
From cruising about with his buccaneers;
He has singed the beard of the King of Spain,
And carried away the Dean of Jaen
And sold him in Algiers.

In his house by the Maese, with its roof of tiles,
And weathercocks flying aloft in air,
There are silver tankards of antique styles,
Plunder of convent and castle, and piles
Of carpets rich and rare.

In his tulip-garden there by the town,
Overlooking the sluggish stream,
With his Moorish cap and dressing-gown,
The old sea-captain, hale and brown,
Walks in a waking dream.

A smile in his gray mustachio lurks
Whenever he thinks of the King of Spain,
And the listed tulips look like Turks,
And the silent gardener as he works
Is changed to the Dean of Jaen.

The windmills on the outermost
Verge of the landscape in the haze,
To him are towers on the Spanish coast,
With whiskered sentinels at their post,
Though this is the river Maese.

But when the winter rains begin,
He sits and smokes by the blazing brands;
And old sea-faring men come in,
Goat-bearded, gray, and with double chin,
And rings upon their hands.

They sit there in the shadow and shine
Of the flickering fire of the winter night;
Figures in color and design
Like those by Rembrandt of the Rhine,
Half darkness and half light.

And they talk of ventures lost or won,
And their talk is ever and ever the same,
While they drink the red wine of Tarragon,
From the cellars of some Spanish Don,
Or convent set on flame.

Restless at times with heavy strides
He paces his parlor to and fro;
He is like a ship that at anchor rides,
And swings with the rising and falling tides,
And tugs at her anchor-tow.

Voices mysterious far and near,
Sound of the wind and sound of the sea,
Are calling and whispering in his ear,
"Simon Danz! Why stayest thou here?
Come forth and follow me!"

So he thinks he shall take to the sea again
For one more cruise with his buccaneers,
To singe the beard of the King of Spain,
And capture another Dean of Jaen
And sell him in Algiers.

OLIVER BASSELIN

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

IN the Valley of the Vire
Still is seen an ancient mill,
With its gables quaint and queer,
And beneath the window-sill,
On the stone,
These words alone:
"Oliver Basselin lived here."

Far above it, on the steep,
Ruined stands the old Château;
Nothing but the donjon-keep
Left for shelter or for show.
Its vacant eyes
Stare at the skies,
Stare at the valley green and deep.

Once a convent, old and brown,
Looked, but ah! it looks no more,
From the neighboring hillside down
On the rushing and the roar
Of the stream
Whose sunny gleam
Cheers the little Norman town.

In that darksome mill of stone,
To the water's dash and din,
Careless, humble, and unknown,
Sang the poet Basselin
Songs that fill
That ancient mill
With a splendor of its own.

Never feeling of unrest
Broke the pleasant dream he dreamed;
Only made to be his nest,
All the lovely valley seemed;
No desire
Of soaring higher
Stirred or fluttered in his breast.

True, his songs were not divine;
Were not songs of that high art,
Which, as winds do in the pine,
Find an answer in each heart;
But the mirth
Of this green earth
Laughed and revelled in his line.

From the alehouse and the inn,
Opening on the narrow street,
Came the loud, convivial din,
Singing and applause of feet,
The laughing lays
That in those days
Sang the poet Basselin.

In the castle, cased in steel,
Knights, who fought at Agincourt,
Watched and waited, spur on heel;
But the poet sang for sport
Songs that rang
Another clang,
Songs that lowlier hearts could feel.

In the convent, clad in gray,
Sat the monks in lonely cells,
Paced the cloisters, knelt to pray,
And the poet heard their bells;
But his rhymes
Found other chimes,
Nearer to the earth than they.

Gone are all the barons bold,
Gone are all the knights and squires,
Gone the abbot stern and cold,
And the brotherhood of friars;
Not a name
Remains to fame,
From those mouldering days of old!

But the poet's memory here
Of the landscape makes a part;
Like the river, swift and clear,
Flows his song through many a heart;
Haunting still
That ancient mill
In the Valley of the Vire.

CHRYSAOR

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

JUST above yon sandy bar,
As the day grows fainter and dimmer,
Lonely and lovely, a single star
Lights the air with a dusky glimmer.

Into the ocean faint and far
Falls the trail of its golden splendor,
And the gleam of that single star
Is ever refulgent, soft and tender.

Chrysaor, rising out of the sea,
Showed thus glorious and thus emulous,
Leaving the arms of Callirrhoë,
Forever tender, soft, and tremulous.

Thus o'er the ocean faint and far
Trailed the gleam of his falchion brightly;
Is it a God, or is it a star
That, entranced, I gaze on nightly!

SONG:

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

STAY, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care;
 To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander east, they wander west,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;
 To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky;
 To stay at home is best.

POSSIBILITIES

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

WHERE are the Poets, unto whom belong
The Olympian heights; whose singing shafts were
sent
Straight to the mark, and not from bows half bent,
But with the utmost tension of the thong?
Where are the stately argosies of song,
Whose rushing keels made music as they went
Sailing in search of some new continent,
With all sail set, and steady winds and strong?
Perhaps there lives some dreamy boy, untaught
In schools, some graduate of the field or street,
Who shall become a master of the art,
An admiral sailing the high seas of thought,
Fearless and first, and steering with his fleet
For lands not yet laid down in any chart.

MY LOST YOUTH

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.

And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:

“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o’er and o’er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.

And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still:

“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o’er the tide!
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o’erlooking the tranquil bay
Where they in battle died.

And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill:

“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering’s woods;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods.

And the verse of that sweet old song,

It flutters and murmurs still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the school-boy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.

And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.

And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:

“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

And Deering’s woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were,
I find my lost youth again.

And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still:
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

PROEM

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

I LOVE the old melodious lays
Which softly melt the ages through,
The songs of Spenser's golden days,
Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase,
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning
dew.

Yet, vainly in my quiet hours
To breathe their marvellous notes I try;
I feel them, as the leaves and flowers
In silence feel the dewy showers,
And drink with glad, still lips the blessing of the sky.

The rigor of a frozen clime,
The harshness of an untaught ear,
The jarring words of one whose rhyme
Beat often Labor's hurried time,
Or Duty's rugged march through storm and strife,
are here.

Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,
No rounded art the lack supplies;
Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,
Or softer shades of Nature's face,
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes.

Nor mine the seer-like power to show
The secrets of the heart and mind;
To drop the plummet-line below
Our common world of joy and woe,
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find.

Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and weal is shown;
A hate of tyranny intense,
And hearty in its vehemence,
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own.

O Freedom! if to me belong
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,
Nor Marvell's wit and graceful song,
Still with a love as deep and strong
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy shrine!

ICHABOD

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
Forevermore!

Reville him not, the Tempter hath
A snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall!

Oh, dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
From hope and heaven!

Let not the land once proud of him
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught
Save power remains;
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!

Then, pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!

THE BAREFOOT BOY

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy, —
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art, — the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye, —
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,

Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy, —
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;

For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread;
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

LEXINGTON

1775

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

No Berserk thirst of blood had they,
No battle-joy was theirs, who set
Against the alien bayonet
Their homespun breasts in that old day.

Their feet had trodden peaceful ways;
They loved not strife, they dreaded pain;
They saw not, what to us is plain,
That God would make man's wrath his praise.

No seers were they, but simple men;
Its vast results the future hid:
The meaning of the work they did
Was strange and dark and doubtful then.

Swift as their summons came they left
The plow mid-furrow standing still,
The half-ground corn grist in the mill,
The spade in earth, the axe in cleft.

They went where duty seemed to call,
They scarcely asked the reason why;
They only knew they could but die,
And death was not the worst of all!

Of man for man the sacrifice,
All that was theirs to give, they gave.
The flowers that blossomed from their grave
Have sown themselves beneath all skies.

Their death-shot shook the feudal tower,
And shattered slavery's chain as well;
On the sky's dome, as on a bell,
Its echo struck the world's great hour.

That fateful echo is not dumb:
The nations listening to its sound
Wait, from a century's vantage-ground,
The holier triumphs yet to come, —

The bridal time of Law and Love,
The gladness of the world's release,
When, war-sick, at the feet of Peace
The hawk shall nestle with the dove! —

The golden age of brotherhood
Unknown to other rivalries
Than of the mild humanities,
And gracious interchange of good,

When closer strand shall lean to strand,
Till meet, beneath saluting flags,
The eagle of our mountain-crag,
The lion of our Motherland!

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

I WANDERED lonely where the pine-trees made
Against the bitter east their barricade,
And, guided by its sweet
Perfume, I found, within a narrow dell,
The trailing spring-flower tinted like a shell
Amid dry leaves and mosses at my feet.

From under dead boughs, for whose loss the pines
Moaned ceaseless overhead, the blossoming vines
Lifted their glad surprise,
While yet the bluebird smoothed in leafless trees
His feathers ruffled by the chill sea-breeze,
And snow-drifts lingered under April skies.

As, pausing, o'er the lonely flower I bent,
I thought of lives thus lowly, clogged and pent,
Which yet find room,
Through care and cumber, coldness and decay,
To lend a sweetness to the ungenial day
And make the sad earth happier for their bloom.

UNITY

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

FORGIVE, O Lord, our severing ways,
The separate altars that we raise,
The varying tongues that speak Thy praise!

Suffice it now. In time to be
Shall one great temple rise to Thee,
Thy church our broad humanity.

White flowers of love its walls shall climb,
Sweet bells of peace shall ring its chime,
Its days shall all be holy time.

The hymn, long sought, shall then be heard,
The music of the world's accord,
Confessing Christ, the inward word!

That song shall swell from shore to shore,
One faith, one love, one hope restore
The seamless garb that Jesus wore!

ASQUAM HOUSE, HOLDERNESS, N. H.,
Seventh Month, 28, 1883.

LAUS DEO

[On hearing the bells ring on the passage of the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery.]

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

It is done!

Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.

How the belfries rock and reel!

How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!

Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.

Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel:

God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.

Lord, forgive us! What are we,
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the sound!

For the Lord
On the whirlwind is abroad;

In the earthquake he has spoken;
He has smitten with his thunder
The iron walls asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken!

Loud and long
Lift the old exulting song;
Sing with Miriam by the sea,
He has cast the mighty down;
Horse and rider sink and drown;
“He hath triumphed gloriously!”

Did we dare,
In our agony of prayer,
Ask for more than He has done?
When was ever His right hand
Over any time or land
Stretched as now beneath the sun?

How they pale,
Ancient myth and song and tale,
In this wonder of our days,
When the cruel rod of war
Blossoms white with righteous law,
And the wrath of man is praise!

Blotted out!
All within and all about
Shall a fresher life begin;
Freer breathe the universe
As it rolls its heavy curse
On the dead and buried sin!

It is done!
In the circuit of the sun
Shall the sound thereof go forth.
It shall bid the sad rejoice,
It shall give the dumb a voice,
It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing,
Bells of joy! On morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad!
With a sound of broken chains
Tell the nations that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God!

THE MAYFLOWERS

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

[The trailing arbutus, or mayflower, grows abundantly in the vicinity of Plymouth, and was the first flower that greeted the Pilgrims after their fearful winter.]

SAD Mayflower! watched by winter stars,
And nursed by winter gales,
With petals of the sleeted spars,
And leaves of frozen sails!

What had she in those dreary hours,
Within her ice-rimmed bay,
In common with the wild-wood flowers,
The first sweet smiles of May?

Yet, "God be praised!" the Pilgrim said,
Who saw the blossoms peer
Above the brown leaves, dry and dead,
"Behold our Mayflower here!

"God wills it: here our rest shall be,
Our years of wandering o'er;
For us the Mayflower of the sea
Shall spread her sails no more."

O sacred flowers of faith and hope,
As sweetly now as then

Ye bloom on many a birchen slope,
In many a pine-dark glen.

Behind the sea-wall's rugged length,
Unchanged, your leaves unfold,
Like love behind the manly strength
Of the brave hearts of old.

So live the fathers in their sons,
Their sturdy faith be ours,
And ours the love that overruns
Its rocky strength with flowers.

The Pilgrim's wild and wintry day
Its shadow round us draws;
The Mayflower of his stormy bay,
Our Freedom's struggling cause.

But warmer suns ere long shall bring
To life the frozen sod;
And, through dead leaves of hope, shall spring
Afresh the flowers of God!

THE CARDINAL BIRD

BY WILLIAM DAVIS GALLAGHER

A DAY and then a week passed by:

The redbird hanging from the sill
Sang not; and all were wondering why

It was so still —

When one bright morning, loud and clear,
Its whistle smote my drowsy ear,
Ten times repeated, till the sound
Filled every echoing niche around;
And all things earliest loved by me,—
The bird, the brook, the flower, the tree,—
Came back again, as thus I heard
The cardinal bird.

Where maple orchards towered aloft,
And spicewood bushes spread below,
Where skies were blue, and winds were soft,
I could but go —

For, opening through a wildering haze,
Appeared my restless childhood's days;
And truant feet and loitering mood
Soon found me in the same old wood
(Illusion's hour but seldom brings
So much the very form of things)
Where first I sought, and saw, and heard
The cardinal bird.

Then came green meadows, broad and bright,

Where dandelions, with wealth untold,
Gleamed on the young and eager sight
Like stars of gold;
And on the very meadow's edge,
Beneath the ragged blackberry hedge,
Mid mosses golden, gray, and green,
The fresh young buttercups were seen,
And small spring-beauties, sent to be
The heralds of anemone:
All just as when I earliest heard
The cardinal bird.

Upon the gray old forest's rim
I snuffed the crab-tree's sweet perfume;
And farther, where the light was dim,
I saw the bloom
Of May-apples, beneath the tent
Of umbrel leaves above them bent;
Where oft was shifting light and shade
The blue-eyed ivy wildly strayed;
And Solomon's-seal, in graceful play,
Swung where the straggling sunlight lay:
The same as when I earliest heard
The cardinal bird.

And on the slope, above the rill
That wound among the sugar-trees,
I heard them at their labors still,
The murmuring bees:
Bold foragers! that come and go
Without permit from friend or foe;

In the tall tulip-trees o'erhead
On pollen greedily they fed,
And from low purple phlox, that grew
About my feet, sipped honey-dew: —
How like the scenes when first I heard
The cardinal bird!

How like! — and yet . . . The spell grows weak: —

Ah, but I miss the sunny brow —
The sparkling eye — the ruddy cheek!

Where, where are now
The three who then beside me stood
Like sunbeams in the dusky wood?
Alas, I am alone! Since then
They've trod the weary ways of men:
One on the eve of manhood died;
Two in its flush of power and pride.
Their graves are green, where first we heard
The cardinal bird.

The redbird, from the window hung,
Not long my fancies thus beguiled:
Again in maple-groves it sung
Its wood-notes wild;
For, rousing with a tearful eye,
I gave it to the trees and sky!
I missed so much those brothers three,
Who walked youth's flowery ways with me,
I could not, dared not but believe
It too had brothers, that would grieve
Till in old haunts again 't was heard, —
The cardinal bird.

FAITH

BY RAY PALMER

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love for Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be, —
A living fire!

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
 A ransomed soul!

THE CITY IN THE SEA

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

Lo! Death has reared himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone
Far down within the dim West,
Where the good and the bad and the worst and the
 best
Have gone to their eternal rest.
There shrines and palaces and towers
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not)
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down
On the long night-time of that town;
But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrets silently,
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free:
Up domes, up spires, up kingly halls,
Up fanes, up Babylon-like walls,
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers,
Up many and many a marvelous shrine
Whose wreathèd friezes intertwine
The viol, the violet, and the vine.

Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.
So blend the turrets and shadows there
That all seem pendulous in air,
While from a proud tower in the town
Death looks gigantically down.

There open fanes and gaping graves
Yawn level with the luminous waves;
But not the riches there that lie
In each idol's diamond eye, —
Not the gaily-jeweled dead
Tempt the waters from their bed;
For no ripples curl, alas,
Along that wilderness of glass;
No swellings tell that winds may be
Upon some far-off happier sea;
No heavings hint that winds have been
On seas less hideously serene!

But lo, a stir is in the air!
The wave — there is a movement there!
As if the towers had thrust aside,
In slightly sinking, the dull tide;
As if their tops had feebly given
A void within the filmy Heaven!
The waves have now a redder glow,
The hours are breathing faint and low;
And when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down that town shall settle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence.

ISRAFEL

And the angel Israfel, whose heart-strings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures. — *Koran*.

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
 "Whose heart-strings are a lute";
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel,
And the giddy stars (so legends tell),
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
 Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above
 In her highest noon,
 The enamored moon
Blushes with love,
 While, to listen, the red levin
 (With the rapid Pleiads, even,
 Which were seven)
 Pauses in Heaven.

And they say (the starry choir
 And the other listening things)
That Israfeli's fire
Is owing to that lyre
 By which he sits and sings,
The trembling living wire
 Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty,
Where Love 's a grown-up god,
Where the Houri glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

Therefore, thou art not wrong,
Israfeli, who despisest
An unimpassioned song;
To thee the laurels belong,
Best bard, because the wisest:
Merrily live and long!

The ecstasies above
With thy burning measures suit:
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
With the fervor of thy lute:
Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this
Is a world of sweets and sour;
Our flowers are merely — flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky.

THE BELLS

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

HEAR the sledges with the bells,
Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!

How it swells!

How it dwells

On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing

Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —

To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells,

Brazen bells!

What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!

In the startled ear of night

How they scream out their affright!

Too much horrified to speak,

They can only shriek, shriek,

Out of tune,

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,

In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,

Leaping higher, higher, higher,

With a desperate desire,

And a resolute endeavor

Now — now to sit or never,

By the side of the pale-faced moon.

Oh, the bells, bells, bells!

What a tale their terror tells

Of Despair!

How they clang, and clash, and roar!

What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells, —
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
Of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells,
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people — ah, the people,
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling

On the human heart a stone —
They are neither man nor woman,
They are neither brute nor human,

They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls —

A pæan from the bells;
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells,
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells,
Of the bells:

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells —

To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,

As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells:

To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells —
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

ANNABEL LEE

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea:
But we loved with a love that was more than love —
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me;
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,

In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me
dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling, — my darling, — my life and my
bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

ULALUME

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

THE skies they were ashen and sober:
The leaves they were crispèd and sere,
The leaves they were withering and sere:
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year;
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty midregion of Weir:
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul —
Of cypress, with Pysche, my Soul.
These were days when my heart was volcanic
As the scoriac rivers that roll,
As the lavas that restlessly roll
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the pole,
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere,
Our memories were treacherous and sere,

For we knew not the month was October,
And we marked not the night of the year,
(Ah, night of all nights in the year!)
We noted not the dim lake of Auber
(Though once we had journeyed down here),
Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber
Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent
And star-dials pointed to morn,
As the star-dials hinted of morn,
At the end of our path a liquescent
And nebulous lustre was born,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
Arose with a duplicate horn,
Astarte's bediamonded crescent
Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said — "She is warmer than Dian:
She rolls through an ether of sighs,
She revels in a region of sighs:
She has seen that the tears are not dry on
These cheeks, where the worm never dies,
And has come past the stars of the Lion,
To point us the path to the skies,
To the Lethean peace of the skies:
Come up, in despite of the Lion,
To shine on us with her bright eyes:
Come up through the lair of the Lion,
With love in her luminous eyes."

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
Said — "Sadly this star I mistrust,
Her pallor I strangely mistrust:
Oh, hasten! — oh, let us not linger!
Oh, fly! — let us fly! — for we must."
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
Wings until they trailed in the dust;
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Plumes till they trailed in the dust,
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied — "This is nothing but dreaming:
Let us on by this tremulous light!
Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
Its sibyllic splendor is beaming
With hope and in beauty to-night:
See, it flickers up the sky through the night!
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
And be sure it will lead us aright:
We safely may trust to a gleaming
That cannot but guide us aright,
Since it flickers up to Heaven through the
night."

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
And tempted her out of her gloom,
And conquered her scruples and gloom;
And we passed to the end of the vista,
But were stopped by the door of a tomb,
By the door of a legended tomb;
And I said — "What is written, sweet sister,

On the door of this legended tomb?"
She replied — "Ulalume — Ulalume —
'T is the vault of thy lost Ulalume!"

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
As the leaves that were crispèd and sere,
As the leaves that were withering and sere,
And I cried — "It was surely October
On this very night of last year
That I journeyed — I journeyed down here,
That I brought a dread burden down here:
On this night of all nights in the year,
Ah, what demon has tempted me here?
Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber,
This misty mid-region of Weir:
Well I know, now, this dark tarn of Auber,
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

OLD IRONSIDES

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle-shout,
And burst the cannon's roar; —
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming
hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old
no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!

From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!

While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice
that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!

Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

THE BOYS

1859

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are
more?

He's tipsy, — young jackanapes! — show him the
door!

"Gray temples at twenty?" — Yes, *white* if we
please;

Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing
can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!

Look close, — you will see not a sign of a flake!

We want some new garlands for those we have
shed, —

And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been
told,

Of talking (in public) as if we were old: —

That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge";
It's a neat little fiction, — of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker," — the one on the right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?
That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we
chaff;

There's the "Reverend" What's his name? — don't
make me laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the ROYAL SOCIETY thought it was *true*!
So they chose him right in; a good joke it was, too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he's "The
Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith, —
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free, —
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing? — You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest
of all!

Yes, we're boys, — always playing with tongue or
with pen, —

And I sometimes have asked, — Shall we ever be
men?

Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!

The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!

And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,

Dear Father, take care of thy children, THE BOYS!

THE ANGELS' SONG

BY EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low;
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow, —
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

TO THE BOY
WHO GOES DAILY PAST MY WINDOWS SINGING

BY ELIZABETH CLEMENTINE KINNEY

THOU happiest thing alive,
Anomaly of earth!
If sound thy lineage give,
Thou art the natural birth
Of affluent Joy —
Thy mother's name was Mirth,
Thou little singing boy!

Thy star — it was a sun!
Thy time the month of May,
When streams to music run
And birds sing all the day:
Nature did tune
Thy gushing voice by hers;
A fount in June
Not more the bosom stirs;
A freshness flows
Through every bubbling note, —
Sure Nature knows
The strains Art never wrote.

Where was the human curse,
When thou didst spring to life?
All feel it less, or worse,

In pain, in care, in strife.
Its dreadful word
Fell from the lips of Truth;
'Tis but deferred,
Unconscious youth!

That curse on thee
Is sure some day to fall;
Alas, more heavily
If Manhood takes it all!

I will not think of this —
It robs me of my part
In thy outgushing bliss:
No! keep thy glad young heart
Turned toward the sun; —
What yet shall be,
None can foresee:
One thing is sure — that thou hast well begun!

Meantime shall others share,
Wild minstrel-boy,
As I, to lighten care,
The music of thy joy, —
Like scents of flowers,
Along life's wayside passed
In dreary hours, —
Too sweet to last;
Like touches soft
Of Nature, on those strings
Within us, jarred so oft
By earth's discordant things.

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS

BY SARAH ROBERTS BOYLE

HERE I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hillside,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere;
All around the open door,
Where sit the aged poor;
Here where the children play,
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
In the noisy city street
My pleasant face you'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart
Toiling his busy part, —
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming;
For in the starry night,

And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
More welcome than the flowers
In summer's pleasant hours:
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad,
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
When you're numbered with the dead
In your still and narrow bed,
In the happy spring I'll come
And deck your silent home —
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
My humble song of praise
Most joyfully I raise
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land,
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

THE OTHER WORLD

BY HARRIET ELIZABETH BEECHER STOWE

It lies around us like a cloud,
The world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheeks
Amid our worldly cares;
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between,
With breathings almost heard.

The silence — awful, sweet, and calm —
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem, —
They seem to lull us to our rest,
They melt into our dream.

And, in the hush of rest they bring,
 'T is easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
 The hour of death may be.

To close the eye and close the ear,
 Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And, gently drawn in loving arms,
 To swoon from that — to this!

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
 Scarce asking where we are,
To feel all evil sink away,
 All sorrow and all care!

Sweet souls around us! watch us still,
 Press nearer to our side,
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
 With gentle helping glide.

Let death between us be as naught,
 A dried and vanished stream;
Your joy be the reality,
 Our suffering life the dream.

THE IDLER

BY JONES VERY

I IDLE stand that I may find employ,
Such as my Master when He comes will give;
I cannot find in mine own work my joy,
But wait, although in waiting I must live;
My body shall not turn which way it will,
But stand till I the appointed road can find,
And journeying so his messages fulfil,
And do at every step the work designed.
Enough for me, still day by day to wait
Till Thou who formest me findest me too a task,
A cripple lying at the rich man's gate,
Content for the few crumbs I get to ask,
A laborer but in heart, while bound my hands
Hang idly down still waiting thy commands.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE

BY JONES VERY

My mother's voice! I hear it now,
I feel her hand upon my brow,
As when in heartfelt joy
She raised her evening hymn of praise,
And called down blessings on the days
Of her loved boy.

My mother's voice! I hear it now,
Her hand is on my burning brow,
As in that early hour
When fever throbbed through all my veins,
And that fond hand first soothed my pains
With healing power.

My mother's voice! It sounds as when
She read to me of holy men,
The Patriarchs of old:
And, gazing downward on my face,
She seemed each infant thought to trace
My young eyes told.

It comes — when thoughts unhallowed throng,
Woven in sweet deceptive song —
And whispers round my heart;
As when at eve it rose on high,

I hear and think that she is nigh,
And they depart.

Though round my heart all, all beside,
The voice of Friendship, Love, had died,
That voice would linger there;
As when, soft pillowed on her breast,
Its tones first lulled my infant rest
Or rose in prayer.

THE LATTER RAIN

BY JONES VERY

THE latter rain, — it falls in anxious haste
Upon the sun-dried fields and branches bare,
Loosening with searching drops the rigid waste
As if it would each root's lost strength repair;
But not a blade grows green as in the spring;
No swelling twig puts forth its thickening leaves;
The robins only mid the harvests sing,
Pecking the grain that scatters from the sheaves;
The rain falls still, — the fruit all ripened drops,
It pierces chestnut-burr and walnut-shell;
The furrowed fields disclose the yellow crops;
Each bursting pod of talents used can tell;
And all that once received the early rain
Declare to man it was not sent in vain.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

BY EPES SARGENT

A LIFE on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep!
Like an eagle caged, I pine
On this dull, unchanging shore:
Oh, give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar!

Once more on the deck I stand
Of my own swift-gliding craft:
'Set sail! farewell to the land!
The gale follows fair abast.
We shoot through the sparkling foam
Like an ocean-bird set free, —
Like the ocean-bird, our home
We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown;
But with a stout vessel and crew,
We'll say, Let the storm come down!
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the winds and the waters rave,
A home on the rolling sea!
A life on the ocean wave!

A WINTER WISH

BY ROBERT HINCKLEY MESSINGER

OLD wine to drink!
Ay, give the slippery juice
That drippeth from the grape thrown loose
 Within the tun;
Plucked from beneath the cliff
Of sunny-sided Teneriffe,
 And ripened 'neath the blink
 Of India's sun!
Peat whisky hot,
Tempered with well-boiled water!
These make the long night shorter, —
 Forgetting not
Good stout old English porter.

Old wood to burn!
Ay, bring the hillside beech
From where the owlets meet and screech,
 And ravens croak;
The crackling pine, and cedar sweet;
Bring too a clump of fragrant peat,
 Dug 'neath the fern;
 The knotted oak,
 A fagot too, perhap,
Whose bright flame, dancing, winking,
Shall light us at our drinking;

While the oozing sap
Shall make sweet music to our thinking.

Old books to read!
Ay, bring those nodes of wit,
The brazen-clasped, the vellum-writ,
Time-honored tomes!
The same my sire scanned before,
The same my grandsire thumbèd o'er,
The same his sire from college bore,
The well-earned meed
Of Oxford's domes:
Old Homer blind,
Old Horace, rake Anacreon, by
Old Tully, Plautus, Terence lie;
Mort Arthur's olden minstrelsie,
Quaint Burton, quainter Spenser, ay!
And Gervase Markham's venerie —
Nor leave behind
The holye Book by which we live and die.

Old friends to talk!
Ay, bring those chosen few,
The wise, the courtly, and the true,
So rarely found;
Him for my wine, him for my stud,
Him for my easel, distich, bud
In mountain walk!
Bring Walter good,
With soulful Fred, and learned Will,
And thee, my alter ego (dearer still

For every mood).
These add a bouquet to my wine!
These add a sparkle to my pine!
If these I tine,
Can books, or fire, or wine be good?

LIFE IN THE AUTUMN WOODS

BY PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE

SUMMER has gone,
And fruitful autumn has advanced so far
That there is warmth, not heat, in the broad sun,
And you may look, with naked eye, upon
 The ardors of his car;
The stealthy frosts, whom his spent looks embolden,
 Are making the green leaves golden.

What a brave splendor
Is in the October air! How rich, and clear,
And bracing, and all-joyous! we must render
Love to the spring-time, with its sproutings tender,
 As to a child quite dear;
But autumn is a thing of perfect glory,
 A manhood not yet hoary.

I love the woods,
In this good season of the liberal year;
I love to seek their leafy solitudes,
And give myself to melancholy moods,
 With no intruder near,
And find strange lessons, as I sit and ponder,
 In every natural wonder.

But not alone,
As Shakespeare's melancholy courtier loved Ardenne,
Love I the browning forest; and I own
I would not oft have mused, as he, but flown
To hunt with Amiens —
And little thought, as up the bold deer bounded,
Of the sad creature wounded.

What passionate
And keen delight is in the proud swift chase!
Go out what time the lark at heaven's red gate
Soars joyously singing — quite infuriate
With the high pride of his place;
What time the unrisen sun arrays the morning
In its first bright adorning.

Hark! the quick horn —
As sweet to hear as any clarion —
Piercing with silver call the ear of morn;
And mark the steeds, stout Curtal and Topthorne
And Greysteil and the Don —
Each one of them his fiery mood displaying
With pawing and with neighing.

Urge your swift horse,
After the crying hounds in this fresh hour,
Vanquish high hills — stem perilous streams perforce,
On the free plain give free wings to your course,
And you will know the power
Of the brave chase — and how of griefs the sorest
A cure is in the forest.

Or stalk the deer;
The same red lip of dawn has kissed the hills,
The gladdest sounds are crowding on your ear,
There is a life in all the atmosphere: —

Your very nature fills
With the fresh hour, as up the hills aspiring
You climb with limbs untiring.

A strong joy fills
(A joy beyond the tongue's expressive power)
My heart in autumn weather — fills and thrills!
And I would rather stalk the breezy hills,
Descending to my bower
Nightly, by the sweet spirit of Peace attended,
Than pine where life is splendid.

SHE CAME AND WENT

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

As a twig trembles, which a bird
Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,
So is my memory thrilled and stirred; —
I only know she came and went.

As clasps some lake, by gusts unriven,
The blue dome's measureless content,
So my soul held that moment's heaven; —
I only know she came and went.

As, at one bound, our swift spring heaps
The orchards full of bloom and scent,
So clove her May my wintry sleeps; —
I only know she came and went.

An angel stood and met my gaze,
Through the low doorway of my tent;
The tent is struck, the vision stays; —
I only know she came and went.

Oh, when the room grows slowly dim,
And life's last oil is nearly spent,
One gush of light these eyes will brim,
Only to think she came and went.

ODE RECITED AT THE HARVARD COMMEMORATION

JULY 21, 1865

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

I

WEAK-WINGED is song,
Nor aims at that clear-ethered height
Whither the brave deed climbs for light:

We seem to do them wrong,
Bringing our robin's-leaf to deck their hearse
Who in warm life-blood wrote their nobler verse,
Our trivial song to honor those who come
With ears attuned to strenuous trump and drum,
And shaped in squadron-strophes their desire,
Live battle-odes whose lines were steel and fire:

Yet sometimes feathered words are strong,
A gracious memory to buoy up and save
From Lethe's dreamless ooze, the common grave
Of the unventurous throng.

II

To-day our Reverend Mother welcomes back
Her wisest Scholars, those who understood
The deeper teaching of her mystic tome,
And offered their fresh lives to make it good:

No lore of Greece or Rome,

No science peddling with the names of things, a
Or reading stars to find inglorious fates, b
Can lift our life with wings a
Far from Death's idle gulf that for the many waits b
And lengthen out our dates b
With that clear fame whose memory sings c
In many hearts to come, and nerves them and dilates: d
Nor such thy teaching, Mother of us all!
Not such the trumpet-call
Of thy diviner mood,
That could thy sons entice
From happy homes and toils, the fruitful nest
Of those half-virtues which the world calls best,
Into War's tumult rude;
But rather far that stern device
The sponsors chose that round thy cradle stood
In the dim, unventured wood,
The VERITAS that lurks beneath
The letter's unprolific sheath,
Life of whate'er makes life worth living,
Seed-grain of high emprise, immortal food,
One heavenly thing whereof earth hath the giving.

III

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil
Amid the dust of books to find her,
Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,
With the cast mantle she hath left behind her.
Many in sad faith sought for her,
Many with crossed hands sighed for her;
But these, our brothers, fought for her,

At life's dear peril wrought for her,
So loved her that they died for her,
Tasting the raptured fleetness
Of her divine completeness:

 Their higher instinct knew
Those love her best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do;
 They followed her and found her
 Where all may hope to find,
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
But beautiful, with danger's sweetness round her.
 Where faith made whole with deed
 Breathes its awakening breath
 Into the lifeless creed,
 They saw her plumed and mailed,
 With sweet, stern face unveiled,
And all-repaying eyes, look proud on them in death.

IV

Our slender life runs rippling by, and glides
Into the silent hollow of the past;
 What is there that abides
To make the next age better for the last?
 Is earth too poor to give us
Something to live for here that shall outlive us?
 Some more substantial boon
Than such as flows and ebbs with Fortune's fickle
 moon?
 The little that we see
From doubt is never free;
 The little that we do

Is but half-nobly true;
With our laborious hiving
What men call treasure, and the gods call dross,
Life seems a jest of Fate's contriving,
Only secure in every one's conniving,
A long account of nothings paid with loss,
Where we poor puppets, jerked by unseen wires,
After our little hour of strut and rave,
With all our pasteboard passions and desires,
Loves, hates, ambitions, and immortal fires,
Are tossed pell-mell together in the grave.
But stay! no age was e'er degenerate,
Unless men held it at too cheap a rate,
For in our likeness still we shape our fate.

Ah, there is something here
Unfathomed by the cynic's sneer,
Something that gives our feeble light
A high immunity from Night,
Something that leaps life's narrow bars
To claim its birthright with the hosts of heaven;
A seed of sunshine that can leaven
Our earthly dullness with the beams of stars,
And glorify our clay
With light from fountains elder than the Day;
A conscience more divine than we,
A gladness fed with secret tears,
A vexing, forward-reaching sense
Of some more noble permanence;
A light across the sea,
Which haunts the soul and will not let it be,
Still beaconing from the heights of undegenerate years.

V

Whither leads the path
 To ampler fates that leads?
 Not down through flowery meads,
 To reap an aftermath
 Of youth's vainglorious weeds,
 But up the steep, amid the wrath
 And shock of deadly-hostile creeds,
 Where the world's best hope and stay
 By battle's flashes gropes a desperate way,
 And every turf the fierce foot clings to bleeds.
 Peace hath her not ignoble wreath,
 Ere yet the sharp, decisive word
 Light the black lips of cannon, and the sword
 Dreams in its easeful sheath;
 But some day the live coal behind the thought,
 Whether from Baäl's stone obscene,
 Or from the shrine serene
 Of God's pure altar brought,
 Bursts up in flame; the war of tongue and pen
 Learns with what deadly purpose it was fraught,
 And, helpless in the fiery passion caught,
 Shakes all the pillared state with shock of men:
 Some day the soft Ideal that we wooed
 Confronts us fiercely, foe-beset, pursued,
 And cries reproachful: "Was it, then, my praise,
 And not myself was loved? Prove now thy truth;
 I claim of thee the promise of thy youth;
 Give me thy life, or cower in empty phrase,
 The victim of thy genius, not its mate!"

Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to Truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
So bountiful is Fate;
But then to stand beside her,
When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms and not to yield,
This shows, methinks, God's plan
And measure of a stalwart man,
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
Who stand self-poised on manhood's solid earth,
Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he needs.

VI

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.
Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old-World molds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapor's blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.
Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface
And thwart her genial will;
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face
I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.
So always firmly he:

He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

VII

Long as man's hope insatiate can discern
Or only guess some more inspiring goal
Outside of Self, enduring as the pole,
Along whose course the flying axles burn
Of spirits bravely-pitched; earth's manlier brood;
Long as below we cannot find
The meed that stills the inexorable mind;
So long this faith to some ideal Good,
Under whatever mortal names it masks,
Freedom, Law, Country, this ethereal mood
That thanks the Fates for their severer tasks,
Feeling its challenged pulses leap,
While others skulk in subterfuges cheap,
And, set in Danger's van, has all the boon it asks,
Shall win man's praise and woman's love,
Shall be a wisdom that we set above
All other skills and gifts to culture dear;

A virtue round whose forehead we inwreathe
Laurels that with a living passion breathe
When other crowns grow, while we twine them, sear.
What brings us thronging these high rites to pay,
And seal these hours the noblest of our year,
Save that our brothers found this better way?

VIII

We sit here in the Promised Land
That flows with Freedom's honey and milk;
But 'twas they won it, sword in hand,
Making the nettle danger soft for us as silk.
We welcome back our bravest and our best; —
Ah me! not all! some come not with the rest,
Who went forth brave and bright as any here!
I strive to mix some gladness with my strain,
 But the sad strings complain,
 And will not please the ear:
I sweep them for a pæan, but they wane
 Again and yet again
Into a dirge, and die away, in pain.
In these brave ranks I only see the gaps,
Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb turf wraps,
Dark to the triumph which they died to gain:
 Fitlier may others greet the living,
 For me the past is unforgiving;
 I with uncovered head
 Salute the sacred dead,
Who went, and who return not. — Say not so!
'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the way;

Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave;
No bar of endless night exiles the brave;

And to the saner mind

We rather seem the dead that stayed behind.

Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow!

For never shall their aureoled presence lack:

I see them muster in a gleaming row,

With ever-youthful brows that nobler show;

We find in our dull road their shining track;

In every nobler mood

We feel the orient of their spirit glow,

Part of our life's unalterable good,

Of all our saintlier aspiration;

They come transfigured back,

Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,

Beautiful evermore, and with the rays

Of morn on their white Shields of Expectation!

IX

But is there hope to save

Even this ethereal essence from the grave?

What ever 'scaped Oblivion's subtle wrong

Save a few clarion names, or golden threads of song?

Before my musing eye

The mighty ones of old sweep by,

Disvoicèd now and insubstantial things,

As noisy once as we; poor ghosts of kings,

Shadows of empire wholly gone to dust,

And many races, nameless long ago,

To darkness driven by that imperious gust

Of ever-rushing Time that here doth blow:

O visionary world, condition strange,
Where naught abiding is but only Change,
Where the deep-bolted stars themselves still shift
and range!

Shall we to more continuance make pretense?
Renown builds tombs; a life-estate is Wit;
And, bit by bit,

The cunning years steal all from us but woe;
Leaves are we, whose decays no harvest sow.

But, when we vanish hence,
Shall they lie forceless in the dark below,
Save to make green their little length of sods,
Or deepen pansies for a year or two,
Who now to us are shining-sweet as gods?
Was dying all they had the skill to do?
That were not fruitless: but the Soul resents
Such short-lived service, as if blind events
Ruled without her, or earth could so endure;
She claims a more divine investiture
Of longer tenure than Fame's airy rents;
Whate'er she touches doth her nature share;
Her inspiration haunts the ennobled air,

Gives eyes to mountains blind,
Ears to the deaf earth, voices to the wind,
And her clear trump sings succor everywhere
By lonely bivouacs to the wakeful mind;
For soul inherits all that soul could dare:

Yea, Manhood hath a wider span
And larger privilege of life than man.
The single deed, the private sacrifice,
So radiant now through proudly-hidden tears,

Is covered up erelong from mortal eyes
With thoughtless drift of the deciduous years;
But that high privilege that makes all men peers,
That leap of heart whereby a people rise
Up to a noble anger's height,
And, flamed on by the Fates, not shrink, but grow
more bright,
That swift validity in noble veins,
Of choosing danger and disdaining shame,
Of being set on flame
By the pure fire that flies all contact base
But wraps its chosen with angelic might,
These are imperishable gains,
Sure as the sun, medicinal as light,
These hold great futures in their lusty reins
And certify to earth a new imperial race.

X

Who now shall sneer?
Who dare again to say we trace
Our lives to a plebeian race?
Roundhead and Cavalier!
Dumb are those names erewhile in battle loud;
Dream-footed as the shadow of a cloud,
They flit across the ear:
That is best blood that hath most iron in 't
To edge resolve with, pouring without stint
For what makes manhood dear.
Tell us not of Plantagenets,
Hapsburgs, and Guelfs, whose thin bloods crawl
Down from some victor in a border-brawl!

How poor their outworn coronets,
Matched with one leaf of that plain civic wreath
Our brave for honor's blazon shall bequeath,
Through whose desert a rescued Nation sets
Her heel on treason, and the trumpet hears
Shout victory, tingling Europe's sullen ears
With vain resentments and more vain regrets!

XI

Not in anger, not in pride,
Pure from passion's mixture rude
Ever to base earth allied,
But with far-heard gratitude,
Still with heart and voice renewed,
To heroes living and dear martyrs dead,
The strain should close that consecrates our brave.

Lift the heart and lift the head!

Lofty be its mood and grave,
Not without a martial ring,
Not without a prouder tread
And a peal of exultation:
Little right has he to sing
Through whose heart in such an hour
Beats no march of conscious power,
Sweeps no tumult of elation!
'Tis no Man we celebrate,
By his country's victories great,
A hero half, and half the whim of Fate,
But the pith and marrow of a Nation
Drawing force from all her men,
Highest, humblest, weakest, all,

For her time of need, and then
Pulsing it again through them,
Till the basest can no longer cower,
Feeling his soul spring up divinely tall,
Touched but in passing by her mantle-hem.
Come back, then, noble pride, for 'tis her dower!
How could poet ever tower,
If his passions, hopes, and fears,
If his triumphs and his tears,
Kept not measure with his people?
Boom, cannon, boom to all the winds and waves!
Clash out, glad bells, from every rocking steeple!
Banners, a-dance with triumph, bend your staves!
And from every mountain-peak
Let beacon-fire to answering beacon speak,
Katahdin tell Monadnock, Whiteface he,
And so leap on in light from sea to sea,
Till the glad news be sent
Across a kindling continent,
Making earth feel more firm and air breathe braver:
"Be proud! for she is saved, and all have helped to
save her!
She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,
She of the open soul and open door,
With room about her hearth for all mankind!
The fire is dreadful in her eyes no more;
From her bold front the helm she doth unbind,
Sends all her handmaid armies back to spin,
And bids her navies, that so lately hurled
Their crashing battle, hold their thunders in,
Swimming like birds of calm along the unharmed shore.

No challenge sends she to the elder world,
That looked askance and hated; a light scorn
Plays o'er her mouth, as round her mighty knees
She calls her children back, and waits the morn
Of nobler day, enthroned between her subject seas."

XII

Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release!
Thy God, in these distempered days,
Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His ways,
And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace!
Bow down in prayer and praise!
No poorest in thy borders but may now
Lift to the juster skies a man's enfranchised brow.
O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
And letting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the Nations bright beyond compare?
What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee;
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!

IN THE TWILIGHT

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

MEN say the sullen instrument,
That, from the Master's bow,
With pangs of joy or woe,
Feels music's soul through every fiber sent,
Whispers the ravished strings
More than he knew or meant;
Old summers in its memory glow;
The secrets of the wind it sings;
It hears the April-loosened springs;
And mixes with its mood
All it dreamed when it stood
In the murmurous pine-wood
Long ago!

The magical moonlight then
Steeped every bough and cone;
The roar of the brook in the glen
Came dim from the distance blown;
The wind through its glooms sang low,
And it swayed to and fro
With delight as it stood
In the wonderful wood,
Long ago!

O my life, have we not had seasons
That only said, Live and rejoice?
That asked not for causes and reasons,

But made us all feeling and voice?
When we went with the winds in their blowing,
When Nature and we were peers,
And we seemed to share in the flowing
Of the inexhaustible years?
Have we not from the earth drawn juices
Too fine for earth's sordid uses?
Have I heard, have I seen
All I feel, all I know?
Doth my heart overween?
Or could it have been
Long ago?

Sometimes a breath floats by me,
An odor from Dreamland sent,
That makes the ghost seem nigh me
Of a splendor that came and went,
Of a life lived somewhere, I know not
In what diviner sphere,
Of memories that stay not and go not,
Like music heard once by an ear
That cannot forget or reclaim it,
A something so shy, it would shame it
To make it a show,
A something too vague, could I name it,
For others to know,
As if I had lived it or dreamed it,
As if I had acted or schemed it,
Long ago!

And yet, could I live it over,
This life that stirs in my brain,

Could I be both maiden and lover,
Moon and tide, bee and clover,
As I seem to have been, once again,
Could I but speak it and show it,
This pleasure more sharp than pain,
That baffles and lures me so,
The world should once more have a poet,
Such as it had
In the ages glad,
Long ago!

TO THE DANDELION

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

DEAR common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth, thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time:
Not in mid-June the golden-cuirassed bee
Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent,

His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass,
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways,
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind, of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap, and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing,
With news from heaven, which he could bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

TWILIGHT AT SEA

BY AMELIA B. WELBY

THE twilight hours, like birds, flew by,
As lightly and as free,
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand on the sea;
For every wave, with dimpled face,
That leaped upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace,
And held it trembling there.

DIRGE

For one who fell in battle

BY THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS

ROOM for a soldier! lay him in the clover;
He loved the fields, and they shall be his cover;
Make his mound with hers who called him once her
lover:

Where the rain may rain upon it,
Where the sun may shine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the bee will dine upon it.

Bear him to no dismal tomb under city churches;
Take him to the fragrant fields, by the silver birches,
Where the whip-poor-will shall mourn, where the
oriole perches:

Make his mound with sunshine on it,
Where the bee will dine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the rain will rain upon it.

Busy as the bee was he, and his rest should be the
clover;

Gentle as the lamb was he, and the fern should be
his cover;

Fern and rosemary shall grow my soldier's pillow
over:

Where the rain may rain upon it,
Where the sun may shine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the bee will dine upon it.

Sunshine in his heart, the rain would come full often
Out of those tender eyes which evermore did soften:
He never could look cold till we saw him in his coffin.

Make his mound with sunshine on it,
Plant the lordly pine upon it,
Where the moon may stream upon it,
And memory shall dream upon it.

“Captain or Colonel,” — whatever invocation
Suit our hymn the best, no matter for thy station,—
On thy grave the rain shall fall from the eyes of a
mighty nation!

Long as the sun doth shine upon it
Shall glow the goodly pine upon it,
Long as the stars do gleam upon it
Shall memory come to dream upon it.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL¹

BY JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND

THERE'S a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry!

And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king.

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth.

Ay! the star rains its fire and the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king.

In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.

Every hearth is aflame, and the Beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.

Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in his cradle our Saviour and King.

¹From the "Marble Prophecy." Copyright, 1872, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

BY JULIA WARD HOWE

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord:

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible
swift sword:

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred
circling camps;

They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews
and damps;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps:

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of
steel:

"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my
grace shall deal;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with
His heel,

Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat:

Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant,
my feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the
sea,

With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and
me:

As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men
free,

While God is marching on.

THE VIOLET

BY WILLIAM WETMORE STORY

O FAINT, delicious, spring-time violet!
Thine odor, like a key,
Turns noiselessly in memory's wards to let
A thought of sorrow free.

The breath of distant fields upon my brow
Blows through that open door
The sound of wind-borne bells, more sweet and low,
And sadder than of yore.

It comes afar, from that beloved place,
And that beloved hour,
When life hung ripening in love's golden grace,
Like grapes above a bower.

A spring goes singing through its reedy grass;
The lark sings o'er my head,
Drowned in the sky — O, pass, ye visions, pass!
I would that I were dead! —

Why hast thou opened that forbidden door,
From which I ever flee?
O vanished joy! O love, that art no more,
Let my vexed spirit be!

O violet! thy odor through my brain
Hath searched, and stung to grief
This sunny day, as if a curse did stain
Thy velvet leaf.

GIVE ME THE SPLENDID SILENT SUN

BY WALT WHITMAN

I

GIVE me the splendid silent sun with all his beams
full-dazzling,

Give me juicy autumnal fruit ripe and red from the
orchard,

Give me a field where the unmow'd grass grows,

Give me an arbor, give me the trellis'd grape,

Give me fresh corn and wheat, give me serene-moving
animals teaching content,

Give me nights perfectly quiet as on high plateaus
west of the Mississippi, and I looking up at the
stars,

Give me odorous at sunrise a garden of beautiful
flowers where I can walk undisturb'd,

Give me for marriage a sweet-breath'd woman of
whom I should never tire,

Give me a perfect child, give me, away aside from the
noise of the world, a rural domestic life,

Give me to warble spontaneous songs recluse by
myself, for my own ears only,

Give me solitude, give me Nature, give me again
O Nature your primal sanities!

These demanding to have them, (tired with ceaseless
excitement, and rack'd by the war-strife,)

These to procure incessantly asking, rising in cries
from my heart,
While yet incessantly asking still I adhere to my city,
Day upon day and year upon year, O city, walking
your streets,
Where you hold me enchain'd a certain time refusing
to give me up,
Yet giving to make me glutt'd, enrich'd of soul, you
give me forever faces;
(O, I see what I sought to escape, confronting, revers-
ing my cries,
I see my own soul trampling down what it ask'd for.)

II

Keep your splendid silent sun,
Keep your woods O Nature, and the quiet places by
the woods,
Keep your fields of clover and timothy, and your
corn-fields and orchards,
Keep the blossoming buckwheat fields where the
Ninth-month bees hum;
Give me faces and streets — give me these phantoms
incessant and endless along the trottoirs!
Give me interminable eyes — give me women — give
me comrades and lovers by the thousand!
Let me see new ones every day — let me hold new
ones by the hand every day!
Give me such shows — give me the streets of Man-
hattan!
Give me Broadway, with the soldiers marching —
give me the sound of the trumpets and drums!

(The soldiers in companies or regiments — some
starting away, flush'd and reckless,
Some, their time up, returning with thinn'd ranks,
young, yet very old, worn, marching, noticing
nothing;)

Give me the shores and wharves heavy-fringed with
black ships!

O, such for me! O, an intense life, full to repletion
and varied!

The life of the theater, bar-room, huge hotel, for me!
The saloon of the steamer! the crowded excursion
for me! the torchlight procession!

The dense brigade bound for the war, with high-piled
military wagons following;

People, endless, streaming, with strong voices, pas-
sions, pageants,

Manhattan streets with their powerful throbs, with
beating drums as now,

The endless and noisy chorus, the rustle and clank of
muskets, (even the sight of the wounded,)

Manhattan crowds, with their turbulent musical
chorus!

Manhattan faces and eyes forever for me.

TO THE MAN-OF-WAR-BIRD

BY WALT WHITMAN

THOU who hast slept all night upon the storm,
Waking renew'd on thy prodigious pinions,
(Burst the wild storm? above it thou ascendedst,
And rested on the sky, thy slave that cradled thee,)
Now a blue point, far, far in heaven floating,
As to the light emerging here on deck I watch thee.
(Myself a speck, a point on the world's floating vast.)

Far, far at sea,
After the night's fierce drifts have strewn the shore
 with wrecks,
With re-appearing day as now so happy and serene,
The rosy and elastic dawn, the flashing sun,
The limpid spread of air cerulean,
Thou also re-appearest.

Thou born to match the gale, (thou art all wings,)
To cope with heaven and earth and sea and hurricane,
Thou ship of air that never furl'st thy sails,
Days, even weeks untired and onward, through spaces,
 realms gyrating,
At dusk that look'st on Senegal, at morn America,
That sport'st amid the lightning-flash and thunder-
 cloud,
In them, in thy experiences, hadst thou my soul,
What joys! what joys were thine!

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

BY WALT WHITMAN

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought
is won,

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exult-
ing,

While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain, my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up — for you the flag is flung — for you the
bugle trills,

For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths — for you
the shores a-crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning;

Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck

You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor
will,

The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed
and done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
won;

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!

But I with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

DAREST THOU NOW, O SOUL

BY WALT WHITMAN

DAREST thou now, O soul,
Walk out with me toward the unknown region,
Where neither ground is for the feet nor any path to
follow?

No map there, nor guide,
Nor voice sounding, nor touch of human hand,
Nor face with blooming flesh, nor lips, nor eyes, are
in that land.

I know it not, O soul,
Nor dost thou, all is a blank before us,—
All waits undream'd of in that region, that inaccessible
land.

Till when the ties loosened,
All but the ties eternal, Time and Space,
Nor darkness, gravitation, sense, nor any bounds
bounding us.

Then we burst forth, we float,
In Time and Space, O soul, prepared for them,
Equal, equipt at last (O joy! O fruit of all!) them to
fulfil, O soul.

PIONEERS! O PIONEERS!

BY WALT WHITMAN

COME my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready,
Have you your pistols? have you your sharp-edged
axes?

Pioneers! O pioneers!

For we cannot tarry here,
We must march my darlings, we must bear the brunt
of danger,
We the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O you youths, Western youths,
So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and
friendship,
Plain I see you Western youths, see you tramping
with the foremost,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over
there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the
lesson,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the past we leave behind,
We debouch upon a newer mightier world, varied
world,
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor
and the march,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We detachments steady throwing,
Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountains
steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go the
unknown ways,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We primeval forests felling,
We the rivers stemming, vexing we and piercing deep
the mines within,
We the surface broad surveying, we the virgin soil
upheaving,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Colorado men are we,
From the peaks gigantic, from the great sierras and
the high plateaus,
From the mine and from the gully, from the hunting
trail we come,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

From Nebraska, from Arkansas,
Central inland race are we, from Missouri, with the
continental blood intervein'd,

All the hands of comrades clasping, all the Southern,
all the Northern,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O resistless restless race!
O beloved race in all! O my breast aches with tender
love for all,
O I mourn and yet exult, I am rapt with love for
all,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Raise the mighty mother mistress,
Waving high the delicate mistress, over all the starry
mistress, (bend your heads all,)
Raise the fang'd and warlike mistress, stern, impassive,
weapon'd mistress,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

See my children, resolute children,
By those swarms upon our rear we must never yield
or falter,
Ages back in ghostly millions frowning there behind
us urging,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

On and on the compact ranks,
With accessions ever waiting, with the places of the
dead quickly fill'd,
Through the battle, through defeat, moving yet and
never stopping,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Oh, to die advancing on!
Are there some of us to droop and die? has the hour
come?
Then upon the march we fittest die, soon and sure
the gap is fill'd,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the pulses of the world,
Falling in they beat for us, with the Western move-
ment beat,
Holding single or together, steady moving to the
front, all for us,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Life's involv'd and varied pageants,
All the forms and shows, all the workmen at their
work,
All the seamen and the landsmen, all the masters
with their slaves,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the hapless silent lovers,
All the prisoners in the prisons, all the righteous and
the wicked,
All the joyous, all the sorrowing, all the living, all the
dying,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

I too with my soul and body,
We, a curious trio, picking, wandering on our way,

Through these shores amid the shadows, with the
apparitions pressing,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Lo, the darting bowling orb!
Lo, the brother orbs around, all the clustering suns
and planets,
All the dazzling days, all the mystic nights with
dreams,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

These are of us, they are with us,
All for primal needed work, while the followers there
in embryo wait behind,
We today's procession heading, we the route for
travel clearing,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O you daughters of the West!
O you young and elder daughters! O you mothers
and you wives!
Never must you be divided, in our ranks you move
united,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Minstrels latent on the prairies!
(Shrouded bards of other lands, you may rest, you
have done your work,)
Soon I hear you coming warbling, soon you rise and
tramp amid us,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Not for delectations sweet,
Not the cushion and the slipper, not the peaceful and
the studious,
Not the riches safe and palling, not for us the tame
enjoyment,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Do the feasters gluttonous feast?
Do the corpulent sleepers sleep? have they lock'd
and bolted doors?
Still be ours the diet hard, and the blanket on the
ground,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Has the night descended?
Was the road of late so toilsome? did we stop dis-
couraged nodding on our way?
Yet a passing hour I yield you in your tracks to pause
oblivious,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Till with sound of trumpet,
Far, far off the daybreak call — hark! how loud and
clear I hear it wind,
Swift! to the head of the army! — swift! spring to
your places,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

I HEAR AMERICA SINGING

BY WALT WHITMAN

I HEAR America singing, the varied carols I hear,
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should
 be blithe and strong,
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank
 or beam,
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work,
 or leaves off work,
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his
 boat, the deckhand singing on the steamboat
 deck,
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the
 hatter singing as he stands,
The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way
 in the morning, or at noon intermission or at
 sundown,
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young
 wife at work, or of the girl sewing or washing,
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none
 else,
The day what belongs to the day — at night the party
 of young fellows, robust, friendly,
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious
 songs.

IN PRAISE OF DEATH

BY WALT WHITMAN

PRAISED be the fathomless universe

For life and joy and for love, sweet love!

But praise! praise! praise!

For the cool enfolding arms

Of sweet and delicate death.

YOUTH, DAY, OLD AGE, AND NIGHT

BY WALT WHITMAN

YOUTH, large, lusty, loving — youth full of grace,
force, fascination,
Do you know that Old Age ^{will} ~~may~~ come after you with
equal grace, force, fascination?

Day full-blown and splendid — day of the immense
sun, action, ambition, laughter,
The Night follows close with millions of suns, and
sleep and restoring darkness.

PRAYER OF COLUMBUS

BY WALT WHITMAN

A BATTER'D, wrecked old man,
Thrown on this savage shore, far, far from home,
Pent by the sea and dark rebellious brows, twelve
dreary months,
Sore, stiff with many toils, sicken'd and nigh to death,
I take my way along the island's edge,
Venting a heavy heart.

I am too full of woe!
Haply I may not live another day;
I cannot rest, O God, I cannot eat or drink or sleep,
Till I put forth myself, my prayer, once more to Thee,
Breathe, bathe myself once more in Thee, commune
with Thee,
Report myself once more to Thee.

Thou knowest my years entire, my life,
My long and crowded life of active work, not adoration merely;
Thou knowest the prayers and vigils of my youth,
Thou knowest my manhood's solemn and visionary meditations,
Thou knowest how before I commenced I devoted all
to come to Thee,
Thou knowest I have in age ratified all those vows and
strictly kept them,

Thou knowest I have not once lost nor faith nor
ecstasy in Thee,
In shackles, prison'd, in disgrace, repining not,
Accepting all from Thee, as duly come from Thee.

All my emprises have been fill'd with Thee,
My speculations, plans, begun and carried on in
thoughts of Thee,
Sailing the deep or journeying the land for Thee;
Intentions, purports, aspirations mine, leaving results
to Thee.

Oh, I am sure they really came from Thee,
The urge, the ardor, the unconquerable will,
The potent, felt, interior command, stronger than
words,
A message from the heavens whispering to me even
in sleep,
These sped me on.

By me and these the work so far accomplish'd,
By me earth's elder cloy'd and stifled lands uncloy'd,
unloos'd,
By me the hemispheres rounded and tied, the unknown
to the known.

The end I know not, it is all in Thee,
Or small or great I know not — haply what broad
fields, what lands,
Haply the brutish measureless human undergrowth I
know,

Transplanted there may rise to stature, knowledge
worthy Thee,
Haply the swords I know may there indeed be turn'd
to reaping-tools,
Haply the lifeless cross I know, Europe's dead cross,
may bud and blossom there.

One effort more, my altar this bleak sand;
That Thou, O God, my life has lighted,
With ray of light, steady, ineffable, vouchsafed of
Thee,
Light rare untellable, lighting the very light,
Beyond all signs, descriptions, languages;
For that, O God, be it my latest word, here on my
knees,
Old, poor, and paralyzed, I thank Thee.

My terminus near,
The clouds already closing in upon me,
The voyage balk'd, the course disputed, lost,
I yield my ships to Thee.

My hands, my limbs grow nerveless,
My brain feels rack'd, bewilder'd,
Let the old timbers part, I will not part,
I will cling fast to Thee, O God, though the waves
buffet me,
Thee, Thee at least I know.

Is it the prophet's thought I speak, or am I raving?
What do I know of life? what of myself?

I know not even my own work past or present,
Dim ever-shifting guesses of it spread before me,
Of newer better worlds, their mighty parturition,
Mocking, perplexing me.

And these things I see suddenly, what mean they?
As if some miracle, some hand divine unseal'd my
 eyes,
Shadowy vast shapes smile through the air and sky,
And on the distant waves sail countless ships,
And anthems in new tongues I hear saluting me.

WEAVE IN, MY HARDY LIFE

BY WALT WHITMAN

WEAVE in, weave in, my hardy life,
Weave yet a soldier strong and full for great campaigns to come,
Weave in red blood, weave sinews in like ropes, the senses, sight weave in,
Weave lasting sure, weave day and night the weft, the warp, incessant weave, tire not,
(We know not what the use O life, nor know the aim, the end, nor really aught we know,
But know the work, the need goes on and shall go on, the death-envelop'd march of peace as well as war goes on),
For great campaigns of peace the same the wiry threads to weave,
We know not why or what, yet weave, forever weave.

QUICKSAND YEARS

BY WALT WHITMAN

QUICKSAND years that whirl me I know not whither,
Your schemes, politics, fail, lines give way, sub-
stances mock and elude me,
Only the theme I sing, the great and strong-possess'd
soul, eludes not,
One's-self must never give way — that is the final
substance — that out of all is sure,
Out of politics, triumphs, battles, life, what at last
finally remains?
When shows break up, what but One's-Self is sure?

OUT OF THE ROLLING OCEAN THE CROWD

BY WALT WHITMAN

OUT of the rolling ocean the crowd came a drop gently
to me,
Whispering I love you, before long I die,
I have travel'd a long way merely to look on you to
touch you,
For I could not die till I once look'd on you,
For I fear'd I might afterward lose you.

Now we have met, we have look'd, we are safe,
Return in peace to the ocean my love,
I too am part of that ocean, my love, we are not so
much separated,
Behold the great rondure, the cohesion of all, how
perfect!
But as for me, for you, the irresistible sea is to separate us,
As for an hour carrying us diverse, yet cannot carry
us diverse forever;
Be not impatient — a little space — know you I
salute the air, the ocean, and the land,
Every day at sundown for your dear sake my love.

O MAGNET-SOUTH

BY WALT WHITMAN

O MAGNET-SOUTH! O glistening perfumed South!
my South!

O quick mettle, rich blood, impulse and love! good
and evil! O all dear to me!

O dear to me my birth-things — all moving things
and the trees where I was born — the grains,
plants, rivers,

Dear to me my own slow sluggish rivers where they
flow, distant, over flats of silvery sands or through
swamps,

Dear to me the Roanoke, the Savannah, the Alta-
mahaw, the Pedee, the Tombigbee, the Santee,
the Coosa, and the Sabine,

Oh, pensive, far away wandering, I return with my
soul to haunt their banks again,

Again in Florida I float on transparent lakes, I float
on the Okeechobee, I cross the hummock-land,
or through pleasant openings or dense forests

I see the parrots in the woods, I see the papaw-tree
and the blossoming titi;

Again, sailing in my coaster on deck, I coast off
Georgia, I coast up the Carolinas,

I see where the live-oak is growing, I see where the
yellow-pine, the scented bay-tree, the lemon and
orange, the cypress, the graceful palmetto,

I pass rude sea-headlands and enter Pamlico sound
through an inlet, and dart my vision inland;
O the cotton plant! the growing fields of rice, sugar,
hemp!
The cactus guarded with thorns, the laurel-tree with
large white flowers,
The range afar, the richness and barrenness, the old
woods charged with mistletoe and trailing moss,
The piney odor and the gloom, the awful natural
stillness, (here in these dense swamps the free-
booter carries his gun, and the fugitive has his
conceal'd hut;)
O the strange fascination of these half-known half-
impassable swamps, infested by reptiles, resound-
ing with the bellow of the alligator, the sad noises
of the night-owl and the wild-cat, and the whirr
of the rattlesnake,
The mocking-bird, the American mimic, singing all
the forenoon, singing through the moon-lit night,
The humming-bird, the wild turkey, the raccoon, the
opossum;
A Kentucky corn-field, the tall, graceful, long-leav'd
corn, slender, flapping, bright green, with tassels,
with beautiful ears each well-sheath'd in its
husk;
O my heart! O tender and fierce pangs, I can stand
them not, I will depart;
O to be a Virginian where I grew up! O to be a
Carolinian!
O longings irrepressible! O I will go back to old
Tennessee and never wander more.

WARBLE FOR LILAC-TIME

BY WALT WHITMAN

WARBLE me now for joy of lilac-time, (returning in
reminiscence,)
Sort me O tongue and lips for Nature's sake, souvenirs
of earliest summer,
Gather the welcome signs, (as children with pebbles
or stringing shells,)
Put in April and May, the hylas croaking in the
ponds, the elastic air,
Bees, butterflies, the sparrow with its simple notes,
Blue-bird and darting swallow, nor forget the high-
hole flashing his golden wings,
The tranquil sunny haze, the clinging smoke, the
vapor,
Shimmer of waters with fish in them, the cerulean
above,
All that is jocund and sparkling, the brooks running,
The maple woods, the crisp February days, and the
sugar-making,
The robin where he hops, bright-eyed, brown-breasted,
With musical clear call at sunrise and again at sun-
set,
Or flitting among the trees of the apple-orchard, build-
ing the nest of his mate,
The melted snow of March, the willow sending forth
its yellow-green sprouts,

For spring-time is here! the summer is here! and
what is this in it and from it?
Thou, soul, unloosen'd — the restlessness after I
know not what;
Come, let us lag here no longer, let us be up and away!
O if one could but fly like a bird!
O to escape, to sail forth as in a ship!
To glide with thee, O soul, o'er all, in all, as a ship
o'er the waters;
Gathering these hints, the preludes, the blue sky, the
grass, the morning drops of dew,
The lilac-scent, the bushes with dark-green heart-
shaped leaves,
Wood-violets, the little delicate pale blossoms called
innocence,
Samples and sorts not for themselves alone, but for
their atmosphere,
To grace the bush I love — to sing with the birds,
A warble for joy of lilac-time, returning in reminis-
cence.

MIRACLES

BY WALT WHITMAN

WHY, who makes much of a miracle?
As to me I know of nothing else but miracles,
Whether I walk the streets of Manhattan,
Or dart my sight over the roofs of houses toward the
sky,
Or wade with naked feet along the beach just in the
edge of the water,
Or stand under trees in the woods,
Or talk by day with any one I love, or sleep in the
bed at night with any one I love,
Or sit at table at dinner with the rest,
Or look at strangers opposite me riding in the car,
Or watch honey-bees busy around the hive of a sum-
mer forenoon,
Or animals feed in the fields,
Or birds, or the wonderfulness of insects in the air,
Or the wonderfulness of the sundown, or of stars
shining so quiet and bright,
Or the exquisite delicate thin curve of the new moon
in spring;
These with the rest, one and all, are to me miracles,
The whole referring, yet each distinct and in its place.

To me every hour of the light and dark is a miracle,
Every cubic inch of space is a miracle,

Every square yard of the surface of the earth is
spread with the same,
Every foot of the interior swarms with the same.

To me the sea is a continual miracle,
The fishes that swim — the rocks — the motion of
the waves — the ships with men in them,
What stranger miracles are there?

JOY, SHIPMATE, JOY!

BY WALT WHITMAN

Joy, shipmate, joy!
(Pleas'd to my soul at death I cry,)
Our life is closed, our life begins,
The long, long anchorage we leave,
The ship is clear at last, she leaps!
She swiftly courses from the shore,
Joy, shipmate, joy!

AS TOILSOME I WANDER'D VIRGINIA'S WOODS

BY WALT WHITMAN

As toilsome I wander'd Virginia's woods,
To the music of rustling leaves kick'd by my feet,
 (for 'twas autumn,)
I mark'd at the foot of a tree the grave of a soldier;
Mortally wounded he and buried on the retreat, (easily
 all could I understand,)
The halt of a midday hour, when up! no time to
 lose — yet this sign left,
On a tablet scrawl'd and nail'd on the tree by the
 grave,
Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade.

Long, long I muse, then on my way go wandering,
Many a changeful season to follow, and many a scene
 of life,
Yet at times through changeful season and scene,
 abrupt, alone, or in the crowded street,
Comes before me the unknown soldier's grave, comes
 the inscription rude in Virginia's woods,
Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade.

A SPINSTER'S STINT

BY ALICE CARY

SIX skeins and three, six skeins and three!
Good mother, so you stinted me,
And here they be, — ay, six and three!

Stop, busy wheel! stop, noisy wheel!
Long shadows down my chamber steal,
And warn me to make haste and reel.

'T is done, — the spinning work complete,
O heart of mine, what makes you beat
So fast and sweet, so fast and sweet?

I must have wheat and pinks, to stick
My hat from brim to ribbon, thick, —
Slow hands of mine, be quick, be quick!

One, two, three stars along the skies
Begin to wink their golden eyes, —
I'll leave my thread all knots and ties.

O moon, so red! O moon, so red!
Sweetheart of night, go straight to bed;
Love's light will answer in your stead.

A-tiptoe, beckoning me, he stands, —
Stop trembling, little foolish hands,
And stop the bands, and stop the bands!

THE BLACKBIRD

BY ALICE CARY

"I could not think so plain a bird
Could sing so fine a song."

ONE on another against the wall
Pile up the books, — I am done with them all!
I shall be wise, if I ever am wise,
Out of my own ears, and of my own eyes.

One day of the woods and their balmy light, —
One hour on the top of a breezy hill,
There in the sassafras all out of sight
The blackbird is splitting his slender bill
For the ease of his heart!

Do you think if he said
I will sing like this bird with the mud-colored back
And the two little spots of gold over his eyes,
Or like to this shy little creature that flies
So low to the ground, with the amethyst rings
About her small throat, — all alive when she sings
With a glitter of shivering green, — for the rest,
Gray shading to gray, with the sheen of her breast
Half rose and half fawn, —

Or like this one so proud,
That flutters so restless, and cries out so loud,

With stiff horny beak and a topknotted head,
And a lining of scarlet laid under his wings, —
Do you think, if he said, "I'm ashamed to be black!"
That he could have shaken the sassafras tree
As he does with the song he was born to? Not he!

NEARER HOME

BY PHOEBE CARY

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown!

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dread abysm:
Closer Death to my lips
Presses the awful chrism.

O, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think;

Father, perfect my trust!
Let my spirit feel, in death,
That her feet are firmly set
On the Rock of a living faith!

HAPPY WOMEN

BY PHŒBE CARY

IMPATIENT women, as you wait
In cheerful homes to-night, to hear
The sound of steps that, soon or late,
Shall come as music to your ear;

Forget yourselves a little while,
And think in pity of the pain
Of women who will never smile
To hear a coming step again.

With babes that in their cradle sleep,
Or cling to you in perfect trust;
Think of the mothers left to weep,
Their babies lying in the dust.

And when the step you wait for comes,
And all your world is full of light,
O women, safe in happy homes,
Pray for all lonesome souls to-night.

JOY

BY ANNE WHITNEY

GRAY strength of years!
Whereon so many a bark is wrecked;
And even success
Falls blank and passionless;
This morn has decked
Your front with trailing loveliness
And branching lights;
Inlets of summer from celestial heights.

Dimpling with light, beneath the long arcades,
The shadows smile in sleep;
And all those forces manifold that keep
Such infantine, calm play,
Before the awful hand
That makes and breaks,
Sing and are jubilant to-day.
Sing on, all up and down the shining land!
My heart your meaning takes.

As evening's star on star,
Through the blue portals of the air,
What countless creatures throng!
And beautiful they are —
With morning in their eyes and on their hair;
And on their lips an antique speech and song.

One shadow only waits
Aloof, poised on ascending wing,
And lifts no voice; but in her throat,
I ween there is a sweeter note
Than all these glorious warblers bring.
I hear her chant an inward strain;
"Thou sett'st me above Time's annoy;
I found delight and it was pain;
Thou gavest pain and it is joy.
Token of unaccomplished growth,
Stern pledge of immortality,—
Through all the earth's perplexed domain,
Just God, I would that there should be
No living thing that should not suffer pain."
Thus in a ravishment
Of inward sight, her song wells up,
A passionate content.

Scatter the road,
The beaten highway of the world, my heart,
With rose and asphodel,
And all thou draw'st from music's throbbing
 well;
Behold how rich thou art!
Thou drink'st of every spring of God;
Broad heaven but lightly freights thine eye,
And thy familiar pulse is rife
With tumult of the river of life,
That makes the circuit of the youngest sky.
What thrill that spirits feel,
Transport of love, or ecstasy

Of still, creative force,
That life shall not at last to thee reveal?

Oh, make no barren haste —
Thou liv'st from day to day with God so near,
And well may'st brook
Into those phantom-eyes to look
That freeze in these half-lights our atmosphere:
Seeing that thou art based
On the immortal Joy — whose spreading bloom
Has root of substance so divine,
That the perennial heavens which by it shine
And spring's sure birth live only to express
Its strength and everlastingness.

ALL'S TO GAIN

BY ANNE WHITNEY

ALL's to gain,
All is to come between us twain!
Oh, never can serve
Fruition and conquered reserve
To feed the soul with a bliss,
So momentarily waking,
So troubled, but deep as death,
With a surface doubt and an under faith
Over it breaking, —
As this which we feel — as this!

HYMN TO THE SEA

BY ANNE WHITNEY

ALONG yon soft tumultuousness, the Dawn
Reaches a glowing hand, and the mute world
Thrills back to life. This lustrous blossom, curled
In on its dreaming heart, feels the forlorn
Old shadow lift and guardedly discloses
Its wayside cheer; and endless waves away
Bide the slow triumph of the Light,
Rejoicing in the infinite
And quenchless possibility of Day;
Day,— that at least shall win far more than darkness
loses.

Over those morning waves, or when the bare
Stars glow, or Morn her tireless lover nears,
The eternal Beauty that these countless years
Makes earthly musings so divinely fair,
Broods listening to the prophecy thou chantest. —
The subtle breath of mortal sympathies
Is she, wooing us unto right
In unsuspected ways; a light
From inmost heaven tempered to dreaming eyes.
A sweet foreshadow of the joy for which thou pantest.

Roll in from far thy deep broad-skirted thunder,
Whereon the wild winds fawn! Thy voice by
day; —

But Night adopts and trances it away
Into its clear, sad universe of wonder.
Oh, weary of life's shallow, lavish sound,
Enrich me beyond hunger with that tone!
Tell in what deep, gray solitude
It may be born, what caverns rude
Still haunt it; and if the infinite Alone
Touch it himself with calm and utterance so profound.

Hark'ning through all the music of her leaves
And inland murmurs, o'er the seaward steep,
The stately Summer leans, while dim Winds
sweep
Her shining tresses back, — and half she grieves
That thou disdain'st with thy hoar wreaths to
twine
Her fleeting gifts. — Yet hast thou tender fancies, —
Broodings of love when young winds cease,
And silence deepens into peace;
And lead'st with Day and Night immortal dances,
Crowned with fresh marriage-blooms and lotus-cups
divine.

Up the broad, gray, gleaming beach I saw
Last night that phantom-light of thy desire,
Orb large and slow in the east, dropping pale
fire
Along thy deep'ning tumult, so to draw
Old love-dreams out: — for countless leagues she
had come

O'er kindred foam; her footfalls echoing yet
In the deep breast of Arab — through
Caspian and the Euxine, and the blue
Of that famed gulf in earth's broad girdle set,
With endless voice of waves calling to shores long
dumb.

With all her loveliness earth leaves me sad,
And sadder for her loveliness. My hills
Are sacred chalices which eve o'erfills
With vintage for young gods; and ever glad
In the deep clasp of vernal boughs, the air
At nightfall swoons; — but hauntings unexplained
Steal in; earth looks half wild and lone,
And from her eyes I veil my own,
And lay my heart to hers — the unattained,
Youth's aching world of incompleteness throbbing
there.

But thou, shout on through heaven's encircling
spheres,
Still promising with that great voice of power
A joy to every heart, a day, an hour
To come, outweighing all these silent years!
Afar thou veil'st thy kingliness in mist,
And stretchest in the heaven's most deep embrace,
Like the great Future, waste and gray,
Dissolving day to yesterday, —
But what fair shores thou lapp'st in azure peace! —
What isles of joyous palms with tropic starlight
kissed!

I am borne outward by this fragrant breeze,
That seems to press its warm lips to the sand,
And then away, — beyond the singing land,
To that hoar silence of the lone mid-seas,
Where thou, in unrelated strength, a bare
Vast heart, throbbeest beneath the eternal eye: —
Life soars like an enfranchised flame:
The needy doubt, the hope, that came
Before the laggard dawn to wake me, fly,
And dim eternity flows in like silent air.

Do tempests swing thee, or deep, choral nights
Chant unto murmurous slumber, yield me still
The calm of hushed abysses! — human ill
Patience transfigures on her visioned heights.
Thou dost not rive the blood-drenched deck
apart,
Nor whelm the slaver's freight of woes, but soft
On patient, swelling breast upborne,
Waftest the dismal burthen on,
As trusting in the love that waits aloft
And the slow germ of good in man's unquiet heart.

Ah, meagre happiness, and hopes that reach
To some dull dream, a vapor of the sense,
And on the plain of the old Permanence
Are but as hasty flashes in the beach
Of idle footprints! Oh, make more divine,
Glad Sea, our thoughts — nor may we dully
grope

'Mid slavish fears, while thou dost girth

The continents and isles with mirth,
And music of unconquerable hope,
That Joy and Beauty shall be life's as they are
thine!

Oh, old consoler, that dost tenderly
In thy great longing merge my day-born pain,
Uplift me to the stature of your strain,
And bid all lower aspiration flee!
The nobler earth is built of stubborn good —
Who brings his little vanity, his grave
Appeal to men's applause or wonder,
Warn him away with thy hoarse thunder,
Flash o'er the graven sands a liberal wave,
And let us know no more name, memory, or blood!

And call the regal shadows, 'mid the roar
Of charging waves, the tumult, and the smoke,—
That fine old Grecian in his threadbare cloak;
The banner pastor by blue Zurich, o'er
Whose vine-clad summits Alps looked not in vain;
England's blind seer; Toussaint, the kingly heart,
Wearing his thrice-earned martyr crown;
And all who silently let down
The rugged slopes whereon we toss apart
Some herald-beam of the All-Fair, some love-bought
pain.

Yet milder beams wooing the folded sight,
Shed warmth far down in many a sinless nook:
Thank God, there are no eyes in which we look

But some heart's love doth lend them beauteous
light!

Dreams that prefigure hopes, and hopes that
take

Fresh courage from all life, — from starlight bold
Sung softly in by whippoorwills,
And sunset's broad'ning sails o'er hills

Afar; and from the earth that grows not old, —
Float lightly o'er our heads whether we sleep or
wake.

Alas! to her high place thro' sea-deep tears,
Earth wins her long, slow, agonizing way!

The base, triumphant Despot of a day
Is weary Anarch of a thousand years,
And yet this many a spring the boughs are sheen
With the almost forgotten bloom! Call, Sea,

Unto all faithful souls. Doubt not,
Aspire to lead earth's struggling thought
Still up, bring what from full hearts gushes free,
He who doth blend and shape the whole finds nothing
mean.

When morning, loosing from its crimson drifts,
Some panting skylark overtakes, most tender
Of such weak rivalship, and prone to render
Homage unto great-heartedness, it lifts
The breaking strain, and all along its lines
Of thrilling light, its currents of pure air
And rosy mists, winds it at will,
Unites and separates, and still

Wreathes it and builds anew beyond despair,
Till light is song, song, light — thro' all heaven's
steadfast signs.

Oh, know how all things change! Night's violet
star

Shone red erewhile; and thou, Sea, wear'st away
The glorious realm of a forgotten day,
But lay'st the pillars of a fairer far
Deep in thy caverned bed; for all that ever
Gathered about it men's delight or love,
Or aught that simply blooms or strives
To make more beautiful our lives,
In each new fabric of the world, is wove
Afresh, and changes like the light, but passes never.

THE WINDY NIGHT

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

Aloof and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the midnight tempests howl!
With a dreary voice, like the dismal tune
Of wolves that bay at the desert moon; —
Or whistle and shriek
Through limbs that creak,
“Tu-who! tu-whit!”
They cry and flit,
“Tu-whit! tu-who!” like the solemn owl.

Aloof and aloof,
Over the roof,
Sweep the moaning winds amain,
And wildly dash
The elm and ash,
Clattering on the window-sash,
With a clatter and patter,
Like hail and rain
That well-nigh shatter
The dusky pane!

Aloof and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the tempests swell and roar!

Though no foot is astir,
Though the cat and the cur
Lie dozing along the kitchen floor,
There are feet of air
On every stair!
Through every hall —
Through each gusty door,
There's a jostle and bustle,
With a silken rustle,
Like the meeting of guests at a festival!

Alow and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the stormy tempests swell!
And make the vane
On the spire complain —
They heave at the steeple with might and main,
And burst and sweep
Into the belfry, on the bell!
They smite it so hard, and they smite it so well,
That the sexton tosses his arms in sleep,
And dreams he is ringing a funeral knell!

THE VIRGINIANS OF THE VALLEY

BY FRANCIS ORRERY TICKNOR

THE knightliest of the knightly race
That, since the days of old,
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold;
The kindest of the kindly band
That, rarely hating ease,
Yet rode with Spotswood round the land,
And Raleigh round the seas;

Who climbed the blue Virginian hills
Against embattled foes,
And planted there, in valleys fair,
The lily and the rose;
Whose fragrance lives in many lands,
Whose beauty stars the earth,
And lights the hearths of happy homes
With loveliness and worth.

We thought they slept! — the sons who kept
The names of noble sires,
And slumbered while the darkness crept
Around their vigil fires;
But aye the "Golden Horseshoe" knights
Their old Dominion keep,
Whose foes have found enchanted ground,
But not a knight asleep.

THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH¹

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

THERE are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain:
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign:
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain:
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again.

¹From "Songs of Summer" (1856). Copyright, 1880, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

SONGS UNSUNG¹

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

LET no poet, great or small,
Say that he will sing a song;
For song cometh, if at all,
Not because we woo it long,
But because it suits its will,
Tired at last of being still.

Every song that has been sung
Was before it took a voice;
Waiting since the world was young
For the poet of its choice.
Oh, if any waiting be,
May they come to-day to me!

I am ready to repeat
Whatsoever they impart;
Sorrows sent by them are sweet —
They know how to heal the heart:
Aye, and in the lightest strain
Something serious doth remain.

What are my white hairs, forsooth,
And the wrinkles on my brow?
I have still the soul of youth —
Try me, merry Muses, now.

¹ From "Later Poems." Copyright, 1880, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

I can still with numbers fleet
Fill the world with dancing feet.

No, I am no longer young;
Old am I this many a year;
But my songs will yet be sung,
Though I shall not live to hear.
Oh, my son, that is to be,
Sing my songs, and think of me!

THE SKY IS THICK UPON THE SEA ¹

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

THE sky is thick upon the sea,
The sea is sown with rain,
And in the passing gusts we hear
The clanging of the crane.

The cranes are flying to the south,
We cut the northern foam:
The dreary land they leave behind
Must be our future home.

Its barren shores are long and dark,
And gray its autumn sky;
But better these than this gray sea,
If but to land — and die!

¹From "Songs of Summer" (1856). Copyright, 1880, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

WINE AND DEW¹

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

You may drink to your leman in gold,
In a great golden goblet of wine;
She's as ripe as the wine, and as bold
As the glare of the gold:
But this little lady of mine,
I will not profane her in wine.
I go where the garden so still is
(The moon raining through),
To pluck the white bowls of the lilies,
And drink her in dew!

¹From "Songs of Summer" (1856). Copyright, 1880, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

TO A LATE-COMER¹

BY JULIA CAROLINE (RIPLEY) DORR

WHY didst thou come into my life so late?
If it were morning I could welcome thee
With glad all-hails, and bid each hour to be
The willing servitor of thine estate,
Lading thy brave ships with Time's richest freight;
If it were noonday I might hope to see
On some fair height thy banners floating free,
And hear the acclaiming voices call thee great!
But it is nightfall and the stars are out;
Far in the west the crescent moon hangs low,
And near at hand the lurking shadows wait;
Darkness and silence gather round about,
Lethe's black stream is near its overflow, —
Ah, friend, dear friend, why didst thou come so
late?

¹From "Beyond the Sunset." Copyright, 1909, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

BEDOUIN SONG

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

FROM the Desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
*Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!*

Look from thy window and see
My passion and my pain;
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die
*Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!*

My steps are nightly driven,
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

BY STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER

THE sun' shines bright in the old Kentucky home;
'Tis summer, the darkeys are gay;
The corn-top's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright;
By-'n-by hard times comes a-knocking at the door:—
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

Weep no more, my lady,
O, weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow, where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkeys have to part:—
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey may go;

A few more days, and the trouble all will end,
In the field where the sugar-canes grow.
A few more days for to tote the weary load, —
No matter, 't will never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road: —
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

Weep no more, my lady,
O, weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME .

BY STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER

WAY down upon de Swanee Ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber;
Dere's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

All de world am sad and dreary,
Eberywhere I roam;
Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home!

All round de little farm I wandered
When I was young,
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder
Happy was I;
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder!
Dere let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,

Still sadly to my memory rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home?

All de world am sad and dreary,
Eberywhere I roam;
Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home!

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

BY FRANCIS MILES FINCH

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:
Under the sod and the dew
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Brodered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done,
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

CHARLESTON

BY HENRY TIMROD

CALM as that second summer which precedes
The first fall of the snow,
In the broad sunlight of heroic deeds,
The city bides the foe.

As yet, behind their ramparts, stern and proud,
Her bolted thunders sleep, —
Dark Sumter, like a battlemented cloud,
Looms o'er the solemn deep.

No Calpe frowns from lofty cliff or scaur
To guard the holy strand;
But Moultrie holds in leash her dogs of war
Above the level sand.

And down the dunes a thousand guns lie couched,
Unseen, beside the flood, —
Like tigers in some Orient jungle crouched,
That wait and watch for blood.

Meanwhile, through streets still echoing with trade,
Walk grave and thoughtful men,
Whose hands may one day wield the patriot's blade
As lightly as the pen.

And maidens with such eyes as would grow dim
Over a bleeding hound,

Seem each one to have caught the strength of him
Whose sword she sadly bound.

Thus girt without and garrisoned at home,
Day patient following day,
Old Charleston looks from roof and spire and dome,
Across her tranquil bay.

Ships, through a hundred foes, from Saxon lands
And spicy Indian ports,
Bring Saxon steel and iron to her hands,
And summer to her courts.

But still, along yon dim Atlantic line,
The only hostile smoke
Creeps like a harmless mist above the brine,
From some frail floating oak.

Shall the spring dawn, and she, still clad in smiles,
And with an unscathed brow,
Rest in the strong arms of her palm-crowned isles,
As fair and free as now?

We know not; in the temple of the Fates
God has inscribed her doom;
And, all untroubled in her faith, she waits
The triumph or the tomb.

SPRING

BY HENRY TIMROD

SPRING, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of Winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn;

Or where, like those strange semblances we find
That age to childhood bind,
The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,
The brown of autumn corn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,

A thousand germs are groping through the gloom
And soon will burst their tomb.

In gardens you may note, amid the dearth,
The crocus breaking earth;
And, near the snowdrop's tender white and green
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows need must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by, before the enamored South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await,
Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start
If from a beech's heart
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me! I am May!"

Ah! who would couple thoughts of war and crime
With such a blessed time!
Who in the west wind's aromatic breath
Could hear the call of Death!

Yet not more surely shall the Spring awake
The voice of wood and brake
Than she shall rouse, for all her tranquil charms,
A million men to arms.

There shall be deeper hues upon her plains
Than all her sunlit rains,
And every gladdening influence around,
Can summon from the ground.

Oh! standing on this desecrated mold,
Methinks that I behold,
Lifting her bloody daisies up to God,
Spring kneeling on the sod,

And calling, with the voice of all her rills,
Upon the ancient hills
To fall and crush the tyrants and the slaves
Who turn her meads to graves.

A DREAM OF THE SOUTH WIND

BY PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

O FRESH, how fresh and fair
Through the crystal gulfs of air,
The fairy South Wind floateth on her subtle wings
of balm!
And the green earth lapped in bliss,
To the magic of her kiss
Seems yearning upward fondly through the golden-
crested calm.

From the distant tropic strand,
Where the billows, bright and bland,
Go sweeping, curling, round the palms with sweet,
faint undertune;
From its fields of purpling flowers
Still wet with fragrant showers,
The happy South Wind lingering sweeps the royal
blooms of June.

All heavenly fancies rise
On the perfume of her sighs,
Which steep the inmost spirit in a languor rare and
fine,
And a peace more pure than sleep's
Unto dim half-conscious deeps,
Transports me, lulled and dreaming, on its twilight
tides divine.

Those dreams! ah, me! the splendor,
So mystical and tender,
Wherewith like soft heat lightnings they gird their
 meaning round,
And those waters, calling, calling,
With a nameless charm enthralling,
Like the ghost of music melting on a rainbow spray
 of sound!

Touch, touch me not, nor wake me,
Lest grosser thoughts o'ertake me;
From earth receding faintly with her dreary din and
 jars —
What viewless arms caress me?
What whispered voices bless me,
With welcomes dropping dew-like from the weird
 and wondrous stars?

Alas! dim, dim, and dimmer
Grows the preternatural glimmer
Of that trance the South Wind brought me on her
 subtle wings of balm,
For behold! its spirit flieth,
And its fairy murmur dieth,
And the silence closing round me is a dull and soulless
 calm!

IN THE WHEAT-FIELD

BY PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

WHEN the lids of the virgin Dawn unclose,
When the earth is fair and the heavens are calm,
And the early breath of the wakening rose
Floats on the air in balm,
I stand breast-high in the pearly wheat
That ripples and thrills to a sportive breeze,
Borne over the field with its Hermes feet,
And its subtle odor of southern seas;
While out of the infinite azure deep
The flashing wings of the swallows sweep,
Buoyant and beautiful, wild and fleet,
Over the waves of the whispering wheat.

Aurora faints in the fulgent fire
Of the Monarch of Morning's bright embrace,
And the summer day climbs higher and higher
Up the cerulean space;
The pearl-tints fade from the radiant grain,
And the sportive breeze of the ocean dies,
And soon in the noontide's soundless rain
The fields seemed graced by a million eyes;
Each grain with a glance from its lidded fold
As bright as a gnome's in his mine of gold,
While the slumb'rous glamour of beam and heat
Glides over and under the windless wheat.

Yet the languid spirit of lazy Noon,
With its minor and Morphean music rife,
Is pulsing in low, voluptuous tune
With summer's lust of life.
Hark to the droning of drowsy wings,
To the honey-bees as they go and come,
To the "boomer" scarce rounding his sultry rings,
The gnat's small horn and the beetle's hum;
And hark to the locust! — noon's one shrill song,
Like the tingling steel of an elfin gong,
Grows lower through quavers of long retreat
To swoon on the dazzled and distant wheat.

Now day declines! and his shafts of might
Are sheathed in a quiver of opal haze;
Still thro' the chastened, but magic light,
What sunset grandeurs blaze!
For the sky, in its mellowed luster, seems
Like the realm of a master poet's mind, —
A shifting kingdom of splendid dreams, —
With fuller and fairer truths behind;
And the changeful colors that blend or part,
Ebb like the tides of a loving heart,
As the splendor melts and the shadows meet,
And the tresses of Twilight trail over the wheat.

THE MOCKING-BIRD

(*At Night*)

BY PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

A GOLDEN pallor of voluptuous light
Filled the warm Southern night:
The moon, clear orb'd, above the sylvan scene
Moved like a stately queen,
So rife with conscious beauty all the while,
What could she do but smile
At her own perfect loveliness below,
Glass'd in the tranquil flow
Of crystal fountains and unruffled streams?
Half lost in waking dreams,
As down the loneliest forest dell I strayed,
Lo! from a neighboring glade,
Flash'd through the drifts of moonshine, swiftly
came
A fairy shape of flame.
It rose in dazzling spirals overhead,
Whence to wild sweetness wed,
Poured marvelous melodies, silvery trill on trill;
The very leaves grew still
On the charmed trees to harken; while for me,
Heart-thrilled to ecstasy,
I followed — followed the bright shape that flew,
Still circling up the blue,
Till as a fountain that has reached its height,

Falls back in sprays of light
Slowly dissolved, so that enrapturing lay
Divinely melts away
Through tremulous spaces to a music-mist,
Soon by the fitful breeze
How gently kissed
Into remote and tender silences.

LIFE¹

BY EMILY DICKINSON

OUR share of night to bear,
Our share of morning,
Our blank in bliss to fill,
Our blank in scorning.

Here a star, and there a star,
Some lose their way.
Here a mist, and there a mist,
Afterwards — day!

¹From "Poems, First and Second Series." Copyright, 1890, by
Roberts Brothers.

PARTING¹

BY EMILY DICKINSON

My life closed twice before its close;
It yet remains to see
If Immortality unveil
A third event to me,

So huge, so hopeless to conceive,
As these that twice befell:
Parting is all we know of heaven,
And all we need of hell.

¹ From "Poems, Third Series." Copyright, 1896, by Roberts Brothers.

HEART, WE WILL FORGET HIM¹

BY EMILY DICKINSON

HEART, we will forget him!
You and I, to-night!
You may forget the warmth he gave,
I will forget the light.

When you have done, pray tell me,
That I my thoughts may dim;
Haste! lest while you're lagging,
I may remember him!

¹From "Poems, Third Series." Copyright, 1896, by Roberts Brothers.

ALTER? WHEN THE HILLS DO¹

BY EMILY DICKINSON

ALTER? When the hills do.
Falter? When the sun
Question if his glory
Be the perfect one.

Surfeit? When the daffodil
Doth of the dew.
Even as herself, O friend,
I will of you!

¹From "Poems, First and Second Series." Copyright, 1890, by
Roberts Brothers.

WILD NIGHTS¹

BY EMILY DICKINSON

WILD nights! Wild nights,
Were I with thee,
Wild nights should be
Our luxury!

Futile the winds
To a heart in port, —
Done with the compass,
Done with the chart.

Rowing in Eden!
Ah! the sea!
Might I but moor
To-night in thee!

¹From "Poems, First and Second Series." Copyright, 1890, by Roberts Brothers.

IF I CAN STOP ONE HEART FROM
BREAKING¹

BY EMILY DICKINSON

IF I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

¹From "Poems, First and Second Series." Copyright, 1890, by
Roberts Brothers.

SPINNING¹

BY HELEN HUNT JACKSON

LIKE a blind spinner in the sun,
 I tread my days;
I know that all the threads will run
 Appointed ways;
I know each day will bring its task,
And, being blind, no more I ask.

I do not know the use or name
 Of that I spin;
I only know that some one came,
 And laid within
My hand the thread, and said, "Since you
Are blind, but one thing you can do."

Sometimes the threads so rough and fast
 And tangled fly,
I know wild storms are sweeping past
 And fear that I
Shall fall; but dare not try to find
A safer place, since I am blind.

I know not why, but I am sure
 That tint and place,
In some great fabric to endure
 Past time and race

¹ From "Poems." Copyright, 1892, by Roberts Brothers.

My threads will have; so from the first,
Though blind, I never felt accurst.

I think, perhaps, this trust has sprung
From one short word
Said over me when I was young, —
So young, I heard
It, knowing not that God's name signed
My brow and sealed me his, though blind.

But whether this be seal or sign
Within, without,
It matters not. The bond divine
I never doubt.
I know he set me here, and still,
And glad, and blind, I wait his will;

But listen, listen, day by day,
To hear their tread
Who bear the finished web away,
And cut the thread,
And bring God's message in the sun,
"Thou poor blind spinner, work is done."

EMBRYO

BY MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND

I FEEL a poem in my heart to-night,
A still thing growing, —
As if the darkness to the outer light
A song were owing:
A something strangely vague, and sweet, and sad,
Fair, fragile, slender;
Not fearful, yet not daring to be glad,
And oh, so tender!

It may not reach the outer world at all,
Despite its growing;
Upon a poem-bud such cold winds fall
To blight its blowing.
But, oh, whatever may the thing betide,
Free life or fetter,
My heart, just to have held it till it died,
Will be the better!

DECEMBER

BY JOEL BENTON

WHEN the feud of hot and cold
Leaves the autumn woodlands bare;
When the year is getting old,
And flowers are dead, and keen the air;

When the crow has new concern,
And early sounds his raucous note;
And — where the late witch-hazels burn —
The squirrel from a chuckling throat

Tells that one larder's space is filled,
And tilts upon a towering tree,
And, valiant, quick, and keenly thrilled,
Upstarts the tiny chickadee;

When the sun's still shortening arc
Too soon night's shadows dun and gray
Brings on, and fields are drear and dark,
And summer birds have flown away, —

I feel the year's slow-beating heart,
The sky's chill prophecy I know;
And welcome the consummate art
Which weaves this spotless shroud of snow!

PAN IN WALL STREET

A.D. 1867

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

JUST where the Treasury's marble front
Looks over Wall Street's mingled nations;
Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont
To throng for trade and last quotations;
Where, hour by hour, the rates of gold
Outrival, in the ears of people,
The quarter-chimes, serenely tolled
From Trinity's undaunted steeple, —

Even there I heard a strange, wild strain
Sound high above the modern clamor,
Above the cries of greed and gain,
The curbstone war, the auction's hammer;
And swift, on Music's misty ways,
It led, from all this strife for millions,
To ancient, sweet-do-nothing days
Among the kirk-robbed Sicilians.

And as it stilled the multitude,
And yet more joyous rose, and shriller,
I saw the minstrel, where he stood
At ease against a Doric pillar:
One hand a droning organ played,
The other held a Pan's-pipe (fashioned

Like those of old) to lips that made
The reeds give out that strain impassioned.

'T was Pan himself had wandered here
A-strolling through this sordid city
And piping to the civic ear
The prelude of some pastoral ditty!
The demigod had crossed the seas,—
From haunts of shepherd, nymph, and satyr,
And Syracusan times,— to these
Far shores and twenty centuries later.

A ragged cap was on his head;
But — hidden thus — there was no doubting
That, all with crispy locks o'erspread,
His gnarl'd horns were somewhere sprouting;
His club-feet, cased in rusty shoes,
Were crossed, as on some frieze you see them,
And trousers, patched of divers hues,
Concealed his crooked shanks beneath them.

He filled the quivering reeds with sound,
And o'er his mouth their changes shifted,
And with his goat's-eyes looked around
Where'er the passing current drifted;
And soon, as on Trinacrian hills
The nymphs and herdsmen ran to hear him,
Even now the tradesmen from their tills,
With clerks and porters, crowded near him.

The bulls and bears together drew
From Jauncey Court and New Street Alley,

As erst, if pastorals be true,
Came beasts from every wooded valley;
The random passers stayed to list, —
A boxer Aegon, rough and merry,
A Broadway Daphnis, on his tryst
With Nais at the Brooklyn Ferry.

A one-eyed Cyclops halted long
In tattered cloak of army pattern,
And Galatea joined the throng, —
A blowsy, apple-vending slattern;
While old Silenus staggered out
From some new-fangled lunch-house handy,
And bade the piper, with a shout,
To strike up Yankee Doodle Dandy!

A newsboy and a peanut-girl
Like little Fauns began to caper:
His hair was all in tangled curl,
Her tawny legs were bare and taper;
And still the gathering larger grew,
And gave its pence and crowded nigher,
While aye the shepherd-minstrel blew
His pipe, and struck the gamut higher.

O heart of Nature, beating still
With throbs her vernal passion taught her, —
Even here, as on the vine-clad hill,
Or by the Arethusan water!
New forms may fold the speech, new lands
Arise within these ocean-portals,

But Music waves eternal wands, —
Enchantress of the souls of mortals!

So thought I, — but among us trod
A man in blue, with legal baton,
And scoffed the vagrant demigod,
And pushed him from the step I sat on.
Doubting I mused upon the cry,
“Great Pan is dead!” — and all the people
Went on their ways: — and clear and high
The quarter sounded from the steeple.

BEER

BY GEORGE ARNOLD

HERE,
With my beer
I sit,
While golden moments flit:
Alas!
They pass
Unheeded by:
And, as they fly,
I,
Being dry,
Sit, idly sipping here
My beer.

O, finer far
Than fame, or riches, are
The graceful smoke-wreaths of this free cigar!
Why
Should I
Weep, wail, or sigh?
What if luck has passed me by?
What if my hopes are dead, —
My pleasures fled?
Have I not still
My fill
Of right good cheer, —
Cigars and beer?

Go, whining youth,
Forsooth!
Go, weep and wail,
Sigh and grow pale,
 Weave melancholy rhymes
 On the old times,
Whose joys like shadowy ghosts appear,
But leave to me my beer!
 Gold is dross, —
 Love is loss, —
So, if I gulp my sorrows down,
Or see them drown
In foamy draughts of old nut-brown,
Then do I wear the crown,
 Without the cross!

THE GOLDEN FISH

BY GEORGE ARNOLD

Love is a little golden fish,
Wondrous shy . . . ah, wondrous shy . . .
You may catch him if you wish;
He might make a dainty dish . . .
But I . . .
Ah, I've other fish to fry!

For when I try to snare this prize,
Earnestly and patiently,
All my skill the rogue defies,
Lurking safe in Aimee's eyes . . .
So, you see,
I am caught and Love goes free!

THE CRICKETS

BY HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL

PIPE, little minstrels of the waning year,
In gentle concert pipe!
Pipe the warm noons; the mellow harvest near;
The apples dropping ripe;

The tempered sunshine and the softened shade;
The trill of lonely bird;
The sweet sad hush on Nature's gladness laid;
The sounds through silence heard!

Pipe tenderly the passing of the year;
The Summer's brief reprieve;
The dry husk rustling round the yellow ear;
The chill of morn and eve!

Pipe the untroubled trouble of the year;
Pipe low the painless pain;
Pipe your unceasing melancholy cheer;
The year is in the wane.

WITH A NANTUCKET SHELL

BY CHARLES HENRY WEBB

I SEND thee a shell from the ocean beach;
But listen thou well, for my shell hath speech.
 Hold to thine ear,
 And plain thou'lt hear
 Tales of ships
 That were lost in the rips,
 Or that sunk on shoals
 Where the bell-buoy tolls,
And ever and ever its iron tongue rolls
In a ceaseless lament for the poor lost souls.

 And a song of the sea
 Has my shell for thee;
 The melody in it
 Was hummed at Wauwinet,
 And caught at Coattue
 By the gull that flew
Outside to the ship with its perishing crew.
 But the white wings wave
 Where none may save,
And there's never a stone to mark a grave.

 See, its sad heart bleeds
 For the sailors' needs;
 But it bleeds again

For more mortal pain,
More sorrow and woe,
Than is theirs who go
With shuddering eyes and whitening lips
Down in the sea on their shattered ships.

Thou fearest the sea?
And a tyrant is he, —
A tyrant as cruel as tyrant may be;
But though winds fierce blow,
And the rocks lie low,
And the coast be lee,
This I say to thee:
Of Christian souls more have been wrecked on shore
Than ever were lost at sea!

BETHLEHEM

BY BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by:
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth;
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

"IF THERE WERE DREAMS TO SELL"¹

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

If there were dreams to sell what would you buy?

IF there were dreams to sell,
Do I not know full well
What I would buy?
Hope's dear delusive spell
Its happy tale to tell,
Joy's fleeting sigh.

I would be young again;
Youth's madding bliss and bane
I would recapture;
Though it were keen with pain,
All else seems void and vain
To that fine rapture.

I would be glad once more,
Slip through an open door
Into Life's glory;
Keep what I spent of yore,
Find what I lost before,
Hear an old story.

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As it one day befell,
Breaking Death's frozen spell,
Love should draw nigh:
If there were dreams to sell,
Do I not know too well
What I would buy?

DO NOT GRIEVE¹

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

I WOULD not have you mourn too much,
When I am lying low, —
Your grief would grieve me even then,
Should your tears flow.

But only plant above my grave
One little sprig of rue;
Then find yourself a fairer love,
But not more true.

The summer winds will come and go
Above me as I lie;
And if I think at all, my dear,
As they pass by,

I shall remember the old love,
With all its bliss and bane, —
Though Life nor Death can bring me back
The old, sweet pain.

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BEFORE THE RAIN

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

WE knew it would rain, for all the morn
A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapory amethyst

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens —
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind — and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain!

AFTER THE RAIN

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

THE rain has ceased, and in my room
The sunshine pours an airy flood;
And on the church's dizzy vane
The ancient cross is bathed in blood.

From out the dripping ivy leaves,
Antiquely carven, gray and high,
A dormer, facing westward, looks
Upon the village like an eye.

And now it glimmers in the sun,
A globe of gold, a disk, a speck;
And in the belfry sits a dove
With purple ripples on her neck.

TIGER-LILIES

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

I LIKE not lady-slippers,
Nor yet the sweet-pea blossoms,
Nor yet the flaky roses,
Red, or white as snow;
I like the chaliced lilies,
The heavy Eastern lilies,
The gorgeous tiger-lilies,
That in our garden grow.

For they are tall and slender;
Their mouths are dashed with carmine;
And when the wind sweeps by them,
On their emerald stalks
They bend so proud and graceful —
They are Circassian women,
The favorites of the Sultan,
Adown our garden walks.

And when the rain is falling,
I sit beside the window
And watch them glow and glisten,
How they burn and glow!
Oh for the burning lilies,
The tender Eastern lilies,
The gorgeous tiger-lilies,
That in our garden grow!

THE VOICE OF THE SEA

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

IN the hush of the autumn night

I hear the voice of the sea,

IN the hush of the autumn night

It seems to say to me —

Mine are the winds above,

Mine are the caves below,

Mine are the dead of yesterday

And the dead of long ago!

And I think of the fleet that sailed

From the lovely Gloucester shore,

I think of the fleet that sailed

And came back nevermore;

My eyes are filled with tears,

And my heart is numb with woe —

It seems as if 't were yesterday,

And it all was long ago!

A TOUCH OF NATURE

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

WHEN first the crocus thrusts its point of gold
Up through the still snow-drifted garden mould,
And folded green things in dim woods uncloset
Their crinkled spears, a sudden tremor goes
Into my veins and makes me kith and kin
To every wild-born thing that thrills and blows.
Sitting beside this crumbling sea-coal fire,
Here in the city's ceaseless roar and din,
Far from the brambly paths I used to know,
Far from the rustling brooks that slip and shine
Where the Neponset alders take their glow,
I share the tremulous sense of bud and brier
And inarticulate ardors of the vine.

I'LL NOT CONFER WITH SORROW

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

I'LL not confer with Sorrow
Till tomorrow;
But Joy shall have her way
This very day.

Ho, eglantine and cresses
For her tresses! —
Let Care, the beggar, wait
Outside the gate.

Tears if you will — but after
Mirth and laughter;
Then, folded hands on breast
And endless rest.

THE FLIGHT OF THE GODDESS

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

A MAN should live in a garret aloof,
And have few friends, and go poorly clad,
With an old hat stopping the chink in the roof,
To keep the Goddess constant and glad.

Of old, when I walked on a rugged way,
And gave much work for but little bread,
The Goddess dwelt with me night and day,
Sat at my table, haunted my bed.

The narrow, mean attic, I see it now! —
Its window o'erlooking the city's tiles,
The sunset's fires, and the clouds of snow,
And the river wandering miles and miles.

Just one picture hung in the room,
The saddest story that Art can tell —
Dante and Virgil in lurid gloom
Watching the Lovers float through Hell.

Wretched enough was I sometimes,
Pinched, and harassed with vain desires;
But thicker than clover sprung the rhymes
As I dwelt like a sparrow among the spires.

Midnight filled my slumbers with song;
Music haunted my dreams by day.
Now I listen and wait and long,
But the Delphian airs have died away.

I wonder and wonder how it befell:
Suddenly I had friends in crowds;
I bade the house-tops a long farewell;
“Good-by,” I cried, “to the stars and clouds!

“But thou, rare soul, thou hast dwelt with me,
Spirit of Poesy! thou divine
Breath of the morning, thou shalt be,
Goddess! for ever and ever mine.”

And the woman I loved was now my bride,
And the house I wanted was my own;
I turned to the Goddess satisfied —
But the Goddess had somehow flown.

Flown, and I fear she will never return;
I am much too sleek and happy for her,
Whose lovers must hunger and waste and burn,
Ere the beautiful heathen heart will stir.

I call — but she does not stoop to my cry;
I wait — but she lingers, and ah! so long!
It was not so in the years gone by,
When she touched my lips with chrism of song.

I swear I will get me a garret again,
And adore, like a Parsee, the sunset's fires,
And lure the Goddess, by vigil and pain,
Up with the sparrows among the spires.

For a man should live in a garret aloof,
And have few friends, and go poorly clad,
With an old hat stopping the chink in the roof,
To keep the Goddess constant and glad.

THE SANDPIPER

BY CELIA THAXTER

ACROSS the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit, —
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach, —
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong;
He scans me with a fearless eye:
Staunch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

WAITING

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

SERENE, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The law of love binds every heart
And knits it to its utmost kin,
Nor can our lives flow long apart
From souls our secret souls would win.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave comes to the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high
Can keep my own away from me.

MY CATBIRD

A Capriccio

BY WILLIAM HENRY VENABLE

PRIME cantante!
Scherzo! Andante!
Piano. pianissimo!
Presto, prestissimo!
Hark! are there nine birds or ninety and nine?
And now a miraculous gurgling gushes
Like nectar from Hebe's Olympian bottle,
The laughter of tune from a rapturous throttle!
Such melody must be a hermit-thrush's!
But that other caroler, nearer,
Outrivaling rivalry with clearer
Sweetness incredibly fine!
Is it oriole, red-bird, or blue-bird,
Or some strange, un-Auduboned new bird?

All one, sir, both this bird and that bird;
The whole flight are all the same catbird!
The whole visible and invisible choir you see
On one lithe twig of yon green tree.
Flitting, feathery Blondel!
Listen to his rondel!
To his lay romantical,
To his sacred canticle.

Hear him lilting!
See him tilting
His saucy head and tail, and fluttering
While uttering
All the difficult operas under the sun
Just for fun;
Or in tipsy revelry,
Or at love devilry,
Or, disdaining his divine gift and art,
Like an inimitable poet
Who captivates the world's heart,
And doesn't know it.
Hear him lilt!
See him tilt!

Then suddenly he stops,
Peers about, flirts, hops,
As if looking where he might gather up
The wasted ecstasy just spilt
From the quivering cup
Of his bliss overrun.
Then, as in mockery of all
The tuneful spells that e'er did fall
From vocal pipe, or evermore shall rise,
He snarls, and mews, and flies.

EXPERIENCE

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

THE first time, when at night I went about
Locking the doors and windows everywhere,
After she died, I seemed to lock her out
In the starred silence and the homeless air,
And leave her waiting in her gentle way
All through the night, till the disconsolate day,
Upon the threshold, while we slept, awake:
Such things the heart can bear and yet not break.

THANKSGIVING

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

I

LORD, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought:
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still:
For the heart from itself kept,
Our thanksgiving accept.

II

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer:
For pain, death, sorrow, sent .
Unto our chastisement:
For all loss of seeming good,
Quicken our gratitude.

A CHILD'S WISH¹

(Before an Altar)

BY ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN

I WISH I were the little key
That locks Love's Captive in,
And lets Him out to go and free
A sinful heart from sin.

I wish I were the little bell
That tinkles for the Host,
When God comes down each day to dwell
With hearts He loves the most.

I wish I were the chalice fair
That holds the Blood of Love,
When every gleam lights holy prayer
Upon its way above.

I wish I were the little flower
So near the Host's sweet face,
Or like the light that half an hour
Burns on the shrine of grace.

I wish I were the altar where,
As on His mother's breast,
Christ nestles, like a child, fore'er
In Eucharistic rest.

¹From "Poems: Patriotic, Religious, Miscellaneous." Copyright, 1880, by P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

But, oh, my God! I wish the most
That my poor heart may be
A home all holy for each Host
That comes in love to me.

MY MARYLAND

BY JAMES RYDER RANDALL

THE despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!

His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!

Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to an exile son's appeal,
Maryland!

My Mother State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland!

For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!

Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!

Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! 't is the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!

Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!

With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Dear Mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!

Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!

She meets her sisters on the plain, —
"*Sic semper!*" 't is the proud refrain
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!

Arise in majesty again,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!

Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!

Come to thine own heroic throng
Stalking with Liberty along,
And chant thy dauntless slogan-song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!

For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!

But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!

Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!

Better fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!

The Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland!

She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes! She burns! She'll come!
She'll come!

Maryland, my Maryland!

GRIZZLY

BY FRANCIS BRET HARTE

COWARD, — of heroic size,
In whose lazy muscles lies
Strength we fear and yet despise;
Savage, — whose relentless tusks
Are content with acorn husks;
Robber, — whose exploits ne'er soared
O'er the bee's or squirrel's hoard;
Whiskered chin, and feeble nose,
Claws of steel on baby toes, —
Here, in solitude and shade,
Shambling, shuffling plantigrade,
Be thy courses undismayed!

Here, where Nature makes thy bed,
Let thy rude, half-human tread
Point to hidden Indian springs,
Lost in ferns and fragrant grasses,
Hovered o'er by timid wings,
Where the wood-duck lightly passes,
Where the wild bee holds her sweets,
Epicurean retreats,
Fit for thee, and better than
Fearful spoils of dangerous man.
In thy fat-jowled deviltry
Friar Tuck shall live in thee;

Thou mayest levy tithe and dole;
Thou shalt spread the woodland cheer,
From the pilgrim taking toll;
Match thy cunning with his fear;
Eat, and drink, and have thy fill;
Yet remain an outlaw still!

COYOTE

BY FRANCIS BRET HARTE

BLOWN out of the prairie in twilight and dew,
Half bold and half timid, yet lazy all through;
Loath ever to leave, and yet fearful to stay,
He limps in the clearing, — an outcast in gray.

A shade on the stubble, a ghost by the wall,
Now leaping, now limping, now risking a fall,
Lop-eared and large-jointed, but ever alway
A thoroughly vagabond outcast in gray.

Here, Carlo, old fellow, — he's one of your kind, —
Go, seek him, and bring him in out of the wind.
What! snarling, my Carlo! So — even dogs may
Deny their own kin in the outcast in gray.

Well, take what you will, — though it be on the sly,
Marauding, or begging, — I shall not ask why;
But will call it a dole, just to help on his way
A four-footed friar in orders of gray!

THE PETRIFIED FERN

BY MARY LYDIA BOLLES BRANCH

In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender,
Veining delicate and fibers tender;
Waving when the wind crept down so low.
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night and crowned it,
But no foot of man e'er trod that way;
Earth was young, and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain;
Nature reveled in grand mysteries;
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees;
Only grew and waved its wild sweet way, —
No one came to note it day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean;
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,
Crushed the little fern in soft moist clay,

Covered it, and hid it safe away.
Oh, the long, long centuries since that day!
Oh, the agony! Oh, life's bitter cost,
Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man
Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
Fairy pencilings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibers clear and fine.
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us, the last day.

SIBYLLINE BARTERING

BY EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

FATE, the gray Sibyl, with kind eyes above

Closely locked lips, brought youth a merry crew
Of proffered friends; the price, self-slaying love.

Proud youth repulsed them. She and they withdrew.

Then she brought half the troop; the cost, the same.

My man's heart wavered: should I take the few,
And pay the whole? But while I went and came,
Fate had decided. She and they withdrew.

Once more she came with, two. Now life's midday

Left fewer hours before me. Lonelier grew
The house and heart. But should the late purse pay
The earlier price? And she and they withdrew.

At last I saw Age his forerunners send.

Then came the Sibyl, still with kindly eyes
And close-locked lips, and offered me one friend,—
Thee, my one darling! With what tears and cries

I claimed and claim thee; ready now to pay
The perfect love that leaves no self to slay!

LIFE

BY EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

FORENOON and afternoon and night, — Forenoon,
And afternoon and night, — Forenoon, and — what!
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is life: make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.

RETROSPECT

BY EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

Not all which we have been

Do we remain,

Nor on the dial-hearts of men

Do the years mark themselves in vain;

But every cloud that in our sky hath passed,

Some gloom or glory hath upon us cast;

And there have fallen from us, as we traveled,

Many a burden of an ancient pain —

Many a tangled cord hath been unraveled,

Never to bind our foolish hearts again.

Old loves have left us, lingeringly and slow,

As melts away the distant strain of low

Sweet music — waking us from troubled dreams,

Lulling to holier ones — that dies afar

On the deep night, as if by silver beams

Claspt to the trembling breast of some charmed star.

And we have stood and watched, all wistfully,

While fluttering hopes have died out of our lives,

As one who follows with a straining eye

A bird that far, far-off fades in the sky,

A little rocking speck — now lost — and still he
strives

A moment to recover it — in vain,

Then slowly turns back to his work again.

But loves and hopes have left us in their place,

Thank God! a gentle grace,
A patience, a belief in His good time,
Worth more than all earth's joys to which we climb.

The pleasant path of youth that we have ranged
Ends here; as children we lie down this even,
But while we sleep there is a stir in heaven —
A hundred guardian angels have been changed.
Those of our childhood gently have departed
With its pure record, writ on lilies, sealed;
And in their place stand spirits sterner-hearted,
To grave our manhood on a brazen shield.

OPPORTUNITY

BY EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

THIS I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream: —
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along a battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel —
That blue blade that the king's son bears — but this
Blunt thing — !" he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

THE REFORMER

BY EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

BEFORE the monstrous wrong he sets him down —
One man against a stone-walled city of sin.
For centuries those walls have been a-building;
Smooth porphyry, they slope and coldly glass
The flying storm and wheeling sun. No chink,
No crevice lets the thinnest arrow in.
He fights alone, and from the cloudy ramparts
A thousand evil faces gibe and jeer him.
Let him lie down and die: what is the right,
And where is justice, in a world like this?
But by and by, earth shakes herself, impatient;
And down, in one great roar of ruin, crash
Watch-tower and citadel and battlements.
When the red dust has cleared, the lonely soldier
Stands with strange thoughts beneath the friendly
stars.

WESTWARD HO!¹

BY JOAQUIN MILLER

WHAT strength! what strife! what rude unrest!
What shocks! what half-shaped armies met!
A mighty nation moving west,
With all its steely sinews set
Against the living forests. Hear
The shouts, the shots of pioneer,
The rended forests, rolling wheels,
As if some half-checked army reels,
Recoils, redoubles, comes again,
Loud-sounding like a hurricane.

O bearded, stalwart, westmost men,
So tower-like, so Gothic built!
A kingdom won without the guilt
Of studied battle, that hath been
Your blood's inheritance. . . . Your heirs
Know not your tombs: the great plough-shares
Cleave softly through the mellow loam
Where you have made eternal home,
And set no sign. Your epitaphs
Are writ in furrows. Beauty laughs
While through the green ways wandering
Beside her love, slow gathering
White, starry-hearted May-time blooms
Above your lowly leveled tombs;

¹ Copyright, 1897, by The Whitaker and Ray Co.

And then below the spotted sky
She stops, she leans, she wonders why
The ground is heaved and broken so,
And why the grasses darker grow
And droop and trail like wounded wing.

Yea, Time, the grand old harvester,
Has gathered you from wood and plain.
We call to you again, again;
The rush and rumble of the car
Comes back in answer. Deep and wide
The wheels of progress have passed on;
The silent pioneer is gone.
His ghost is moving down the trees,
And now we push the memories
Of bluff, bold men who dared and died
In foremost battle, quite aside.

THE WAYSIDE

BY JAMES HERBERT MORSE

THERE are some quiet ways —
 Ay, not a few —
Where the affections grow,
 And noble days
 Distil a gentle praise
 That, as cool dew,
 Or aromatic gums
 Within a bower,
 In after-times becomes
 A calm, perennial dower.

There wayside bush and briar!
 These lend a grace,
Flashing a glad assent
 To sweet desire.
 All their interior choir
 The woodlands place
 At service to command;
 Man need not know,
 In such a favored land,
 The ways that proud folk go.

Perhaps the day may be,
 Dear heart of mine,
When riches press too near

Outside, and we,
To live unfettered, flee
The great and fine,
And hide our little home
In some deep grove,
Where they alone may come
Who only come for love.

A DAY ON THE HILLS

BY JAMES HERBERT MORSE

O LIFE, so dearly ours, —
Like the frail clematis,
Which loves the stones to kiss
And lie all day i' the sun, —
Or like the goldenrod,
That, massing into one
A thousand tiny flowers,
Turns up its yellow gleam
To watch the great day-god,
Content to stand and dream
And live but in his beam, —
So will we bless this day,
And be content to lie
Under the open sky
And take the music in,
With mind but half alert
To penetrate the din
And bear the air away,
If that the soul alone,
For thinking all ungirt,
Lie open to its own —
The unseen, the unknown.

The morning shall unfold
Her flowers every one;

Anon, the blue-dipt sun
Kiss down the pearly drops;
The wind, anon, shall sigh
Along the maple tops;
And when the morning, old
Too early, shall decay,
The breezes pine and die,
The birds, thus long at play,
To thickets fly away, —
Then is the happy time,
When, on a mossy bed,
With green boughs overhead,
All labor put aside,
The pleasèd body lies;
Up shall the soul then glide,
And in that heavenly clime,
Which ever was her own,
Soar sweetly to the skies,
And, from the body flown,
Be to herself alone.

A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER ¹

BY SIDNEY LANIER

INTO the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him;
The little gray leaves were kind to Him;
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew Him — last,
When out of the woods He came.

¹ From "Poems of Sidney Lanier." Copyright, 1884, 1891, by Mary D. Lanier. Pub. by Charles Scribner's Sons. Used by permission.

SUNRISE ¹

BY SIDNEY LANIER

IN my sleep I was fain of their fellowship, fain
Of the live-oak, the marsh, and the main.
The little green leaves would not let me alone in my
sleep;
Up-breathed from the marshes, a message of range
and of sweep,
Interwoven with waftures of wild sea-liberties,
drifting,
Came through the lapped leaves sifting, sifting,
Came to the gates of sleep.
Then my thoughts, in the dark of the dungeon-keep
Of the Castle of Captives hid in the City of Sleep,
Upstarted, by twos and by threes assembling:
The gates of sleep fell a-trembling
Like as the lips of a lady that forth falter yes,
Shaken with happiness:
The gates of sleep stood wide.

I have waked, I have come, my beloved! I might
not abide:
I have come ere the dawn, O beloved, my live-oaks,
to hide
In your gospeling glooms, — to be
As a lover in heaven, the marsh my marsh and the
sea my sea.

¹From "Poems of Sidney Lanier." Copyright, 1884, 1891, by Mary D. Lanier. Pub. by Charles Scribner's Sons. Used by permission.

Tell me, sweet burly-barked, man-embodied Tree
That mine arms in the dark are embracing, dost
know

From what fount are these tears at thy feet which
flow?

They rise not from reason, but deeper inconsequent
deeps.

Reason's not one that weeps.

What logic of greeting lies

Betwixt dear over-beautiful trees and the rain of the
eyes?

O cunning green leaves, little masters! like as ye
gloss

All the dull-tissued dark with your luminous darks
that emboss

The vague blackness of night into pattern and plan,
So,

(But would I could know, but would I could know,)

With your question embroidering the dark of the
question of man, —

So, with your silences purfling this silence of man

While his cry to the dead for some knowledge is under
the ban,

Under the ban, —

So, ye have wrought me

Designs on the night of our knowledge, — yea, ye
have taught me,

So,

That haply we know somewhat more than we
know.

Ye lispers, whisperers, singers in storms,
Ye consciences murmuring faiths under forms,
Ye ministers meet for each passion that grieves,
Friendly, sisterly, sweetheart leaves,
Oh, rain me down from your darks that contain me
Wisdoms ye winnow from winds that pain me, —
Sift down tremors of sweet-within-sweet
That advise me of more than they bring, — repeat
Me the woods-smell that swiftly but now brought
 breath
From the heaven-side bank of the river of death, —
Teach me the terms of silence, — preach me
The passion of patience, — sift me, — impeach
 me, —
 And there, oh there
As ye hang with your myriad palms upturned in
 the air,
 Pray me a myriad prayer.

My gossip, the owl, — is it thou
That out of the leaves of the low-hanging bough,
As I pass to the beach, art stirred?
Dumb woods, have ye uttered a bird?

.
Reverend Marsh, low-couched along the sea,
Old chemist, rapt in alchemy,
Distilling silence, — lo,
That which our father-age had died to know —
The menstruum that dissolves all matter — thou
Hast found it; for this silence, filling now
The globèd clarity of receiving space,

This solves us all: man, matter, doubt, disgrace,
Death, love, sin, sanity,
Must in yon silence, clear solution lie, —
Too clear! That crystal nothing who'll peruse?
The blackest night could bring us brighter news.
Yet precious qualities of silence haunt
Round these vast margins, ministrant.
Oh, if thy soul's at latter gasp for space,
With trying to breathe no bigger than thy race
Just to be fellow'd, when that thou hast found
No man with room, or grace enough of bound,
To entertain that New thou tell'st, thou art, —
'Tis here, 'tis here, thou canst unhand thy heart
And breathe it free, and breathe it free,
By rangy marsh, in lone sea-liberty.

The tide's at full; the marsh with flooded streams
Glimmers, a limpid labyrinth of dreams.
Each winding creek in grave entrancement lies
A rhapsody of morning-stars. The skies
Shine scant with one forked galaxy, —
The marsh brags ten: looped on his breast they lie.

Oh, what if a sound should be made!
Oh, what if a bound should be laid
To this bow-and-string tension of beauty and silence
a-spring, —
To the bend of beauty the bow, or the hold of silence
the string!
I fear me, I fear me yon dome of diaphanous gleam
Will break as a bubble o'er-blown in a dream, —

Yon dome of too-tenuous tissues of space and of
 night,
Over-weighted with stars, over-freighted with light,
Over-sated with beauty and silence, will seem
 But a bubble that broke in a dream,
If a bound of degree to this grace be laid,
 Or a sound or a motion made.

But no: it is made: list! somewhere, — mystery,
 where?

 In the leaves? in the air?
In my heart? is a motion made:
'Tis a motion of dawn, like a flicker of shade on
 shade.

In the leaves 'tis palpable: low multitudinous stirring
Upwinds through the woods; the little ones, softly
 conferring,
Have settled my lord's to be looked for; so, they are
 still;

But the air and my heart and the earth are a-thrill, —
And look where the wild duck sails round the bend
 of the river, —

And look where a passionate shiver
 Expectant is bending the blades
Of the marsh-grass in serial shimmers and shades, —
And invisible wings, fast fleeting, fast fleeting,
 Are beating

The dark overhead as my heart beats, — and steady
 and free

Is the ebb-tide flowing from marsh to sea —
 (Run home, little streams,

With your lapfuls of stars and dreams), —
And a sailor unseen is hoisting a-peak,
For list, down the inshore curve of the creek
How merrily flutters the sail, —
And lo, in the East! Will the East unveil?
The East is unveiled, the East hath confessed
A flush: 'tis dead; 'tis alive: 'tis dead, ere the West
Was aware of it: nay, 'tis abiding, 'tis unwithdrawn:
Have a care, sweet Heaven! 'Tis Dawn.

Now a dream of a flame through that dream of a
flush is uprolled:
To the zenith ascending, a dome of undazzling gold
Is builded, in shape as a bee-hive, from out of the
sea:

The hive is of gold undazzling, but oh, the Bee,
The star-fed Bee, the build-fire Bee,
Of dazzling gold is the great Sun-Bee
That shall flash from the hive-hole over the sea.

Yet now the dewdrop, now the morning gray,
Shall live their little lucid sober day
Ere with the sun their souls exhale away.
Now in each pettiest personal sphere of dew
The summed morn shines complete as in the blue
Big dewdrop of all heaven: with these lit shrines
O'er-silvered to the farthest sea-confines,
The sacramental marsh one pious plain
Of worship lies. Peace to the ante-reign
Of Mary Morning, blissful mother mild
Minded of naught but peace, and of a child.

Not slower than Majesty moves, for a mean and a
measure
Of motion, — not faster than dateless Olympian
leisure
Might pace with unblown ample garments from
pleasure to pleasure, —
The wave-serrate sea-rim sinks unjarring, unreeling,
Forever revealing, revealing, revealing,
Edgewise, bladewise, halfwise, wholewise, — 'tis done!

Good-morrow, lord Sun!
With several voice, with ascription one,
The woods and the marsh and the sea and my soul
Unto thee, whence the glittering stream of all mor-
rows doth roll,
Cry good and past-good and most heavenly morrow,
Lord Sun.

O Artisan born in the purple, — Workman Heat, —
Parter of passionate atoms that travail to meet
And be mixed in the death-cold oneness, — innermost
Guest
At the marriage of elements, — fellow of publicans, —
blest
King in the blouse of flame, that loiterest o'er
The idle skies yet laborest past evermore, —
Thou, in the fine forge-thunder, thou, in the beat
Of the heart of a man, thou Motive, — Laborer Heat:
Yea, Artist, thou, of whose art yon sea's all news,
With his inshore greens and manifold mid-sea blues,
Pearl-glint, shell-tint, ancientest, perfectest hues

Ever shaming the maidens, — lily and rose
Confess thee, and each mild flame that glows
In the clarified virginal bosoms of stones that shine,
It is thine, it is thine:

Thou chemist of storms, whether driving the winds
aswirl

Or a-flicker the subtler essences polar that whirl
In the magnet earth, — yea, thou with a storm for a
heart,

Rent with debate, many-spotted with question, part
From part oft sundered, yet ever a globèd light,
Yet ever the artist, ever more large and bright
Than the eye of a man may avail of:—manifold One,
I must pass from the face, I must pass from the face
of the Sun:

Old Want is awake and agog, every wrinkle a-frown;
The worker must pass to his work in the terrible town:
But I fear not, nay, and I fear not the thing to be
done;

I am strong with the strength of my lord the Sun:
How dark, how dark soever the race that must needs
be run,

I am lit with the Sun.

Oh, never the mast-high run of the seas
Of traffic shall hide thee,
Never the hell-colored smoke of the factories
Hide thee,
Never the reek of the time's fen-politics
Hide thee,

And ever my heart through the night shall with
knowledge abide thee,
And ever by day shall my spirit, as one that hath
tried thee,
Labor, at leisure, in art, — till yonder beside thee
My soul shall float, friend Sun,
The day being done.

ANOTHER WAY

BY AMBROSE BIERCE

I LAY in silence, dead. A woman came
And laid a rose upon my breast, and said,
“May God be merciful.” She spoke my name,
And added, “It is strange to think him dead.

“He loved me well enough, but ’t was his way
To speak it lightly.” Then, beneath her breath:
“Besides” — I knew what further she would say,
But then a footfall broke my dream of death.

To-day the words are mine. I lay the rose
Upon her breast, and speak her name, and deem
It strange indeed that she is dead. God knows
I had more pleasure in the other dream.

¹ From “The Collected Works of Ambrose Bierce.” Compiled by
the author: The Neale Publishing Company, New York.

IN THE HAUNTS OF BASS AND BREAM

BY MAURICE THOMPSON

I

DREAMS come true, and everything
Is fresh and lusty in the spring.

In groves, that smell like ambergris,
Wind-songs, bird-songs, never cease.

Go with me down by the stream,
Haunt of bass and purple bream;

Feel the pleasure, keen and sweet,
When the cool waves lap your feet;

Catch the breath of moss and mold,
Hear the grosbeak's whistle bold;

See the heron all alone
Mid-stream on a slippery stone,

Or, on some decaying log,
Spearing snail or water-frog;

See the shoals of sun-perch shine
Among the pebbles smooth and fine,

Whilst the sprawling turtles swim
In the eddies cool and dim!

II

The busy nut-hatch climbs his tree,
Around the great bole spirally,

Peeping into wrinkles gray,
Under ruffled lichens gay,

Lazily piping one sharp note
From his silver mailed throat;

And down the wind the catbird's song
A slender medley trails along.

Here a grackle chirping low,
There a crested vireo;

Deep in tangled underbrush
Flits the shadowy hermit-thrush;

Cooes the dove, the robin trills,
The crows caw from the airy hills;

Purple finch and pewee gray,
Blue-bird, swallow, oriole gay, —

Every tongue of Nature sings;
The air is palpitant with wings!

Halcyon prophecies come to pass
In the haunts of bream and bass.

III

Bubble, bubble, flows the stream,
Like an old tune through a dream.

Now I cast my silken line;
See the gay lure spin and shine,

While with delicate touch I feel
The gentle pulses of the reel.

Halcyon laughs and cuckoo cries;
Through its leaves the plane-tree sighs.

Bubble, bubble, flows the stream,
Here a glow and there a gleam;

Coolness all about me creeping,
Fragrance all my senses steeping, —

Spicewood, sweet-gum, sassafras,
Calamus, and water-grass,

Giving up their pungent smells,
Drawn from Nature's secret wells;

On the cool breath of the morn,
Perfume of the cock-spur thorn,

Green spathes of the dragon-root,
Indian turnip's tender shoot,

Dogwood, red-bud, elder, ash,
Snowy gleam and purple flash,

Hillside thickets, densely green,
That the partridge revels in!

IV

I see the morning-glory's curl,
The curious star-flower's pointed whorl;

Hear the woodpecker, rap-a-tap!
See him with his cardinal's cap!

And the querulous, leering jay,
How he clamors for a fray!

Patiently I draw and cast,
Keenly expectant till, at last,

Comes a flash, down in the stream,
Never made by perch or bream.

Then a mighty weight I feel,
Sings the line and whirs the reel!

V

Out of a giant tulip-tree
A great gay blossom falls on me;

Old gold and fire its petals are,
It flashes like a falling star.

A big blue heron flying by
Looks at me with a greedy eye.

I see a striped squirrel shoot
Into a hollow maple-root;

A bumble-bee with mail all rust,
His thighs puffed out with anther-dust,

Clasps a shrinking bloom about,
And draws her amber sweetness out.

VI

Bubble, bubble, flows the stream,
Like a song heard in a dream.

A white-faced hornet hurtles by,
Lags a turquoise butterfly, —

One intent on prey and treasure,
One afloat on tides of pleasure!

Sunshine arrows, swift and keen,
Pierce the burr-oak's helmet green.

VII

I follow where my victim leaps
Through tangles of rank waterweeds,

O'er stone and root and knotty log,
O'er faithless bits of reedy bog.

I wonder will he ever stop?
The reel hums like a humming top!

Through graceful curves he sweeps the line,
He sulks, he starts, his colors shine,

Whilst I, all flushed and breathless, tear
Through lady-fern and maiden's-hair,

And in my straining fingers feel
The throbbing of the rod and reel!

A thin sandpiper, wild with fright,
Goes into ecstasies of flight;

A gaunt green bittern quits the rushes,
The yellow-throat its warbling hushes;

Bubble, bubble, flows the stream,
Like an old tune through a dream!

VIII

At last he tires, I reel him in;
I see the glint of scale and fin.

The crinkled halos round him break,
He leaves gay bubbles in his wake.

I raise the rod, I shorten line,
And safely land him, — he is mine!

IX

The belted halcyon laughs, the wren
Comes twittering from its brushy den;

The turtle sprawls upon its log,
I hear the booming of a frog.

Liquid amber's keen perfume,
Sweet-punk, calamus, tulip bloom;

Dancing wasp and dragon-fly,
Wood-thrush whistling tenderly;

Damp cool breath of moss and mold,
Noontide's influence manifold;

Glimpses of a cloudless sky, —
Soothe me as I resting lie.

Bubble, bubble, flows the stream,
Like low music through a dream.

"WHEN THE GIRLS COME TO THE OLD HOUSE"

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

I

WHEN the girls come
To the old house, to the old, old home;
When the girls race through it,
How will they endue it
With light and warmth and fun,
Beyond the touch of the sun.

II

When the girls run through it,
How the old house will awaken!
Never fear! It will not rue it
When it feels its old bones shaken,
From ancient sill to centuried rafter,
With sweet girl laughter.

III

When the girls race through it,
How each old ghost in its own old nook,
That it never forsook,
How it will run
When the girls pursue it
With frolic and fun!

IV

Old house! old home! Come, light
 The fires again on the dear hearths of old.
 All must be bright;
 Not a room shall be cold;
 And on the great hearth — where, in the old days,
 Beside the fierce blaze
 There was room and to spare for each grown-up and
 child —
 High let the fire be piled!

V

Old house! Old home! You need no wine
 To cheer you now, for the joyous ripple
 Of girlish laughter is quite enough tipple!
 Oh, what liquor
 Like the innocent shine,
 The sparkle and flicker,
 In the eyes of youth!
 And, of a truth,
 'Tis youth, old house! 'tis youth that fills you;
 Youth that calls to you; youth that thrills you.

VI

Old house! Old home! Oh, do not dare
 To be sad, tho' aware
 Of the golden, and the raven, and the pretty, pretty
 curls
 Of the little dead girls —
 Treasures put away in the old chest in the garret.

Be glad, old house! the new girls have come to
share it:

The great, deep hearth, with room and to spare;
The dark garret, and the wide hall, and the quaint,
old stair —

And to bring back to earth
The old, sweet mirth.

THE LIGHT'OOD FIRE

BY JOHN HENRY BONER

WHEN wintry days are dark and drear
And all the forest ways grow still,
When gray snow-laden clouds appear
Along the bleak horizon hill,
When cattle all are snugly penned
And sheep go huddling close together,
When steady streams of smoke ascend
From farm-house chimneys,— in such weather
Give me old Carolina's own,
A great log house, a great hearthstone,
A cheering pipe of cob or briar,
And a red, leaping light'ood fire.

When dreary day draws to a close
And all the silent land is dark,
When Boreas down the chimney blows
And sparks fly from the crackling bark,
When limbs are bent with snow or sleet
And owls hoot from the hollow tree,
With hounds asleep about your feet,
Then is the time for reverie.
Give me old Carolina's own,
A hospitable wide hearthstone,
A cheering pipe of cob or briar,
And a red, rousing light'ood fire.

EVOLUTION

BY JOHN BANISTER TABB

OUT of the dusk a shadow,
 Then, a spark;
OUT of the cloud a silence,
 Then, a lark;
OUT of the heart a rapture,
 Then, a pain;
OUT of the dead, cold ashes,
 Life again.

CLOVER

BY JOHN BANISTER TABB

LITTLE masters, hat in hand
Let me in your presence stand,
Till your silence solve for me
This your threefold mystery.

Tell me — for I long to know —
How, in darkness there below,
Was your fairy fabric spun,
Spread and fashioned, three in one.

Did your gossips gold and blue,
Sky and Sunshine, choose for you,
Ere your triple forms were seen,
Suited liveries of green?

Can ye, — if ye dwelt indeed
Captives of a prison seed,—
Like the Genie, once again
Get you back into the grain?

Little masters, may I stand
In your presence, hat in hand,
Waiting till you solve for me
This your threefold mystery?

INDIAN SUMMER

BY JOHN BANISTER TABB

No more the battle or the chase
The phantom tribes pursue,
But each in its accustomed place
The Autumn hails anew:
And still from solemn councils set
On every hill and plain,
The smoke of many a calumet
Ascends to heaven again.

AVE ATQUE VALE

BY JOHN BANISTER TABB

WHERE wast thou, little song,
That hast delayed so long
To come to me?
“Mute in the mind of God:
Till where thy feet had trod,
I followed thee.”

INFLUENCE

BY JOHN BANISTER TABB

HE cannot as he came depart —
The Wind that woos the Rose;
Her fragrance whispers in his heart
Wherever hence he goes.

THE KEARSARGE

BY JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE

Sunk on

In the gloomy ocean bed
Dwelt a formless thing, and said,
In the dim and countless eons long ago,
"I will build a stronghold high,
Ocean's power to defy,
And the pride of haughty man to lay low."

*a
Caribbean
Reef.*

Crept the minutes for the sad,
Sped the cycles for the glad,
But the march of time was neither less nor more;
While the formless atom died,
Myriad millions by its side,
And above them slowly lifted Roncador.

Roncador of Caribbee,
Coral dragon of the sea,
Ever sleeping with his teeth below the wave;
Woe to him who breaks the sleep!
Woe to them who sail the deep!
Woe to ship and man that fear a shipman's grave!

Hither many a galleon old,
Heavy-keeled with guilty gold,
Fled before the hardy rover smiting sore;

But the sleeper silent lay
Till the preyer and his prey
Brought their plunder and their bones to Roncador.

Be content, O conqueror!
Now our bravest ship of war,
War and tempest who had often braved before,
All her storied prowess past,
Strikes her glorious flag at last
To the formless thing that builded Roncador.

MY COMRADE

BY JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE

THE love of man and woman is as fire,
To warm, to light, but surely to consume
And self-consuming die. There is no room
For constancy and passionate desire.
We stand at last beside a wasted pyre,
Touch its dead embers, groping in the gloom;
And where an altar stood, erect a tomb,
And sing a requiem to a broken lyre.
But comrade-love is as a welding blast
Of candid flame and ardent temperature:
Glowing most fervent, it doth bind more fast;
And melting both, but makes the union sure.
The dross alone is burnt — till at the last
The steel, if cold, is one, and strong and pure.

A WISHING SONG

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

ATTER usin' de spring fer a lookin'-glass —

A-wish, wish, wishin' —

Mr. Rabbit tuk a walk on de pastur'-grass —

A-wish, wish, wishin' —

De gals come along — *Will you let us pass?* —

Des a-wishin'.

He bowed, he did, an' he shot one eye —

A-wish, wish, wishin' —

An' he tip his beaver when dey pass by —

Des a-wishin'.

Oh, ladies all, ain't you skeered er ha'nts? —

A-wish, wish, wishin' —

Skeered er no, we're gwine ter de dance —

Des a-wishin'.

Miss Meadows done say dat we kin go —

A-wish, wish, wishin' —

An' show um how ter skip on de heel an' toe —

Des a-wishin'.

An' it's *Oh, Mr. Rabbit, won't you go 'long?*

A-wish, wish, wishin' —

Mr. Rabbit chaw his cud an' wrinkle his face —

Des a-wishin'.

It's right over yander at de head er de dreen —

A-wish, wish, wishin' —

Whar de branch runs google, an' de leaves is green —

Des a-wishin'.

Mr. Fox'll scrape de fiddle, Miss Cow'll blow de horn —

A-wish, wish, wishin' —

An' de tune gwine ter tell how de sheep shell corn —

Des a-wishin'.

Mr. Rabbit, he stood dar, slicker dan sin, —

A-wish, wish, wishin' —

A-lookin' at de gals, an' a-rubbin' his chin —

Des a-wishin'.

An', Ladies all, kin you read me dis riddle —

A-wish, wish, wishin' —

What gwine ter happen ter my noddle-niddle —

A-wish, wish, wishin' —

When dey's so much Fox an' so little fiddle? —

Des a-wishin'.

So, ladies all, ef you'll skuzen me —

A-wish, wish, wishin' —

I'll santer roun' ter de Trimblin Tree

Des a-wishin'.

I'll slip thoo de bushes, an' up I'll creep —

A-wish, wish, wishin' —

An' listen ter de Mockin-Bird talkin' in his sleep —

Des a-wishin'.

DAYS THAT COME AND GO

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

DAYS that come and go,
It is not worth the while;
Only one dawn I know,
The morning of her smile.

Nights that come and go,
In vain your shadow lies;
Only love's dusk I know,
The evening of her eyes.

GREAT IS TO-DAY

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

OUT on a world that has run to weed!
The great tall corn is still strong in his seed;
Plant her breast with laughter, put song in your toil,
The heart is still young in the old mother-soil:
Never bluer heavens nor greener sod
Since the round world rolled from the hand of God.

The clouds keep their promise; believe, and sow!
There are sweet banks yet where the south winds
 blow;
The sun still plunges and mounts again,
The new moons fill when the old moons wane:
There's sunshine and bird-song, and red and white
 clover,
And love lives yet, skies under and over.

Is wisdom dead now Solon's no more?
Are the children done playing at the Muses' door?
While your Plato, your Shakespeare, goes down to
 the tomb,
His brother stirs in the good mother-womb;
There's dreaming of daisies and running of brooks,
Yes, life enough left to put in the books.

OUT on a world that has run to weed!
The lusty hours, as of old they breed,

And the man child thrives. For your Jacob no
tears;

Rachel is there, at the end of the years.

The waving of wheat, of the tall strong corn!

His heart-blood is water who wanders forlorn.

AT THE SIGN OF THE SPADE

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

ON and on, in sun and shade,
Footing over flat and grade,
King and beggar, foe and friend,
Come, at last, to the journey's end;
Stop man and maid
At the Sign of the Spade.

Sage or zany, slave or blade;
Drab or lady, the rôle is played;
Over grass and under sun
Past one hostel trudges none:
Stop man and maid
At the Sign of the Spade.

THE CROWING OF THE RED COCK

BY EMMA LAZARUS

ACROSS the eastern sky has glowed
The flicker of a blood-red dawn;
Once more the clarion cock has crowed,
Once more the sword of Christ is drawn.
A million burning roof-trees light
The world-wide path of Israel's flight.

Where is the Hebrew's fatherland?
The folk of Christ is sore bestead;
The Son of Man is bruised and banned,
Nor finds whereon to lay his head.
His cup is gall, his meat is tears,
His passion lasts a thousand years.

Each crime that wakes in man the beast,
Is visited upon his kind.
The lust of mobs, the greed of priest,
The tyranny of kings, combined
To root his seed from earth again,
His record is one cry of pain.

When the long roll of Christian guilt
Against his sires and kin is known,
The flood of tears, the life-blood spilt,
The agony of ages shown,

What oceans can the stain remove
From Christian law and Christian love?

Nay, close the book; not now, not here,
The hideous tale of sin narrate;
Re-echoing in the martyr's ear,
Even he might nurse revengeful hate,
Even he might turn in wrath sublime,
With blood for blood and crime for crime.

Coward? Not he, who faces death,
Who singly against worlds has fought,
For what? A name he may not breathe,
For liberty of prayer and thought.
The angry sword he will not whet,
His nobler task is — to forget.

MEADOW-LARKS

BY INA COOLBRITH

SWEET, sweet, sweet! O happy that I am!

(Listen to the meadow-larks, across the fields that
sing!)

Sweet, sweet, sweet! O subtle breath of balm,
O winds that blow, O buds that grow, O rapture of
the spring!

Sweet, sweet, sweet! O skies, serene and blue,
That shut the velvet pastures in, that fold the
mountain's crest!

Sweet, sweet, sweet! What of the clouds ye knew?
The vessels ride a golden tide, upon a sea at rest.

Sweet, sweet, sweet! Who prates of care and pain?
Who says that life is sorrowful? O life so glad, so
fleet!

Ah, he who lives the noblest life finds life the noblest
gain,
The tears of pain a tender rain to make its waters
sweet.

Sweet, sweet, sweet! O happy world that is!
Dear heart, I hear across the fields my matelings
pipe and call.

Sweet, sweet, sweet! O world so full of bliss, —
For life is love, the world is love, and love is over all!

WHEN IN THE NIGHT WE WAKE AND HEAR THE RAIN

BY ROBERT BURNS WILSON

WHEN in the night we wake and hear the rain
Like myriad merry footfalls on the grass,
And, on the roof, the friendly, threatening crash
Of sweeping, cloud-spiced messengers, that pass
Far through the clamoring night; or loudly dash
Against the rattling windows; storming, still
In swift recurrence, each dim-streaming pane,
Insistent that the dreamer wake, within,
And dancing in the darkness on the sill:
How is it, then, with us — amidst the din,
 Recalled from Sleep's dim, vision-swept domain —
 When in the night we wake and hear the rain?

When in the night we wake and hear the rain,
Like mellow music, comforting the earth;
A muffled, half-elusive serenade,
Too softly sung for grief, too grave for mirth;
Such as night-wandering fairy minstrels made
In fabled, happier days; while far in space
The serious thunder rolls a deep refrain,
Jarring the forest, wherein Silence makes
Amidst the stillness her lone dwelling-place;
Then in the soul's sad consciousness awakes

Some nameless chord, touched by that haunting
strain,

When in the night we wake and hear the rain.

When in the night we wake and hear the rain,
And from blown casements see the lightning sweep
The ocean's breadth with instantaneous fire,
Dimpling the lingering curve of waves that creep
In steady tumult — waves that never tire
For vexing, night and day, the glistening rocks,
Firm-fixed in their immovable disdain

Against the sea's alternate rage and play:
Comes there not something on the wind which
mocks

The feeble thoughts, the foolish aims that sway
Our souls with hopes of unenduring gain —

When in the night we wake and hear the rain?

When in the night we wake and hear the rain
Which on the white bloom of the orchard falls,
And on the young, green wheat-blades, nodding
now,

And on the half-turned field, where thought recalls
How in the furrow stands the rusting plow,
Then fancy pictures what the day will see —
The ducklings paddling in the puddled lane,
Sheep grazing slowly up the emerald slope,
Clear bird-notes ringing, and the droning bee
Among the lilacs' bloom — enchanting hope —

How fair the fading dreams we entertain,
When in the night we wake and hear the rain!

When in the night we wake and hear the rain
Which falls on Summer's ashes, when the leaves
Are few and fading, and the fields forlorn
No more remember their long-gathered sheaves,
Nor aught of all the gladness they have worn;
When melancholy veils the misty hills
Where somber Autumn's latest glories wane;
Then goes the soul forth where the sad year lays
On Summer's grave her withered gifts, and fills
Her urn with broken memories of sweet days —
 Dear days which, being vanished, yet remain,
 When in the night we wake and hear the rain.

When in the night we wake not with the rain —
When Silence, like a watchful shade, will keep
Too well her vigil by the lonely bed
In which at last we rest in quiet sleep;
While from the sod the melted snows be shed,
And Spring's green grass, with Summer's ripening sun,
Grows brown and matted like a lion's mane,
How will it be with us? No more to care
Along the journeying wind's wild path to run
When Nature's voice shall call, no more to share
 Love's madness — no regret — no longings vain —
 When in the night we wake not with the rain.

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD¹

BY EUGENE FIELD

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night

Sailed off in a wooden shoe, —

Sailed on a river of crystal light

Into a sea of dew.

“Where are you going, and what do you wish?”

The old moon asked the three.

“We have come to fish for the herring-fish

That live in this beautiful sea;

Nets of silver and gold have we,”

Said Wynken,

Blynken,

And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,

As they rocked in the wooden shoe;

And the wind that sped them all night long

Ruffled the waves of dew;

The little stars were the herring-fish

That lived in the beautiful sea.

“Now cast your nets wherever you wish, —

Never afeard are we!”

So cried the stars to the fishermen three:

Wynken,

Blynken,

And Nod.

¹From “Poems of Childhood.” Copyright, 1904, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Used by permission.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam, —
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home:
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three, —
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

LITTLE BOY BLUE ¹

BY EUGENE FIELD

THE little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys;
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue —
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true!

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face:
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.

¹From "Poems of Childhood." Copyright, 1904, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Used by permission.

A SONG BEFORE GRIEF

BY ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP

SORROW, my friend,
When shall you come again?
The wind is slow, and the bent willows send
Their silvery motions wearily down the plain.
The bird is dead
That sang this morning through the summer rain!

Sorrow, my friend,
I owe my soul to you.
And if my life with any glory end
Of tenderness for others, and the words are true,
Said, honoring, when I'm dead, —
Sorrow, to you the mellow praise, the funeral wreath,
are due.

And yet, my friend,
When love and joy are strong,
Your terrible visage from my sight I rend
With glances to blue heaven. Hovering along,
By mine your shadow led,
"Away!" I shriek, "nor dare to work my new-sprung
mercies wrong!"

Still, you are near:
Who can your care withstand?

When deep eternity shall look most clear,
Sending bright waves to kiss the trembling land,
My joy shall disappear, —
A flaming torch thrown to the golden sea by your
pale hand.

THE WALL STREET PIT

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

I SEE the hell of faces surge and whirl,
Like maelstrom in the ocean — faces lean
And fleshless as the talons of a hawk —
Hot faces like the faces of the wolves
That track the traveler fleeing through the night —
Grim faces shrunk up and fallen in,
Deep-plowed like weather-eaten bark of oak —
Drawn faces like the faces of the dead,
Grown suddenly old upon the brink of Earth.

Is this a whirl of madmen ravening,
And blowing bubbles in their merriment?
Is Babel come again with shrieking crew
To eat the dust and drink the roaring wind?
And all for what? A handful of bright sand
To buy a shroud with and a length of earth?

Oh, saner are the hearts on stiller ways!
Thrice happier they who, far from these wild hours,
Grow softly as the apples on a bough.
Wiser the plowman with his scudding blade,
Turning a straight fresh furrow down a field —
Wiser the herdsman whistling to his heart,
In the long shadows at the break of day —
Wiser the fisherman with quiet hand,
Slanting his sail against the evening wind.

The swallow sweeps back from the south again,
The green of May is edging all the boughs,
The shy arbutus glimmers in the wood,
And yet this hell of faces in the town —
This storm of tongues, this whirlpool roaring on,
Surrounded by the quiet of the hills;
The great calm stars forever overhead,
And, under all, the silence of the dead!

LITTLE BROTHERS OF THE GROUND

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

LITTLE ants in leafy wood,
Bound by gentle Brotherhood,
While ye gaily spoil,
Men are ground by the wheel of toil:
While ye follow Blessed Fates,
Men are shriveled up with hates;
Or they lie with sheeted Lust,
And they eat the bitter dust.

Ye are fraters in your hall,
Gay and chainless, great and small;
All are toilers in the field,
All are sharers in the yield.
But we mortals plot and plan
How to grind the fellow-man;
Glad to find him in a pit,
If we get some gain of it.
So with us, the sons of Time,
Labor is a kind of crime,
For the toilers have the least,
While the idlers lord the feast.
Yes, our workers they are bound,
Pallid captives to the ground;
Jeered by traitors, fooled by knaves,
Till they stumble into graves.

How appears to tiny eyes
All this wisdom of the wise?

THE WISTFUL DAYS

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

WHAT is there wanting in the Spring?
Soft is the air as yesteryear;
The happy-nested green is here,
And half the world is on the wing.
The morning beckons, and like balm
Are westward waters blue and calm.
Yet something's wanting in the Spring.

What is it wanting in the Spring?
O April, lover to us all,
What is so poignant in thy thrall
When children's merry voices ring?
What haunts us in the cooing dove
More subtle than the speech of Love,
What nameless lack or loss of Spring?

Let Youth go dally with the Spring,
Call her the dear, the fair, the young;
And all her graces ever sung
Let him, once more rehearsing, sing.
They know, who keep a broken tryst,
Till something from the Spring be missed
We have not truly known the Spring.

HOME AT NIGHT¹

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

WHEN chirping crickets fainter cry,
And pale stars blossom in the sky,
And twilight's gloom has dimmed the bloom
And blurred the butterfly:

When locust-blossoms fleck the walk,
And up the tiger-lily stalk
The glow-worm crawls and clings and falls
And glimmers down the garden walls:

When buzzing things, with double wings
Of crisp and raspish flutterings,
Go whizzing by so very nigh
One thinks of fangs and stings: —

Oh then, within, is stilled the din
Of crib she rocks the baby in,
And heart and gate and latch's weight
Are lifted — and the lips of Kate.

¹ From "Green Fields and Running Brooks." Copyright, 1892, The Bobbs, Merrill Co. Used by special permission of the publishers.

KNEE-DEEP IN JUNE¹

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

I

TELL you what I like the best —
'Long about knee-deep in June,
'Bout the time strawberries melts
On the vine, — some afternoon
Like to jes' git out and rest,
And not work at nothin' else!

II

Orchard's where I'd ruther be —
Needn't fence it in fer me! —
Jes' the whole sky overhead,
And the whole airth underneath —
Sorto' so's a man kin breathe
Like he ort, and kind o' has
Elbow-room to keerlessly
Sprawl out len'thways on the grass
Where the shadders thick and soft
As the kivvers on the bed
Mother fixes in the loft
Allus, when they's company!

III

Jes' a-sort o' lazin' there —
S'lazy, 'at you peek and peer

¹From "Afterwhiles." Copyright, 1887, by The Bobbs-Merrill Co
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Through the wavin' leaves above,
Like a feller 'at's in love
And don't know it, ner don't keer!
Everything you hear and see
Got some sorto' interest —
Maybe find a bluebird's nest
Tucked up there conveneently
Fer the boy 'at's ap' to be
Up some other apple-tree!
Watch the swallers skootin' past
'Bout as peert as you could ast;
Er the Bob-white raise and whiz
Where some other's whistle is.

IV

Kitch a shadder down below,
And look up to find the crow —
Er a hawk, — away up there,
'Pearantly *froze* in the air! —
Hear the old hen squawk, and squat
Over ever' chick she's got,
Suddent-like! — and she knows where
That-air hawk is, well as you! —
You jes' bet yer life she do! —
Eyes a-glitterin' like glass,
Waitin' till he makes a pass!

V

Pee-wees' singin', to express
My opinion, 's second class,
Yit you'll hear 'em more er less;

Sapsucks gittin' down to biz,
Weedin' out the lonesomeness;
Mr. Bluejay, full o' sass,
In them base-ball clothes o' his.
Sportin' round the orchard jes'
Like he owned the premises!
Sun out in the fields kin sizz,
But flat on yer back, I guess,
In the shade's where glory is!
That's jes' what I'd like to do
Stiddy fer a year er two!

VI

Plague! ef they ain't somepin' in
Work 'at kind o' goes ag'in'
My convictions! — 'long about
Here in June especially! —
Under some old apple-tree,
Jes' a-restin' through and through,
I could git along without
Nothin' else at all to do
Only jes' a-wishin' you
Wuz a-gittin' there like me,
And June was eternity!

VII

Lay out there and try to see
Es' how lazy you kin be! —
Tumble round and souse yer head
In the clover-bloom, er pull
Yer straw hat acrost yer eyes

And peek through it at the skies,
Thinkin' of old chums 'at's dead,
Maybe, smilin' back at you
In betwixt the beautiful
Clouds o' gold and white and blue! —
Month a man kin railly love —
June, you know, I'm talkin' of!

VIII

March ain't never nothin' new! —
April's altogether too
Brash fer me! and May — I jes'
'Bominate its promises, —
Little hints o' sunshine and
Green around the timber-land —
A few blossoms, and a few
Chip-birds, and a sprout er two, —
Drap asleep, and it turns in
'Fore daylight and *snows* ag'in! —
But when *June* comes — Clear my th'oat
With wild honey! — Rench my hair
In the dew! and hold my coat!
Whoop out loud! and th'ow my hat! —
June wants me, and I'm to spare!
Spread them shadders anywhere,
I'll git down and waller there,
And obleeged to you at that!

THE GRASSHOPPER

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

SHUTTLE of the sunburnt grass,
Fifer in the dun cuirass,
Fifing shrilly in the morn,
Shrilly still at eve unworn;
Now to rear, now in the van,
Gayest of the elfin clan:
Though I watch their rustling flight,
I can never guess aright
Where their lodging-places are;
'Mid some daisy's golden star,
Or beneath a roofing leaf,
Or in fringes of a sheaf,
Tenanted as soon as bound!
Loud thy reveille doth sound,
When the earth is laid asleep,
And her dreams are passing deep,
On mid-August afternoons;
And through all the harvest moons,
Nights brimmed up with honeyed peace,
Thy gainsaying doth not cease.
When the frost comes, thou art dead;
We along the stubble tread,
On blue, frozen morns, and note
No least murmur is afloat:
Wondrous still our fields are then,
Fifer of the elfin men!

THE VESPER SPARROW

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

It comes from childhood land,
Where summer days are long
And summer eves are bland, —
A lulling good-night song.

Upon a pasture stone,
Against the fading west,
A small bird sings alone,
Then dives and finds its nest.

The evening star has heard,
And flutters into sight;
O childhood's vesper-bird,
My heart calls back, Good-Night.

STRONG AS DEATH¹

BY HENRY CUYLER BUNNER

O DEATH, when thou shalt come to me
From out thy dark, where she is now,
Come not with graveyard smell on thee,
Or withered roses on thy brow.

Come not, O Death, with hollow tone
And soundless step, and clammy hand —
Lo, I am now no less alone
Than in thy desolate, doubtful land;

But with that sweet and subtle scent
That ever clung about her (such
As with all things she brushed was blent);
And with her quick and tender touch.

With the dim gold that lit her hair,
Crown thyself, Death; let fall thy tread
So light that I may dream her there,
And turn upon my dying bed.

And through my chilling veins shall flame
My love, as though beneath her breath;
And in her voice but call my name,
And I will follow thee, O Death.

¹From "Poems of H. C. Bunner." Copyright, 1884, 1899, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Used by permission.

WILD EDEN

BY GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

THERE is a garden enclosed
In the high places,
But never hath love reposed
In its bowery spaces;
And the cedars there like shadows
O'er the moonlit champaign stand
Till light like an angel's hand
Touches Wild Eden.

Who told me the name of the garden
That lieth remote, apart,
I know not, nor whence was the music
That sang it into my heart;
But just as the loud robin tosses
His notes from the elm tops high,
As the violets come in the mosses
When south winds wake and sigh,
So on my lips I found it,
This name that is made my cry.

There, under the stars and the dawns
Of the virginal valleys,
White lilies flood the low lawns,
And the rose lights the alleys;
But never are heard there the voices

That sweeten on lovers' lips,
And the wild bee never sips
Sweets of Wild Eden.

But who hath shown me the vision
Of the roses and lilies in ranks
I would that I knew, that forever
To him I might render thanks;
For a maiden grows there in her blossom,
In the place of her maidenhood,
Nor knows how her virgin bosom
Is stored with the giving of good,
For the truth is hidden from her
That of love is understood.

No bird with his mate there hovers,
Nor beside her has trilled or sung;
No bird in the dewy covers
Has built a nest for his young;
And over the dark-leaved mountains
The voice in the laurel sleeps;
And the moon broods on the deeps
Shut in Wild Eden.

O Love, if thou in thy hiding
Art he who above me stands,
If thou givest wings to my spirit,
If thou art my heart and my hands, —
Through the morn, through the noon, through the
even
That burns with thy planet of light,

Through the moonlit space of heaven,
Guide thou my flight
Till, star-like on the dark garden,
I fall in the night!

Fly, song of my bosom, unto it
Whenever the earth breathes spring;
Though a thousand years were to rue it,
Such a heart beats under thy wing,
Thou shalt dive, thou shalt soar, thou shalt find it,
And forever my life be blest,
Such a heart beats in my breast, —
Fly to Wild Eden.

GOD'S GIFT¹

BY ERNEST CROSBY

"WHERE is my gift," said God, "that I gave to men —
The sun-wed, fruitful earth, with her freight of good
For all their wants? What mean these prayers for
food?

Are there poor in a world which bursts with its golden
stores?

Who are the few that dare to withhold from all
My gift to all of the fruitful, sun-wed earth?"

And the few replied: "O Lord, we give Thee thanks.
Thou gavest the earth to all, it is true, but lo!
Thy angels, Law and Order, who rule the world
When Thou art far away, have learned our worth,
And rightly bestowed on us Thine inheritance."

"I know them not," said God; "they are fiends from
hell

That juggle thus with the gift that I gave to man.
I am never far away from the world I gave.
And now once more and forevermore I give
This fruitful earth anew to the sons of men.
Woe to the fiends who shall dare usurp my place!
Woe to the few who say that my gift is theirs!
Woe to the man who grasps his neighbor's land!"

SOLITUDE

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

LAUGH, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone,
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air,
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go.
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all, —
There are none to decline your nectar'd wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by.
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

YOU AND TO-DAY

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

WITH every rising of the sun
Think of your life as just begun.

The past has shrived and buried deep
All yesterdays — there let them sleep.

Nor seek to summon back one ghost
Of that innumerable host.

Concern yourself with but to-day.
Woo it and teach it to obey

Your wish and will. Since time began
To-day has been the friend of man.

But in his blindness and his sorrow
He looks to yesterday and to-morrow.

You and to-day! a soul sublime
And the great pregnant hour of time.

With God between to bind the train —
Go forth I say — attain — attain.

CANDLEMAS

BY ALICE BROWN

O HEARKEN, all ye little weeds
That lie beneath the snow.
(So low, dear hearts, in poverty so low!)
The sun hath risen for royal deeds,
A valiant wind the vanguard leads;
Now quicken ye, lest unborn seeds
Before ye rise and blow.

O furry living things, a-dream
On Winter's drowsy breast,
(How rest ye there, how softly, safely rest!)
Arise and follow where a gleam
Of wizard gold unbinds the stream,
And all the woodland windings seem
With sweet expectance blest.

My birds, come back! The hollow sky
Is weary for your note.
(Sweet-throat, come back! O liquid, mellow throat!)
Ere May's soft minions hereward fly.
Shame on ye, laggards, to deny
The brooding breast, the sun-bright eye,
The tawny, shining coat!

IN EXTREMIS

BY ALICE BROWN

Not from the pestilence and storm, —
Fate's creeping brood, — the crouching form
Of dread disease, and image dire
Of wrack and loss, of flood and fire;
Not from the poisoned fangs of hate,
Or death-worm born to be my mate,
But from the fear that such things be,
O Lord, deliver me!

Fear dogs the shadow at my side;
Fear doth my wingless soul bestride.
In the lone stillness of the night
His whisper doth mine ear affright;
His formless shape mine eye appals;
Under his touch my body crawls.
Now from his loathsome mastery,
O Lord, deliver me!

I would not loose me, if I might,
From touch, or sound, or taste, or sight
Of all life's dread revealing. Nay,
Were I God's angel I would stay
Here on this clod of crucial grief,
And learn my rede without relief;
But from this basest empery
And last, I would be free.

My fiend hath poisoned even the cup
Of faith and love: I may not sup
But horror grins within the bowl,
And spectre guests affright my soul.
Yea, and the awful Sisters Three,
Spinning the web eternity,
Have lost their solemn state, and wear
The Furies' snake-bound hair.

Out of the jaws of hell and night
Lead my sick soul, O Sovereign Light!
Let me tread shivering through the 'cold,
Despised, forsaken, hunted, old,
Unloved, unwept, beneath the ban
Of sharpest anguish laid on man;
But from the monster foul I flee;
O God, deliver me!

A PLANTATION DITTY¹

BY FRANK LEBBY STANTON

De gray owl sing fum de chimbly top:

“Who — who — is — you-oo?”

En I say: “Good Lawd, hit’s des po’ me,

En I ain’t quite ready fer de Jasper Sea;

I’m po’ en sinful, en you ’lowed I’d be;

Oh, wait, good Lawd, ’twell ter-morrer!”

De gray owl sing fum de cypress-tree:

“Who — who — is — you-oo?”

En I say: “Good Lawd, ef you look you’ll see

Hit ain’t nobody but des po’ me,

En I like ter stay ’twell my time is free;

Oh, wait, good Lawd, ’twell ter-morrer!”

¹From “Comes One with a Song,” by Frank L. Stanton. Copyright, 1898. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company. .

THE GRAVEYARD RABBIT

BY FRANK LEBBY STANTON

IN the white moonlight, where the willow waves,
He halfway gallops among the graves —
A tiny ghost in the gloom and gleam,
Content to dwell where the dead men dream,

But wary still!
For they plot him ill;
For the graveyard rabbit hath a charm
(May God defend us!) to shield from harm.

Over the shimmering slabs he goes —
Every grave in the dark he knows;
But his nest is hidden from human eye
Where headstones broken on old graves lie.

Wary still!
For they plot him ill;
For the graveyard rabbit, though skeptics scoff,
Charmeth the witch and the wizard off!

The black man creeps, when the night is dim,
Fearful, still, on the track of him;
Or fleetly follows the way he runs,
For he heals the hurts of the conjured ones.

Wary still!

For they plot him ill;

The soul's bewitched that would find release, —

To the graveyard rabbit go for peace!

He holds their secret — he brings a boon

Where winds moan wild in the dark o' the moon;

And gold shall glitter and love smile sweet

To whoever shall sever his furry feet!

Wary still!

For they plot him ill;

For the graveyard rabbit hath a charm

(May God defend us!) to shield from harm.

DE SHEEPFOL'

SARAH PRATT MCLEAN GREEN

DE massa ob de sheepfol',
Dat guards de sheepfol' bin,
Look out in de gloomerin' meadows,
Wha'r de long night rain begin —
So he call to de hirelin' shepa'd,
"Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"

Oh, den says de hirelin' shepa'd:
"Dey's some, dey's black and thin,
And some, dey's po' ol' wedda's;
But de res', dey's all brung in.
But de res', dey's all brung in."

Den de massa ob de sheepfol',
Dat guards de sheepfol' bin,
Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows,
Wha'r de long night rain begin —
So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol',
Callin' sof', "Come in. Come in."
Callin' sof', "Come in. Come in."

Den up t'ro' de gloomerin' meadows,
T'ro' de col' night rain and win',
And up t'ro' de gloomerin' rain-paf',
Wha'r de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin,

De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',
Dey all comes gadderin' in.
De po' los 'sheep ob de sheepfol',
Dey all comes gadderin' in.

THE CRICKET

BY JAMES B. KENYON

PIPER of the fields and woods
And the fragrant solitudes,
When the trees are stripped of leaves,
And the choked brook sobs and grieves;
When the golden-rod alone
Feigns the summer hath not flown;
Then while evening airs grow chill,
And the flocks upon the hill
Huddle in the waning light,
Thou, ere falls the frosty night,
To the kine that homeward pass
Pipest 'mid the stiffening grass.
Dark may dawn the winter days, —
Where thou art the summer stays;
Though the ruffian north winds roar,
Lash the roof and smite the door,
Thou from hearths secure and warm
Laughest at the brewing storm,
And thy merry minstrelsy
Sets the frozen fancy free.
Dost thou dream, O piper brave,
That from his sea-haunted grave
He who praised thy song of yore
Hath come back to hear once more,
Through high noons, thy strident strain

Borne o'er Enna's saffron plain?
Long, long since the nectared hoard
That the yellow bees had stored
In the turf above thy head
Hath, by many a passing tread
O'er the chamber of his sleep,
In the dust been trampled deep.
From his lentisk couch of rest,
In his shaggy goat-skin vest,
He shall rise no more to hear,
With the poet's raptured ear,
O'er the thymy pastures swell
Morning sounds he loved so well.
Other skies are over us,
And afar Theocritus
Slumbers deep, O piper small,
And he will not heed at all
Though be struck thy shrillest notes;
Yet a voice like thine still floats
O'er him where thy shy kin be
'Mid the dews of Sicily.

WHEN CLOVER BLOOMS

BY JAMES B. KENYON

WHEN clover blooms in the meadows,
And the happy south winds blow;
When under the leafy shadows
The singing waters flow —
Then come to me; as you pass
I shall hear your feet in the grass,
And my heart shall awake and leap
From its cool dark couch of sleep,
And shall thrill again as of old,
Ere its long rest under the mold —
When clover blooms.

Deem not that I shall not waken;
I shall know, my Love, it is you;
I shall feel the tall grass shaken,
I shall hear the drops of the dew
That scatter before your feet;
I shall smell the perfume sweet
Of the red rose that you wear,
As of old, in your sunny hair;
Deem not that I shall not know
It is your light feet that go
'Mid clover blooms.

O Love, the years have parted —
The long, long years! — our ways;

You have gone with the merry-hearted
These many and many days,
And I with that grim guest
Who loveth the silence best.
But come to me — I shall wait
For your coming, soon or late,
For soon or late, I know
You shall come to my rest below
The clover blooms.

FATHER TO MOTHER ¹

BY ROBERT BRIDGES

THIS is our child, Dear — flesh of our flesh and bone
of our bone;

Here is the end of our youth, and now we begin to
atone.

Now we do feel what their love was — those who have
reared us and taught;

Now do we know of the treasures that neither are sold
nor bought.

Here is the joy of the Race — joy that must grow out
of pain;

Here is the last of our Self — now we are links in the
chain.

Body of yours and mine no more is the measure of
grief —

All that he suffers is ours — and increased while we
cry for relief;

Yea, for our boy, our Beloved, we'll yearn through the
beckoning years —

Toil for him, laugh with him, struggle, and pour out
the fountain of tears!

¹ From "Bramble Brae." Copyright, 1902, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

TO A FRIEND DYING

BY ROBERT BRIDGES

THEY tell you that Death's at the turn of the road,
That under the shade of a cypress you'll find him,
And struggling on wearily, lashed by the goad
Of pain, you will enter the black mist behind him.

I can walk with you up to the ridge of the hill,
And we'll talk of the way we have come through the
valley;

Down below there a bird breaks into a trill,
And a groaning slave bends to the oar of his galley.

You are up on the heights now, you pity the slave —
"Poor soul, how fate lashes him on at his rowing!
Yet it's joyful to live, and it's hard to be brave
When you watch the sun sink and the daylight is
going."

We are almost there — our last walk on this height—
I must bid you good-by at that cross on the moun-
tain.

See the sun glowing red, and the pulsating light
Fill the valley, and rise like the flood in a fountain!

And it shines in your face and illumines your soul;
We are comrades as ever, right here at your going;

You may rest if you will within sight of the goal,
While I must return to my oar and the rowing.

We must part now? Well, here is the hand of a
friend;

I will keep you in sight till the road makes its
turning

Just over the ridge within reach of the end

Of your arduous toil — the beginning of learning.

You will call to me once from the mist, on the verge,
“Au revoir!” and “good night!” while the twilight
is creeping

Up luminous peaks, and the pale stars emerge?

Yes, I hear your faint voice: “This is rest, and like
sleeping!”

THE FOUR WINDS¹

BY CHARLES HENRY LUDERS

WIND of the North,
Wind of the Norland snows,
Wind of the winnowed skies, and sharp, clear stars, —
Blow cold and keen across the naked hills,
And crisp the lowland pools with crystal films,
And blur the casement squares with glittering ice,
But go not near my love.

Wind of the West,
Wind of the few, far clouds,
Wind of the gold and crimson sunset lands, —
Blow fresh and pure across the peaks and plains,
And broaden the blue spaces of the heavens,
And sway the grasses and the mountain pines,
But let my dear one rest.

Wind of the East,
Wind of the sunrise seas,
Wind of the clinging mists and gray, harsh rains, —
Blow moist and chill across the wastes of brine,
And shut the sun out, and the moon and stars,
And lush the boughs against the dripping eaves,
Yet keep thou from my love.

But thou, sweet wind!
Wind of the fragrant South,

¹From "The Dead Nymph and Other Poems." Copyright, 1891, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Wind from the bowers of jasmine and of rose, —
Over magnolia blooms and lilled lakes
And flowering forests come with dewy wings,
And stir the petals at her feet, and kiss
The low mound where she lies.

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

BY WILLIAM HERBERT CARRUTH

A FIRE-MIST and a planet,
A crystal and a cell;
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod —
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky;
The ripe, rich tints on the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high;
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden-rod;
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like the tide on the crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in —
Come from the mystic ocean
Whose rim no foot has trod —
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking his hemlock,
And Christ on the rood;
The million who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway trod —
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

THANKSGIVING

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

To give God thanks when brief, oblivious nights
The tranquil eve and blithesome morning part,
Easy as bird-song that. But how when smites
The mace of sorrow, stings the malice-dart?
Ah, unbelieving heart!

To give God thanks in words — this is not hard;
But incense of the spirit — to distill
From hour to hour the cassia and the nard
Of fragrant life, his praises to fulfil?
Alas, inconstant will!

THE FELLOWSHIP

BY KATHARINE, LEE BATES

WHEN brambles vex me sore and anguish me,
Then I remember those pale martyr feet
That trod on burning shares and drank the heat,
As it had been God's dew, with ecstasy.

And when some evanescent sunset glow
Renews the beauty-sting, I set my pride
On that great fellowship of those who know
The artist's yearning, yet are self-denied.

Feast me no feasts that for the few are spread,
With holy cup of brotherhood ungraced,
For though I sicken at my daily bread,
Bitter and black, I crave the human taste.

THE CLAIM OF KINDRED¹

BY RICHARD BURTON

I AM not one, but many: murmuring through
My blood I seem to hear a blended cry,
Ancestral-strong, bidding me up and do
A million deeds before I come to die.

Some of the voices call like organ tones
Upon my soul for service that is meet;
Others unman me with melodious moans
Or evil invitations perilous — sweet.

Some tell of high endeavor on the seas,
Some, bugle-clear, declare that war is best;
Some lull me to a dream of summer ease
In far-away, fair places where is rest.

Betwixt high heaven and hell the ample air
Thrills with their pleadings, vibrates to their
breath;
Deep in my heart I feel their vast despair,
Their every hope, their game of life and death.

It is as though a countless company
Drew a great circle round me, and did press
Their myriad claims nor would not let me be
Until unto them all I answered, *Yes*.

¹From "Message and Melody." Copyright, 1903 by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

I am not one, but many; all the past
Houses within my breast and summons me;
And only God shall speak the word at last
To quell the storm and give the mastery.

Since thus, despite my cherished pride of will,
The passions of my kindred clasp me still.

SONG OF THE UNSUCCESSFUL¹

BY RICHARD BURTON

WE are the toilers from whom God barred
The gifts that are good to hold.
We meant full well and we tried full hard,
And our failures were manifold.

And we are the clan of those whose kin
Were a millstone dragging them down.
Yea, we had to sweat for our brother's sin,
And lose the victor's crown.

The seeming-able, who all but scored,
From their teeming tribe we come:
What was there wrong with us, O Lord,
That our lives were dark and dumb?

The men ten-talented, who still
Strangely missed of the goal,
Of them we are: it seems thy will
To harrow some in soul.

We are the sinners, too, whose lust
Conquered the higher claims;
We sat us prone in the common dust,
And played at the devil's games.

We are the hard-luck folk, who strove
Zealously, but in vain:

¹ From "Message and Melody." Copyright, 1903, by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

We lost and lost, while our comrades throve,
And still we lost again.

We are the doubles of those whose way
Was festal with fruits and flowers;
Body and brain we were sound as they,
But the prizes were not ours.

A mighty army our full ranks make,
We shake the graves as we go;
The sudden stroke and the slow heartbreak,
They both have brought us low.

And while we are laying life's sword aside,
Spent and dishonored and sad,
Our epitaph this, when once we have died:
"The weak lie here, and the bad."

We wonder if this can be really the close,
Life's fever cooled by death's trance;
And we cry, though it seem to our dearest of foes,
"God, give us another chance!"

THE SPRING BEAUTIES

BY HELEN GRAY CONE

THE Puritan Spring Beauties stood freshly clad for church;

A thrush, white-breasted, o'er them sat singing on his perch.

"Happy be! for fair are ye!" the gentle singer told them,

But presently a buff-coat bee came booming up to scold them.

"Vanity, oh, vanity!

Young maids, beware of vanity!"

Grumbled out the buff-coat bee,

Half parson-like, half soldierly.

The sweet-faced maidens trembled, with pretty, pinky blushes,

Convinced that it was wicked to listen to the thrushes;
And when that shady afternoon, I chanced that way to pass,

They hung their little bonnets down and looked into the grass.

All because the buff-coat bee

Lectured them so solemnly: —

"Vanity, oh, vanity!

Young maids, beware of vanity!"

HONEYSUCKLES

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

WITHIN a belfry built of bloom,
Above the garden wall they swing;
A chime of bells for winds to ring,
Of mingled music and perfume.

What scented syllables of song
Throughout the day their tongues repeat!
They tempt with promise, honey-sweet,
The listener to linger long.

A bit of sunset cloud astray,
The dappled butterfly floats near,
Lured by the fragrant music clear,
Trembles with joy, then fades away.

And thither oft, from time to time,
The humming-bird and golden bee,
List, and go mad with melody, —
The honey-music of the chime.

And thither when the silver gleam
Of moon and stars is over all,
One white moth hovers near the wall, —
A ghost to haunt the garden's dream!

SONG OF THE SHIPS

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

*The great ships go a-shouldering
Along my line of shore;
The little ships like sea-gulls fly
Under the blue tent of the sky,
And some will lie a-mouldering,
Where phosphor lights are smouldering,
And sail no more, no more!*

Spruce and trig
Is yon bounding brig; —
 “Whither away, my master?”
“O just for a bit of a jaunty trip,
From the lazy ooze of Salem slip
To where the long tides roar and rip
Round the coral keys
Of the outer seas,
 And the combers cry ‘disaster!’
Out and up with the topsail there!
There’s plenty of God’s free briny air
 To crowd her a little faster!”

Ah, like a lark
Dips yonder bark,—
 Poises and dips and rises!
“Whither away?”
“To the clear blue day,

And the Lost Lagoon
Where the flame of noon
 Is full of rapt surprises,
And the tropic moon
As it swings a-swoon,
 Entangles and entices."

It's "Champ! champ! champ!"
Goes the wheezy tramp,
 With her funnels low and raky;
"Whither away?" "Well, the good Lord knows
Where we'll land if it up and blows,
For the keel is foul (that's one of our woes),
 And the screw is mighty shaky;
But we'll weather to port although it be
Under the gray-green roof of the sea,
And we'll warp to the pier
With a rouse of cheer
 Though queer be the pier and quaky."

Like an arrowy shaft
From fore to aft
 Onward urges the liner;
"Whither away?" Strong comes the hail —
"O'er creamy crest and o'er beryl vale
To the gates of the Ultimate East we sail
Where the rose abides and the nightingale
 Sits caroling — none diviner.
A myriad hopes — not a wraith of doubt —
Throb between our decks as we hurtle out;
And the mind and the shaping hand of man,

Since the ancient surge of Time began,
Ne'er fashioned a splendor finer."

With sparkling spar
Glides the man-o'-war,
Her great-gunned turrets towering;
"Whither away?" "To the verge of earth
To guard the rights of the free of birth,
And give them a taste of our Yankee mirth
Wherever the foe be lowering;
And should it come to the last appeal,
To the cruel chrism of fire and steel,
Be it man on bridge, in hold, at wheel,
There'll be no caitiff cowering!"

*And so the ships go shouldering
Along my line of shore,
And whether they dare the threat of the Horn,
Or make for the Golden Isles of Morn,
Under the sapphire tent of sky,
Some will range back by and by,
And some will lie a-mouldering,
Where phosphor lights are smouldering,
And sail no more, no more!*

THE THRALL

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

ALOOF, I heard
The rise and dip note of the oven-bird,
Word upon buoyant word,
Rapt music, blithe as is the blossoming
Of frail hepaticas, trills dropped a-wing,
Or from a bough a-swing
In the warm lyric south-wind. Little leaves
Rippled in soft green laughter. Belted thieves,
Bent upon honey-plunder, made fleet chase
From bloom to bloom,—
The cloud-white trillium and squirrel's-corn,
The seal-o'-Solomon, golden as the morn,—
With breezy boom,
Or low and dreamy bass.
Then swift I said,
Of all earth's loveliness enamored,
"Here is my place!
Here will I linger and gain lasting grace
From all this sweet renewal, — the old lure
Of youth and joy! I that am spent and poor
Will straight grow rich and hale;
And there shall naught avail
To filch from me my wealth;
No creeping stealth
Shall grasp it in the watches of the night!"

Hence I abide.

O ye who would win healing, heart-delight,

Come ye and look and list, revived!

Slough thy gray wintry mood!

Clasp hands with life-renewed!

Bird-voice, brook-babble, blossom-murmurs, kind

Touch of the whispering wind,

Grass-crinkle, bud-unfolding, each and all,

Have been, and are, and will be mine uplifting.

Earth hath no vernal entity so small,

So subtle, or so shifting,

It doth not hold me thrall!

THE TOIL OF THE TRAIL¹

BY HAMLIN GARLAND

WHAT have I gained by the toil of the trail?
I know and know well.
I have found once again the lore I had lost
In the loud city's hell.

I have broadened my hand to the cinch and the axe,
I have laid my flesh to the rain;
I was hunter and trailer and guide;
I have touched the most primitive wildness again.

I have threaded the wild with the stealth of the deer,
No eagle is freer than I;
No mountain can thwart me, no torrent appall,
I defy the stern sky.
So long as I live these joys will remain,
I have touched the most primitive wildness again.

¹From Harper's "Main Travelled Roads." Used by permission.

THE MEADOW LARK¹

BY HAMLIN GARLAND

A BRAVE little bird that fears not God,
A voice that breaks from the snow-wet clod
With prophecy of sunny sod,
Set thick with wind-waved goldenrod.

From the first bare clod in the raw, cold spring,
From the last bare clod, when fall winds sting,
The farm-boy hears his brave song ring,
And work for the time is a pleasant thing.

¹From Harper's "Main Travelled Roads." Used by permission.

THE WILD RIDE

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

*I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,
All day, on the road, the hoofs of invisible horses;
All night, from their stalls, the importunate tramping
and neighing.*

Let cowards and laggards fall back! but alert to the
saddle,
Straight, grim, and abreast, go the weather-worn,
galloping legion,
With a stirrup-cup each to the lily of women that
loves him.

The trail is through dolor and dread, over crags and
morasses;
There are shapes by the way, there are things that
appall or entice us:
What odds? We are knights, and our souls are but
bent on the riding.

*I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,
All day, on the road, the hoofs of invisible horses;
All night, from their stalls, the importunate tramping
and neighing.*

We spur to a land of no name, out-racing the storm-
wind;

We leap to the infinite dark, like the sparks from the
anvil.

Thou leadest, O God! All's well with Thy troopers
that follow.

THE COASTERS

BY THOMAS FLEMING DAY

*Overloaded, undermanned,
Trusting to a lee,
Playing I-spy with the land,
Jockeying the sea —
That's the way the Coaster goes
Thro' calm and hurricane :
Everywhere the tide flows,
Everywhere the wind blows,
From Mexico to Maine.*

O East and West! O North and South!
We ply along the shore,
From famous Fundy's foggy mouth,
From voes of Labrador;
Thro' pass and strait, on sound and sea,
From port to port we stand —
The rocks of Race fade on our lee,
We hail the Rio Grande.
Our sails are never lost to sight;
On every gulf and bay
They gleam, in winter wind-cloud white,
In summer rain-cloud gray.

We hold the coast with slippery grip;
We dare from cape to cape;

Our leaden fingers feel the dip
And trace the channel's slope.
We sail or bide as serves the tide;
Inshore we cheat its flow,
And side by side at anchor ride
When stormy head-winds blow.
We are the offspring of the shoal,
The hucksters of the sea;
From customs theft and pilot toll,
Thank God that we are free.

*Legging on and off the beach,
Drifting up the strait,
Fluking down the river reach,
Towing thro' the Gate —
That's the way the Coaster goes,
Flirting with the gale :
Everywhere the tide flows,
Everywhere the wind blows,
From York to Beavertail.*

*Here and there to get a load,
Freighting anything ;
Running off with spanker stowed,
Loafing wing-a-wing —
That's the way the Coaster goes,
Chumming with the land :
Everywhere the tide flows,
Everywhere the wind blows,
From Ray to Rio Grande.*

We split the swell where rings the bell
On many a shallow's edge,
We take our flight past many a light
That guards the deadly ledge,
We greet Montauk across the foam,
We work the Vineyard Sound,
The Diamond sees us running home,
The Georges outward bound;
Absecom hears our canvas beat
When tacked off Brigantine,
We raise the Gulls with lifted sheet,
Pass wing-and-wing between.

Off Monomoy we fight the gale,
We drift off Sandy Key;
The watch of Fenwick sees our sail
Scud for Henlopen's lee.
With decks awash and canvas torn
We wallow up the Stream;
We drag dismasted, cargo borne,
And fright the ships of steam.
Death grips us with his frosty hands
In calm and hurricane;
We spill our bones on fifty sands
From Mexico to Maine.

*Cargo reef in main and fore,
Manned by half a crew ;
Romping up the weather shore,
Edging down the Blue —
That's the way the Coaster goes,*

*Scouting with the lead :
Everywhere the tide flows,
Everywhere the wind blows,
From Cruz to Quoddy Head.*

THE HILLS OF REST¹

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

BEYOND the last horizon's rim,
Beyond adventure's farthest quest,
Somewhere they rise, serene and dim,
The happy, happy Hills of Rest.

Upon their sunlit slopes uplift
The castles we have built in Spain —
While fair amid the summer drift
Our faded gardens flower again.

Sweet hours we did not live go by
To soothing note on scented wing;
In golden-lettered volumes lie
The songs we tried in vain to sing.

They all are there; the days of dream
That build the inner lives of men;
The silent, sacred years we deem
The might be, and the might have been.

Some evening when the sky is gold,
I'll follow day into the west;
Nor pause, nor heed, till I behold
The happy, happy Hills of Rest.

¹From "Harper's Magazine." October, 1909. Used by permission.

THE LEAST OF CAROLS

BY SOPHIE JEWETT

LOVELIEST dawn of gold and rose
Steals across undrifted snows;
In brown, rustling oak leaves stir
Squirrel, nuthatch, woodpecker;
Brief their matins, but, by noon,
All the sunny wood's a-tune:
Jays, forgetting their harsh cries,
Pipe a spring note, clear and true;
Wheel on angel wings of blue,
Trumpeters of Paradise;
Then the tiniest feathered thing,
All a-flutter, tail and wing,
Gives himself to caroling:

“Chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee!
Jesulino, hail to thee!
Lowliest baby born to-day,
Pillowed on a wisp of hay;
King no less of sky and earth,
And singing sea;
Jesu! Jesu! most and least!
For the sweetness of thy birth
Every little bird and beast,
Wind and wave and forest-tree,
Praises God exceedingly,
Exceedingly.”

NATURE'S HIRED MAN

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

DIGGIN' in the earth,
Helpin' things to grow,
Foolin' with a rake,
Flirtin' with a hoe;

Waterin' the plants,
Pullin' up the weeds,
Gatherin' the stones,
Puttin' in the seeds;

On your face and hands
Pilin' up the tan —
That's the job for me,
Nature's hired man!

Wages best of all.
Better far than wealth.
Paid in good fresh air,
And a lot o' health.

Never any chance
Of your gettin' fired,
And when night comes on
Knowin' why you're tired.

Nature's hired man!
That's the job for me,

With the birds and flowers
For society.

Let the other feller
For the dollar scratch —
I am quite contented
With my garden-patch.

A PHILOSOPHER

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

To take things as they be —
That's my philosophy.
No use to holler, mope, or cuss —
If they was changed they might be wuss.

If rain is pourin' down,
An' lightnin's buzzin' roun',
I ain't a-fearin' we'll be hit,
But grin that I ain't out in it.

If I got deep in debt —
It hasn't happened yet —
And owed a man two dollars, Gee!
Why I'd be glad it wasn't three!

If some one come along,
And tried to do me wrong,
Why I should sort of take a whim
To thank the Lord I wasn't him.

I never seen a night
So dark there wasn't light
Somewheres about if I took care
To strike a match and find out where.

A BALLAD OF DEAD CAMP-FIRES

BY ROBERT CAMERON ROGERS

I

Food for the horses — lots of it — upon the bluff,
Sure to be a spring in a pocket of the hill,
There in the deadfall for a fire wood enough,
Here's the place for bedding down —

Whoa! Stand still!

Throw off the saddles, untwist the hackamores,
Loads off the burro and the pack cayuse:
One shall wear a bell to keep the pack in ear-shot,
Twist the hobbles round their legs and

Turn them loose.

Here on the spot where a fire crackled last year,
Scrape the charry fagots off, kindle one anew;
Men and seasons out of mind each band that passed
here,

Lured by feed and water, stopped and

Made camp too.

Sagebrush to kindle with,

Quaking-asp to glow,

Pine-roots to last until the dawn-winds blow;

Oh, smoke full of fancies,

And dreams gone to smoke,

At the camp-fires dead long ago!

II

Here used to camp with squaws and dogs and ponies,
Long before the coming of the pale-face breed,
Blackfeet hunters, Bannocks, and Shoshones,
Laying in their meat against a
Winter's need.

Warm in their blankets, weaving savage fancies
Out of the smoke that veered above the blaze,
Fortunate hunts, the foray and its chances,
New squaws and ponies and the
Head Chief's praise.

War parties lurk on the trails to the hunting grounds,
Treachery enters where the tepees spread,
New scalps dry in the towns of the Absaroka,
The lodge-poles are broken and the
Fire is dead.

Sagebrush to kindle with,
Quaking-asp to glow,
Pine-roots to last until the dawn-winds blow;
Oh, smoke full of fancies,
And dreams gone to smoke,
At the camp-fires dead long ago!

III

Here later on came the man whose race is sped and
gone,
Born white, burnt red under wind and sun;

Life in the one hand, rifle in the other one,
Traps in every creek in which the
Beaver run.

Feet to the fire, watching where the eddies spin,
Pine smoke eddies, while the damp logs sing,
Conjuring visions of mighty packs of beaver skin,
Good for gold in plenty at the post
In the spring.

.

Trail to the traps in the creek at break of day,
No trail back — and the sunset is red:
Two eagles wheel above the brush at the beaver-
dam,
A timber wolf is howling, and the
Fire is dead.

Sagebrush to kindle with,
Quaking-asp to glow,
Pine-roots to last until the dawn-winds blow;
Oh, smoke full of fancies,
And dreams gone to smoke,
At the camp-fires dead long ago!

IV

Gone bow and quiver, lance and feather bonnet,
Smooth bore and beaver-trap, buckskin jacket, all —
Here is the stage — but where the actors on it?
Dead to our plaudits, and the
Vain recall.

Still one shall hear the coyote in the moonlight,
Still hear the bull-elk whistle up the sun,
Still the old orchestra, carrying the tune right, —
Oh, wasted music, for the

Play is done.

We too shall act our parts on other stages,
Spinning out fancies while the Fates spin thread.
Heap up the fire then, keep the present cheery,
We must hit the trail too when the

Fire is dead.

Sagebrush to kindle with,
Quaking-aspen to glow,
Pine-roots to last until the dawn-winds blow;
Oh, smoke full of fancies,
And dreams gone to smoke,
At the camp-fires dead long ago!

THE ROSARY

BY ROBERT CAMERON ROGERS

THE hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me;
I count them over, every one apart,
My rosary.

Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,
To still a heart in absence wrung;
I tell each bead unto the end and there
A cross is hung.

Oh memories that bless — and burn!
Oh barren gain — and bitter loss!
I kiss each bead, and strive at last to learn
To kiss the cross,
Sweetheart,
To kiss the cross.

TAKE THOU THIS ROSE

BY RAYMOND WEEKS

TAKE thou this rose, sweetheart!

 If life were over

And I had loved thee truly from the start;

If to the last I was as now thy lover;

If all the joy I gave thee and the bliss

Could measured be unto the very close,

There would be nothing found more sweet than this!

 Take thou this rose!

THE SONG OF STEEL

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

YEA, art thou lord, O Man, since Tubal Cain
Brought me to being, white and torn with pain —
Wrung me, in fierce, hot agony of birth,
Writhing from out the womb of Mother Earth?

Art thou, then, king, and did I make thee lord,
Clothe thee in mail and gird thee with the sword,
Give thee the plough, the ax, the whirring wheel —
To every subtle craft its tools of steel?

Look! We have slain the forests, thou and I —
Soiled the bright streams and murked the very sky;
Crushed the glad hills, and shocked the quiet stars
With roaring factories and clanging cars!

Thou builder of machines, who dost not see!
That which thou mad'st to drive, is driving thee —
Ravening, tireless, pitiless its strain
For thy last ounce of work from hand and brain.

Are thy sons princes? Hard-wrung serfs! They give
Toil's utmost dregs for the bare chance to live;
They dig and delve and strive with sweat-cursed brow
In forge and shop. Master? Nay! thrall art thou!

Fool! Serving, I have slaved thee. Master Fool!
To forge the sword, nor know the sword should rule;
To make the engine, blind that it must lead
Fast and yet faster on the race of greed.

I, Steel, am King — thy king in more than name!
Lo, I am Moloch, crowned and throned in flame,
Holding thee slave by lust of thy desire —
Calling thy first-born to me through the fire!

THE SPELL OF THE ROAD

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

SOFT-FOOTED through forest and bracken,
Hard-riding the desert or plain,
When shoe-thong or girth ye would slacken
Ye hear me and follow again.
My lures have a myriad faces,
But all their voices are one —
The call of the Uttermost Places
That lie at the Back of the Sun.

By step and by league shall ye hear them.

“To the turn . . . to the crest . . . to the
verge! . . .”

And ever ye seem to draw near them,
Yet ever, fore-distant, they urge
Through hill-trail and hedge-road and byway,
On prairie and moorland and lea,
To the wind-track and fast-flying skyway
And spindrift-wet ways of the sea.

And the heat of the desert shall burn you,
The snow-field and ice-floe shall bite;
Yet hometide nor fireside shall turn you —
I have woven a spell on your sight:
Ye shall gaze, to the last of your being,
Ye shall toil, ye shall travel and spend,
For the Thing That Is Just Beyond Seeing
And the Thing That Comes after the End!

FAITH

BY GEORGE SANTAYANA

O WORLD, thou choosest not the better part!
It is not wisdom to be only wise,
And on the inward vision close the eyes,
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.
Columbus found a world, and had no chart,
Save one that faith deciphered in the skies;
To trust the soul's invincible surmise
Was all his science and his only art.
Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine
That lights the pathway but one step ahead
Across a void of mystery and dread.
Bid, then, the tender light of faith to shine
By which alone the mortal heart is led
Unto the thinking of the thought divine.

A BIRTHDAY VERSE

BY MARK HOWE

How fierce the storm that starless night
When she put forth alone!
Watching through tears that quenched my sight,
I paced a shore unknown.

But oh, when morning broke, and day
Smiled up across the tide,
Here in the harbor safe she lay,
Her rescue by her side!

THE VALIANT

BY MARK HOWE

Not for the star-crowned heroes, the men that conquer and slay,
But a song for those that bore them, the mothers
braver than they!
With never a blare of trumpets, with never a surge
of cheers,
They march to the unseen hazard — pale, patient
volunteers;
No hate in their hearts to steel them, — with love
for a circling shield,
To the mercy of merciless nature their fragile selves
they yield.
Now God look down in pity, and temper Thy sternest
law;
From the field of dread and peril bid Pain his troops
withdraw!
Then unto her peace triumphant let each spent victor
win,
Though life be bruised and trembling, — yet, lit from
a flame within
Is the wan sweet smile of conquest, gained without
war's alarms,

The woman's smile of victory for the new life safe
in her arms.

So not for the star-crowned heroes, the men that
conquer and slay,

But a song for those that bore them, the mothers
braver than they!

A MORE ANCIENT MARINER

BY BLISS CARMAN

THE swarthy bee is a buccaneer,
A burly velveteed rover,
Who loves the booming wind in his ear
As he sails the seas of clover.

A waif of the goblin pirate crew,
With not a soul to deplore him,
He steers for the open verge of blue
With the filmy world before him.

His flimsy sails abroad on the wind
Are shivered with fairy thunder;
On a line that sings to the light of his wings
He makes for the lands of wonder.

He harries the ports of the Hollyhocks,
And levies on poor Sweetbrier;
He drinks the whitest wine of Phlox,
And the Rose is his desire.

He hangs in the Willows a night and a day;
He rifles the Buckwheat patches;
Then battens his store of pelf galore
Under the tautest hatches.

He woos the Poppy and weds the Peach,
Inveigles Daffodilly,
And then like a tramp abandons each
For the gorgeous Canada Lily.

There's not a soul in the garden world
But wishes the day were shorter,
When Mariner B. puts out to sea
With the wind in the proper quarter.

Or, so they say! But I have my doubts;
For the flowers are only human,
And the valor and gold of a vagrant bold
Were always dear to woman.

He dares to boast, along the coast,
The beauty of Highland Heather, —
How he and she, with night on the sea,
Lay out on the hills together.

He pilfers from every port of the wind,
From April to golden autumn;
But the thieving ways of his mortal days
Are those his mother taught him.

His morals are mixed, but his will is fixed;
He prospers after his kind,
And follows an instinct compass-sure,
The philosophers call blind.

And that is why, when he comes to die,
He'll have an easier sentence

Than some one I know who thinks just so,
And then leaves room for repentance.

He never could box the compass round;
He doesn't know port from starboard ;
But he knows the gates of the Sundown Straits,
Where the choicest goods are harbored.

He never could see the Rule of Three,
But he knows the rule of thumb
Better than Euclid's, better than yours,
Or the teachers' yet to come.

He knows the smell of the hydromel
As if two and two were five;
And hides it away for a year and a day
In his own hexagonal hive.

Out in the day, hap-hazard, alone,
Booms the old vagrant hummer,
With only his whim to pilot him
Through the splendid vast of summer.

He steers and steers on the slant of the gale,
Like the fiend or Vanderdecken;
And there's never an unknown course to sail
But his crazy log can reckon.

He drones along with his rough sea-song
And the throat of a salty tar,
This devil-may-care, till he makes his lair
By the light of a yellow star.

He looks like a gentleman, lives like a lord,
And makes like a Trojan hero;
Then loafs all winter upon his hoard,
With the mercury at zero.

THE JOYS OF THE ROAD

BY BLISS CARMAN

Now the joys of the road are chiefly these:
A crimson touch on the hard-wood trees;

A vagrant's morning wide and blue,
In early fall, when the wind walks too;

A shadowy highway cool and brown,
Alluring up and enticing down

From rippled water to dappled swamp,
From purple glory to scarlet pomp;

The outward eye, the quiet will,
And the striding heart from hill to hill;

The tempter apple over the fence;
The cobweb bloom on the yellow quince;

The palish asters along the wood, —
A lyric touch of the solitude;

An open hand, an easy shoe,
And a hope to make the day go through, —

Another to sleep with, and a third
To wake me up at the voice of a bird;

A scrap of gossip at the ferry;
A comrade neither glum nor merry,

Who never defers and never demands,
But, smiling, takes the world in his hands, —

Seeing it good as when God first saw
And gave it the weight of his will for law.

And oh, the joy that is never won,
But follows and follows the journeying sun,

By marsh and tide, by meadow and stream,
A will-o'-the-wind, a light-o'-dream,

The racy smell of the forest loam,
When the stealthy sad-heart leaves go home;

The broad gold wake of the afternoon;
The silent fleck of the cold new moon;

The sound of the hollow sea's release
From stormy tumult to starry peace;

With only another league to wend;
And two brown arms at the journey's end!

These are the joys of the open road —
For him who travels without a load.

THE SCEPTICS

BY BLISS CARMAN

It was the little leaves beside the road.

Said Grass, "What is that sound
So dismally profound,
That detonates and desolates the air?"
"That is St. Peter's bell,"
Said rain-wise Pimpernel;
"He is music to the godly,
Though to us he sounds so oddly,
And he terrifies the faithful unto prayer."

Then something very like a groan
Escaped the naughty little leaves.

Said Grass, "And whither track
These creatures all in black,
So woe-begone and penitent and meek?"
"They're mortals bound for church,"
Said the little Silver Birch;
"They hope to get to heaven
And have their sins forgiven,
If they talk to God about it once a week."

And something very like a smile
Ran through the naughty little leaves.

Said the Grass, "What is that noise
That startles and destroys
Our blessed summer brooding when we're tired?"
"That's folk a-praising God,"
Said the tough old cynic Clod;
"They do it every Sunday,
They'll be all right on Monday;
It's just a little habit they've acquired."

And laughter spread among the little leaves.

COMRADES

BY BLISS CARMAN AND RICHARD HOVEY

COMRADES, pour the wine to-night,
For the parting is with dawn!
Oh, the clink of cups together,
With the daylight coming on!
Greet the morn
With a double horn,
When strong men drink together!

Comrades, gird your swords to-night,
For the battle is with dawn!
Oh, the clash of shields together,
With the triumph coming on!
Greet the foe,
And lay him low,
When strong men fight together.

Comrades, watch the tides to-night,
For the sailing is with dawn!
Oh, to face the spray together,
With the tempest coming on!
Greet the sea
With a shout of glee,
When strong men roam together!

Comrades, give a cheer to-night,
For the dying is with dawn!

Oh, to meet the stars together,
With the silence coming on!
Greet the end
As a friend a friend,
When strong men die together!

THE KAVANAGH

BY BLISS CARMAN AND RICHARD HOVEY

A STONE jug and a pewter mug,
And a table set for three!
A jug and a mug at every place,
And a biscuit or two with Brie!
Three stone jugs of Cruiskeen Lawn,
And a cheese like crusted foam!
The Kavanagh receives to-night!
McMurrough is at home!

We three and the barley-bree!
And a health to the one away,
Who drifts down careless Italy,
God's wanderer and estray!
For friends are more than Arno's store
Of garnered charm, and he
Were blither with us here the night
Than Titian bids him be.

Throw ope the window to the stars,
And let the warm night in!
Who knows what revelry in Mars
May rhyme with rouse akin?
Fill up and drain the loving-cup
And leave no drop to waste!
The moon looks in to see what's up —
Begad, she'd like a taste!

What odds if Leinster's kingly roll
Be now an idle thing?
The world is his who takes his toll,
A vagrant or a king.
What though the crown be melted down,
And the heir a gypsy roam?
The Kavanagh receives to-night!
McMurrough is at home!

We three and the barley-bree!
And the moonlight on the floor!
Who were a man to do with less?
What emperor has more?
Three stone jugs of Cruiskeen Lawn,
And three stout hearts to drain
A slanter to the truth in the heart of youth
And the joy of the love of men.

SPRING SONG

BY BLISS CARMAN AND RICHARD HOVEY

MAKE me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!
When thy flowery hand delivers
All the mountain-prisoned rivers,
And thy great heart beats and quivers
To revive the days that were,
Make me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!

Take my dust and all my dreaming,
Count my heart-beats one by one,
Send them where the winters perish;
Then some golden noon re-cherish
And restore them in the sun,
Flower and scent and dust and dreaming,
With their heart-beats every one!

Set me in the urge and tide-drift
Of the streaming hosts awing!
Breast of scarlet, throat of yellow,
Raucous challenge, wooings mellow —
Every migrant is my fellow,
Making northward with the spring.
Loose me in the urge and tide-drift
Of the streaming hosts awing!

Shrilling pipe or fluting whistle,
In the valleys come again;
Fife of frog and call of tree-toad,
All my brothers, five or three-toed,
With their revel no more vetoed,
Making music in the rain;
Shrilling pipe or fluting whistle
In the valleys come again.

Make me of thy seed to-morrow,
When the sap begins to stir!
Tawny light-foot, sleepy bruin,
Bright eyes in the orchard ruin,
Gnarl the good life goes askew in,
Whisky-jack, or tanager, —
Make me anything to-morrow,
When the sap begins to stir!

Make me even (How do I know?)
Like my friend the gargoyle there;
It may be the heart within him
Swells that doltish hands should pin him
Fixed forever in mid-air.
Make me even sport for swallows,
Like the soaring gargoyle there!

Give me the old clue to follow,
Through the labyrinth of night!
Clod of clay with heart of fire,
Things that burrow and aspire,
With the vanishing desire,

For the perishing delight, —
Only the old clue to follow,
Through the labyrinth of night!

Make me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!
Fashion me from swamp or meadow,
Garden plot or ferny shadow,
Hyacinth or humble burr!
Make me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!

Let me hear the far, low summons,
When the silver winds return;
Rills that run and streams that stammer,
Goldenwing with his loud hammer,
Icy brooks that brawl and clamor,
When the Indian willows burn;
Let me hearken to the calling,
When the silver winds return,

Till recurring and recurring,
Long since wandered and come back,
Like a whim of Grieg's or Gounod's,
This same self, bird, bud, or Bluenose,
Some day I may capture (Who knows?)
Just the one last joy I lack,
Waking to the far new summons,
When the old spring winds come back.

For I have no choice of being,
When the sap begins to climb, —

Strong insistence, sweet intrusion,
Vasts and verges of illusion,
So I win, to time's confusion,
The one perfect pearl of time,
Joy and joy and joy forever,
Till the sap forgets to climb!

Make me over in the morning
From the rag-bag of the world!
Scraps of dream and duds of daring,
Home-brought stuff from far sea-faring,
Faded colors once so flaring,
Shreds of banners long since furled!
Hues of ash and glints of glory,
In the rag-bag of the world!

Let me taste the old immortal
Indolence of life once more;
Not recalling nor foreseeing,
Let the great slow joys of being
Well my heart through as of yore!
Let me taste the old immortal
Indolence of life once more!

Give me the old drink for rapture,
The delirium to drain,
All my fellows drank in plenty
At the Three Score Inns and Twenty
From the mountains to the main!
Give me the old drink for rapture,
The delirium to drain!

Only make me over, April,
When the sap begins to stir!
Make me man or make me woman,
Make me oaf or ape or human,
Cup of flower, or cone of fir;
Make me anything but neuter
When the sap begins to stir!

NEW YORK

BY RICHARD HOVEY

THE low line of the walls that lie outspread
Miles on long miles, the fog and smoke and slime,
The wharves and ships with flags of every clime,
The domes and steeples rising overhead!

It is not these. Rather it is the tread
Of the million heavy feet that keep sad time
To heavy thoughts, the want that mothers crime,
The weary toiling for a bitter bread,
The perishing of poets for renown,
The shriek of shame from the concealing waves.
Ah, me! how many heart-beats day by day
Go to make up the life of the vast town!
O myriad dead in unremembered graves!
O torrent of the living down Broadway!

AT THE CROSSROADS

BY RICHARD HOVEY

You to the left and I to the right,
For the ways of men must sever —
And it well may be for a day and a night,
And it well may be forever.
But whether we meet or whether we part
(For our ways are past our knowing),
A pledge from the heart to its fellow-heart
On the ways we all are going!
Here's luck!
For we know not where we are going.

We have striven fair in love and war,
But the wheel was always weighted;
We have lost the prize that we struggled for,
We have won the prize that was fated.
We have met our loss with a smile and a song,
And our gains with a wink and a whistle, —
For, whether we're right, or whether we're wrong,
There's a rose for every thistle.
Here's luck —
And a drop to wet your whistle!

Whether we win or whether we lose
With the hands that life is dealing,
It is not we nor the ways we choose

But the fall of the cards that's sealing.
There's a fate in love and a fate in fight,
And the best of us all go under —
And whether we're wrong or whether we're right,
We win, sometimes, to our wonder. .
Here's luck —
That we may not yet go under!

With a steady swing and an open brow
We have tramped the ways together,
But we're clasping hands at the crossroads now
In the Fiend's own night for weather;
And whether we bleed or whether we smile
In the leagues that lie before us,
The ways of life are many a mile
And the dark of Fate is o'er us.
Here's luck!
And a cheer for the dark before us.

You to the left and I to the right,
For the ways of men must sever,
And it well may be for a day and a night,
And it well may be forever!
But whether we live or whether we die
(For the end is past our knowing),
Here's two frank hearts and the open sky,
Be a fair or an ill wind blowing!
Here's luck!
In the teeth of all winds blowing.

THE WHIPPOORWILL

• BY MADISON CAWEIN

ABOVE long woodland ways that led
To dells the stealthy twilights tread
The west was hot geranium-red;
 And still, and still,
Along old lanes, the locusts sow
With clustered curls the May-times know,
Out of the crimson afterglow,
We heard the homeward cattle low,
And then the far-off, far-off woe
 Of "whippoorwill!" of "whippoorwill!"

Beneath the idle beechen boughs
We heard the cow-bells of the cows
Come slowly jangling towards the house;
 And still, and still,
Beyond the light that would not die
Out of the scarlet-haunted sky,
Beyond the evening-star's white eye
Of glittering chalcedony,
Drained out of dusk the plaintive cry
 Of "whippoorwill!" of "whippoorwill!"

What is there in the moon, that swims
A naked bosom o'er the limbs,
That all the wood with magic dims?
 While still, while still,

Among the trees whose shadows grope
'Mid ferns and flow'rs the dew-drops ope, —
Lost in faint deeps of heliotrope
Above the clover-scented slope, —
Retreats, despairing past all hope,
 The whippoorwill, the whippoorwill.

ON THE FARM

BY MADISON CAWEIN

I

HE sang a song as he sowed the field,
Sowed the field at break of day:
“When the pursed-up leaves are as lips that yield
Balm and balsam, and Spring, — concealed
In the odorous green, — is so revealed,
Halloo and oh!
Hallo for the woods and the far away!”

II

He trilled a song as he mowed the mead,
Mowed the mead as noon begun:
“When the hills are gold with the ripened seed,
As the sunset stairs of the clouds that lead
To the sky where Summer knows naught of need,
Halloo and oh!
Hallo for the hills and the harvest sun!”

III

He hummed a song as he swung the flail,
Swung the flail in the afternoon:
“When the idle fields are a wrecker’s tale,
That the Autumn tells to the twilight pale,

As the Year turns seaward a crimson sail,
Halloo and oh!
Hallo for the fields and the hunter's moon!"

IV

He whistled a song as he shouldered his axe,
Shouldered his axe in the evening storm:
"When the snow of the road shows the rabbit's tracks,
And the wind is a whip that the Winter cracks,
With a herdsman's cry, o'er the clouds' black backs,
Halloo and oh!
Hallo for home and a fire to warm!"

A LITTLE PARABLE¹

BY ANNE REEVE ALDRICH

I MADE the cross myself whose weight
Was later laid on me.
This thought is torture as I toil
Up life's steep Calvary.

To think mine own hands drove the nails!
I sang a merry song,
And chose the heaviest wood I had
To build it firm and strong.

If I had guessed — if I had dreamed
Its weight was meant for me,
I should have made a lighter cross
To bear up Calvary.

¹From "Songs About Life, Love and Death." Copyright, 1892,
by Charles Scribner's Sons.

RECOLLECTION¹

BY ANNE REEVE ALDRICH

How can it be that I forget
The way he phrased my doom,
When I recall the arabesques
That carpeted the room?

How can it be that I forget
His look and mien that hour,
When I recall I wore a rose,
And still can smell the flower?

How can it be that I forget
Those words that were the last,
When I recall the tune a man
Was whistling as he passed?

These things are what we keep from life's
Supremest joy or pain;
For memory locks her chaff in bins
And throws away the grain.

¹ From "Songs About Life, Love and Death." Copyright, 1892,
by Charles Scribner's Sons.

SILKWEED

BY PHILIP HENRY SAVAGE

LIGHTER than dandelion down,
Or feathers from the white moth's wing,
Out of the gates of bramble-town
The silkweed goes a-gypsying.

Too fair to fly in autumn's rout,
All winter in the sheath it lay;
But now, when spring is pushing out,
The zephyr calls, "Away! away!"

Through mullein, bramble, brake, and fern,
Up from the cradle-spring they fly,
Beyond the boundary wall to turn
And voyage through the friendly sky.

Softly, as if instinct with thought,
They float and drift, delay and turn;
And one avoids and one is caught
Between an oak-leaf and a fern.

And one holds by an airy line
The spider drew from tree to tree;
And if the web is light and fine,
'Tis not so light and fine as he!

And one goes questing up the wall
As if to find a door; and then,
As if he did not care at all,
Goes over and adown the glen.

And all in airest fashion fare
Adventuring, as if indeed,
'Twere not so grave a thing to bear
The burden of a seed!

IT IS LONG WAITING

BY PHILIP HENRY SAVAGE

It is long waiting for the dear companions,
The friends that come not, though God knows I need
 them.

I smile and wait; and yet
The heart will fret.

A white cloud in the east is shining; sadly
I see; my heart is all too full of longing,
 With the old-time delight
 To view the sight.

Wherefore I turn and in the eyes of women,
In the strong hands of men, seek compensation.
 My prayer begins and ends,
 God give me friends.

GOD, THOU ART GOOD

BY PHILIP HENRY SAVAGE

For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

God, Thou art good, but not to me.
Some dark, some high and holier plan
Is hid beyond the world with Thee.
To the immortals, not to man,
God, Thou art good.

I do conceive Thee wholly wise,
And good beyond the power of touch.
Eternal loving-kindness lies
In all Thy purposes; so much
I do conceive.

I do confess in Thee above,
All that Thy lovers have to Thee
Ascribed of fellowship and love.
The words of Jesus on the tree
I do confess.

Into Thy hands I do commend
My spirit. All Thy ways I trust;
In fear acknowledge to the end
Thy will, and perish with the dust
Into Thy hands.

God, Thou art good, but not to man.
Thy purposes do not contain
The mighty things I hope. Thy plan
Looks past humanity and pain.
God, Thou art good.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT¹

BY FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES

HELEN's lips are drifting dust;
Ilion is consumed with rust;
All the galleons of Greece
Drink the ocean's dreamless peace;
Lost was Solomon's purple show
Restless centuries ago;
Stately empires wax and wane —
Babylon, Barbary, and Spain; —
Only one thing, undefaced,
Lasts, though all the worlds lie waste
And the heavens are overturned.
— Dear, how long ago we learned!

There's a sight that blinds the sun,
Sound that lives when sounds are done,
Music that rebukes the birds,
Language lovelier than words,
Hue and scent that shame the rose,
Wine no earthly vineyard knows,
Silence stiller than the shore
Swept by Charon's stealthy oar,
Ocean more divinely free
Than Pacific's boundless sea, —
Ye who love have learn'd it true.
— Dear, how long ago we knew!

¹ From "Love Triumphant," by Frederic Lawrence Knowles. Dana Estes & Co., publishers.

TWILIGHT SONG

BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

THROUGH the shine, through the rain
We have shared the day's load;
To the old march again
We have tramped the long road;
We have laughed, we have cried,
And we've tossed the King's crown;
We have fought, we have died,
And we've trod the day down.
So it's lift the old song
Ere the night flies again,
Where the road leads along
Through the shine, through the rain.

Long ago, far away,
Came a sign from the skies;
And we feared then to pray
For the new sun to rise:
With the King there at hand,
Not a child stepped or stirred —
Where the light filled the land
And the light brought the word;
For we knew then the gleam
Though we feared then the day,
And the dawn smote the dream
Long ago, far away.

But the road leads us all,
For the King now is dead;
And we know, stand or fall,
We have shared the day's bread.
We can laugh down the dream,
For the dream breaks and flies;
And we trust now the gleam,
For the gleam never dies; —
So it's off now the load,
For we know the night's call,
And we know now the road
And the road leads us all.

Through the shine, through the rain,
We have wrought the day's quest;
To the old march again
We have earned the day's rest;
We have laughed, we have cried,
And we've heard the King's groans;
We have fought, we have died,
And we've burned the King's bones,
And we lift the old song
Ere the night flies again,
Where the road leads along
Through the shine, through the rain.

GLOUCESTER MOORS

BY WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

A MILE behind is Gloucester town
Where the fishing fleets put in,
A mile ahead the land dips down
And the woods and farms begin.
Here, where the moors stretch free
In the high blue afternoon,
Are the marching sun and talking sea,
And the racing winds that wheel and flee
On the flying heels of June.

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
Blue is the quaker-maid,
The wild geranium holds its dew
Long in the boulder's shade.
Wax-red hangs the cup
From the huckleberry boughs,
In barberry bells the gray moths sup,
Or where the choke-cherry lifts high up
Sweet bowls for their carouse.

Over the shelf of the sandy cove
Beach-peas blossom late.
By copse and cliff the swallows rove
Each calling to his mate.
Seaward the sea-gulls go,

And the land-birds all are here;
That green-gold flash was a vireo,
And yonder flame where the marsh-flags grow
Was a scarlet tanager.

This earth is not the steadfast place
We landsmen build upon;
From deep to deep she varies pace,
And while she comes is gone.
Beneath my feet I feel
Her smooth bulk heave and dip;
With velvet plunge and soft upreel
She swings and steadies to her keel
Like a gallant, gallant ship.

These summer clouds she sets for sail,
The sun is her masthead light,
She tows the moon like a pinnacle frail
Where her phosphor wake churns bright.
Now hid, now looming clear,
On the face of the dangerous blue
The star fleets tack and wheel and veer,
But on, but on does the old earth steer
As if her port she knew.

God, dear God! Does she know her port,
Though she goes so far about?
Or blind astray, does she make her sport
To brazen and chance it out?
I watched when her captains passed:
She were better captainless.

Men in the cabin, before the mast,
But some were reckless and some aghast,
And some sat gorged at mess.

By her battened hatch I leaned and caught
Sounds from the noisome hold —
Cursing and sighing of souls distraught
And cries too sad to be told.
Then I strove to go down and see;
But they said, "Thou art not of us!"
I turned to those on the deck with me
And cried, "Give help!" But they said, "Let be:
Our ship sails faster thus."

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
Blue is the quaker-maid,
The alder-clump where the brook comes through
Breeds cresses in its shade.
To be out of the moiling street
With its swelter and its sin!
Who has given to me this sweet,
And given my brother dust to eat?
And when will his wage come in?

Scattering wide or blown in ranks,
Yellow and white and brown,
Boats and boats from the fishing banks
Come home to Gloucester town.
There is cash to purse and spend,
There are wives to be embraced,
Hearts to borrow and hearts to lend,

And hearts to take and keep to the end, —
O little sails, make haste!

But thou, vast outbound ship of souls,
What harbor town for thee?
What shapes, when thy arriving tolls,
Shall crowd the banks to see?
Shall all the happy shipmates then
Stand singing brotherly?
Or shall a haggard ruthless few
Warp her over and bring her to,
While the many broken souls of men
Fester down in the slaver's pen,
And nothing to say or do?

ROAD-HYMN FOR THE START

BY WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

LEAVE the early bells at chime,
Leave the kindled hearth to blaze,
Leave the trellised panes where children linger out
the waking-time,
Leave the forms of sons and fathers trudging through
the misty ways,
Leave the sounds of mothers taking up their sweet
laborious days.

Pass them by! even while our soul
Yearns to them with keen distress.
Unto them a part is given; we will strive to see the
whole.
Dear shall be the banquet table where their singing
spirits press;
Dearer be our sacred hunger, and our pilgrim
loneliness.

We have felt the ancient swaying
Of the earth before the sun,
On the darkened marge of midnight heard sidereal
rivers playing;
Rash it was to bathe our souls there, but we plunged
and all was done.
That is lives and lives behind us — lo, our journey is
begun!

Careless where our face is set,
Let us take the open way.
What we are no tongue has told us: Errand-goers who
forget?
Soldiers heedless of their harry? Pilgrim people gone
astray?
We have heard a voice cry "Wander!" That was all
we heard it say.

Ask no more: 'tis much, 'tis much . . . !
Down the road the day-star calls;
Touched with change in the wide heavens, like a leaf
the frost winds touch,
Flames the failing moon a moment, ere it shrivels
white and falls;
Hid aloft, a wild throat holdeth sweet and sweeter
intervals.

Leave him still to ease in song
Half his little heart's unrest:
Speech is his, but we may journey toward the life for
which we long.
God, who gives the bird its anguish, maketh nothing
manifest,
But upon our lifted foreheads pours the boon of end-
less quest.

THE DAGUERREOTYPE

BY WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

THIS, then, is she,
My mother as she looked at seventeen,
When first she met my father. Young incredibly,
Younger than spring, without the faintest trace
Of disappointment, weariness, or tean
Upon the childlike earnestness and grace
Of the waiting face.
These close-wound ropes of pearl
(Or common beads made precious by their use)
Seem heavy for so slight a throat to wear;
But the low bodice leaves the shoulders bare
And half the glad swell of the breast, for news
That now the woman stirs within the girl.
And yet,
Even so, the loops and globes
Of beaten gold
And jet
Hung, in the stately way of old,
From the ears' drooping lobes
On festivals and Lord's-day of the week,
Show all too matron-sober for the cheek, —
Which, now I look again, is perfect child,
Or no — or no — 'tis girlhood's very self,
Moulded by some deep, mischief-ridden elf
So meek, so maiden mild,

But startling the close gazer with the sense
Of passions forest-shy and forest-wild,
And delicate delirious merriments.

As a moth beats sidewise
And up and over, and tries
To skirt the irresistible lure
Of the flame that has him sure,
My spirit, that is none too strong to-day,
Flutters and makes delay, —
Pausing to wonder on the perfect lips,
Lifting to muse upon the low-drawn hair
And each hid radiance there,
But powerless to stem the tide-race bright,
The vehement peace which drifts it toward the
light

Where soon — ah, now, with cries
Of grief and giving-up unto its gain
It shrinks no longer nor denies,
But dips
Hurriedly home to the exquisite heart of pain, —
And all is well, for I have seen them plain,
The unforgettable, the unforgotten eyes!
Across the blinding gush of these good tears
They shine as in the sweet and heavy years
When by her bed and chair
We children gathered jealously to share
The sunlit aura breathing myrrh and thyme,
Where the sore-stricken body made a clime
Gentler than May and pleasanter than rhyme,
Holier and more mystical than prayer.

God, how thy ways are strange!
That this should be, even this,
The patient head
Which suffered years ago the dreary change!
That these so dewy lips should be the same
As those I stooped to kiss
And heard my harrowing half-spoken name,
A little ere the one who bowed above her,
Our father and her very constant lover,
Rose stoical, and we knew that she was dead.
Then I, who could not understand or share
His antique nobleness,
Being unapt to bear
The insults which time flings us for our proof,
Fled from the horrible roof
Into the alien sunshine merciless,
The shrill satiric fields ghastly with day,
Raging to front God in his pride of sway
And hurl across the lifted swords of fate
That ringed Him where He sat
My puny gage of scorn and desolate hate
Which somehow should undo Him, after all!
That this girl face, expectant, virginal,
Which gazes out at me
Boon as a sweetheart, as if nothing loth
(Save for the eyes, with other presage stored)
To pledge me troth,
And in the Kingdom where the heart is lord
Take sail on the terrible gladness of the deep
Whose winds the gray Norns keep, —
That this should be indeed

The flesh which caught my soul, a flying seed,
You pictured I should climb.
Broken premonitions come,
Shapes, gestures visionary,
Not as once to maiden Mary
The manifest angel with fresh lilies came
Intelligibly calling her by name;
But vanishingly, dumb,
Thwarted and bright and wild,
As heralding a sin-defiled,
Earth-encumbered, blood-begotten, passionate man-
child,
Who yet should be a trump of mighty call
Blown in the gates of evil kings
To make them fall;
Who yet should be a sword of flame before
The soul's inviolate door
To beat away the clang of hellish wings;
Who yet should be a lyre
Of high unquenchable desire
In the day of little things. —
Look, where the amphoras,
The yield of many days,
Trode by my hot soul from the pulp of self
And set upon the shelf
In sullen pride
The Vineyard-master's tasting to abide —
O mother mine!
Are these the bringings-in, the doings fine,
Of him you used to praise?
Emptied and overthrown

The jars lie strown.
These, for their flavor duly nursed,
Drip from the stopples vinegar accursed;
These, I thought honied to the very seal,
Dry, dry, — a little acid meal,
A pinch of mouldy dust,
Sole leavings of the amber-mantling must;
These, rude to look upon,
But flasking up the liquor dearest won,
Through sacred hours and hard,
With watching and with wrestlings and with grief,
Even of these, of these in chief,
The stale breath sickens, reeking from the shard.
Nothing is left. Ay, how much less than naught!
What shall be said or thought
Of the slack hours and waste imaginings,
The cynic rending of the wings,
Known to that froward, that unreckoning heart
Whereof this brewage was the precious part,
Treasured and set away with furtive boast?
O dear and cruel ghost,
Be merciful, be just!
See, I was yours and I am in the dust.
Then look not so, as if all things were well!
Take your eyes from me, and leave me to my shame,
Or else, if gaze they must,
Steel them with judgment, darken them with blame;
But by the ways of light ineffable
You bade me go and I have faltered from,
By the low waters moaning out of hell
Whereto my feet have come,

Lay not on me these intolerable
Looks of rejoicing love, of pride, of happy trust!

Nothing dismayed?

By all I say and all I hint not made
Afraid?

O then, stay by me! Let

These eyes afflict me, cleanse me, keep me yet.

Brave eyes and true!

See how the shriveled heart, that long has lain

Dead to delight and pain,

Stirs, and begins again

To utter pleasant life, as if it knew

The wintry days were through;

As if in its awakening boughs it heard

The quick, sweet-spoken bird.

Strong eyes and brave,

Inexorable to save!

Out of the to and fro

Of scattering hands where the seedsman Mage

Stooping from star to star and age to age

Sings as he sows!

That underneath this breast

Nine moons I fed

Deep of divine unrest,

While over and over in the dark she said,

“Blesséd! but not as happier children blessed —”

That this should be

Even she . . .

God, how with time and change

Thou makest thy footsteps strange!

Ah, now I know
They play upon me, and it is not so.
Why, 't is a girl I never saw before,
A little thing to flatter and make weep,
To tease until her heart is sore,
Then kiss and clear the score;
A gypsy run-the-fields,
A little liberal daughter of the earth,
Good for what hour of truancy and mirth
The careless season yields
Hither-side the flood o' the year and yonder of the
neap; —
Then thank you, thanks again, and twenty light
good-byes. —
O shrined above the skies,
Frown not, clear brow,
Darken not, holy eyes!
Thou knowest well I know that it is thou!
Only to save me from such memories
As would unman me quite,
Here in this web of strangeness caught
And prey to troubled thought
Do I devise
These foolish shifts and slight;
Only to shield me from the afflicting sense
Of some waste influence
Which from this morning face and lustrous hair
Breathes on me sudden ruin and despair.
In any other guise
With any but this girlish depth of gaze,
Your coming had not so unsealed and poured

The dusty amphoras where I had stored
The drippings of the winepress of my days.
I think these eyes foresee
Now in their unawakened virgin time,
Their mother's pride in me,
And dream even now, unconsciously,
Upon each soaring peak and sky-hung lea.

PANDORA'S SONG

BY WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

BECAUSE one creature of His breath
Sang loud into the face of death,
Because one child of His despair
Could strangely hope and wildly dare,
The spirit comes to the Bride again,
And breathes at her door the name of the child;
"This is the son that ye bore me! When
Shall we kiss, and be reconciled?"

Furtive, dumb, in the tardy stone,
With gropings sweet in the patient sod,
In the roots of the pine, in the crumbled cone,
With cries of haste in the willow-rod, —
By pools where the hyla swells his throat
And the partridge drums to his crouching mate,
Where the moorland stag and the mountain goat
Strictly seek to the ones that wait, —
In seas a-swing on the coral bar,
In feasting depths of the evening star,
In the dust where the mourner bows his head,
In the blood of the living, the bones of the dead,—
Wounded with love in breast and side,
The spirit goes in to the Bride!

PANDORA'S SONG

BY WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

I STOOD within the heart of God;
It seemed a place that I had known:
(I was blood-sister to the clod,
Blood-brother to the stone.)

I found my love and labor there,
My house, my raiment, meat and wine,
My ancient rage, my old despair, —
Yea, all things that were mine.

I saw the spring and summer pass,
The trees grow bare, and winter come;
All was the same as once it was
Upon my hills at home.

Then suddenly in my own heart
I felt God walk and gaze about;
He spoke; His words seemed held apart
With gladness and with doubt.

"Here is my meat and wine," He said,
"My love, my toil, my ancient care;
Here is my cloak, my book, my bed,
And here my old despair.

“Here are my seasons: winter, spring,
Summer the same, and autumn spills
The fruits I look for; everything
As on my heavenly hills.”

KENTUCKY BABE ¹

BY RICHARD HENRY BUCK

'SKEETERS am a-hummin' on de honeysuckle vine, —

Sleep, Kentucky Babe!

Sandman am a-comin' to dis little coon of mine, —

Sleep, Kentucky Babe!

Silv'ry moon am shinin' in de heabens up above,

Bobolink am pinin' fo' his little lady love:

Yo' is mighty lucky,

Babe of old Kentucky, —

Close yo' eyes in sleep.

Fly away,

Fly away, Kentucky Babe, fly away, to rest,

Fly away,

Lay yo' kinky, woolly head on yo' mammy's breast, —

Um — um —,

Close yo' eyes in sleep.

Daddy's in de cane-brak wid his little dog and gun, —

Sleep, Kentucky Babe!

'Possom fo' yo' breakfast when yo' sleepin' time is
done, —

Sleep, Kentucky Babe!

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Bogie man'll catch yo' sure unless yo' close yo' eyes,
Waitin' jes' outside de doo' to take yo' by surprise:

Bes' be keepin' shady,

Little colored lady, —

Close yo' eyes in sleep.

LYDIA¹

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

LYDIA is gone this many a year,
Yet when the lilacs stir,
In the old gardens far or near,
The house is full of her.

They climb the twisted chamber stair;
Her picture haunts the room;
On the carved shelf beneath it there,
They heap the purple bloom.
A ghost so long has Lydia been,
Her cloak upon the wall,
Broidered, and gilt, and faded green,
Seems not her cloak at all.

The book, the box on mantel laid,
The shells in a pale row,
Are those of some dim little maid,
A thousand years ago.
And yet the house is full of her;
She goes and comes again;
And longings thrill, and memories stir,
Like lilacs in the rain.

Out in their yards the neighbors walk,
Among the blossoms tall;
Of Anne, of Phyllis, do they talk,
Of Lydia not at all.

¹From "A Wayside Lute." Published by Thomas B. Mosher.

Mosher
at 150 ... me

ON ENTERING A NEW HOUSE

BY HERBERT MÜLLER HOPKINS

PEACE to this house where we shall enter in!
Here let the world's hoarse din
Against the panels dash itself in vain,
Like gusts of autumn rain;
Here, knowing no man's sway,
In the brief pauses of the fight,
Let music sound, and love and laughter light
Refresh us for the day.

The window waits where I shall sit me down
And sing a quiet song,
When sleep descends upon the darkening town,
And winter nights are long.
Then with the dawn I'll fling the casement wide,
And o'er the brimming tide
I'll send it forth, as Noah sent his dove,
Across the world of waves on wandering wings of love.

SONG OF SUMMER¹

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Dis is gospel weathah sho'—
Hills is sawt o' hazy.
Meddahs level ez a flo'
Callin' to de lazy.
Sky all white wif streaks o' blue,
Sunshine softly gleamin',
D' ain't no wuk hit's right to do,
Nothin's right but dreamin'.

Dreamin' by de rivah side
Wif de watahs glist'nin',
Feelin' good and satisfied
Ez you lay a-list'nin'
To the little nakid boys
Splashin' in de watah,
Hollerin' fu' to spress deir joys
Jes' lak youngsters ought to.

Squir'l a-tippin' on his toes,
So's to hide an' view you;
Whole flocks o' camp-meetin' crows
Shoutin' hallelujah.
Peckahwood erpon de tree
Tappin' lak a hammah;
Jaybird chattin' wif a bee,
Tryin' to teach him grammah.

¹From "Lyrics of Lowly Life." Copyright, 1896, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

Breeze is blowin' wif perfume,
Jes' enough to tease you;
Hollyhocks is all in bloom.
Smellin' fu' to please you.
Go 'way, folk, an' let me 'lone,
Times is gettin' dearah —
Summah's settin' on de th'one
An' I'm layin' neah huh!

A NEGRO LOVE SONG¹

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

SEEN my lady home las' night,
Jump back, honey, jump back.
Hel' huh han' an' sque'z it tight,
Jump back, honey, jump back.
Hyeahd huh sigh a little sigh,
Seen a light gleam from huh eye,
An' a smile go flittin' by —
Jump back, honey, jump back.

Hyeahd de win' blow thoo de pine,
Jump back, honey, jump back.
Mockin'-bird was singin' fine,
Jump back, honey, jump back.
An' my hea't was beatin' so,
When I reached my lady's do',
Dat I couldn't ba' to go —
Jump back, honey, jump back.

Put my ahm aroun' huh wais',
Jump back, honey, jump back.
Raised huh lips an' took a tase,
Jump back, honey, jump back.
Love me, honey, love me true?
Love me well ez I love you?
An' she answe'd, "'Cose I do" —
Jump back, honey, jump back.

¹ From "Lyrics of Lowly Life." Copyright, 1896, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

TIME TO TINKER 'ROUN'!¹

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

SUMMAH's nice, wif sun a-shinin',
Spring is good wif greens and grass,
An' dey's some t'ings nice 'bout wintah,
Dough hit brings de freezin' blas';
But de time dat is de fines',
Wethah fiel's is green er brown,
Is w'en de rain's a-po'in'
An' dey's time to tinker 'roun'.

Den you men's de mule's ol' ha'ness,
An' you men's de broken chair.
Hummin' all de time you's wo'kin'
Some ol' common kind o' air.
Evah now an' then you looks out,
Tryin' mighty ha'd to frown,
But you cain't, you's glad hit's rainin',
An' dey's time to tinker 'roun'.

Oh, you 'ten's lak you so anxious
Evah time it so't o' stops.
W'en hit goes on, den you reckon
Dat de wet'll he'p de crops.
But hit ain't de crops you's aftah;
You knows w'en de rain comes down
Dat hit's too wet out fu' wo'kin',
An' dey's time to tinker 'roun'.

¹ From "Lyrics of the Hearthside." Copyright, 1899, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

Oh, dey's fun inside de co'n-crib,
An' dey's laffin' at de ba'n;
An' dey's allus some one jokin',
Er some one to tell a ya'n.
Dah's a quiet in yo' cabin,
Only fu' de rain's sof' soun';
So you's mighty blessed happy
W'en dey's time to tinker 'roun'!

LULLABY ¹

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

BEDTIME's come fu' little boys,
Po' little lamb.
Too tiahed out to make a noise,
Po' little lamb.
You gwine t' have to-morrer sho'?
Yes, you tole me dat befo',
Don't you fool me, chile, no mo',
Po' little lamb.

You been bad de livelong day,
Po' little lamb.
Th'owin' stones an' runnin' 'way,
Po' little lamb.
My, but you's a-runnin' wil',
Look jes' lak some po' folks' chile;
Mam' gwine whup you atter while,
Po' little lamb.

Come hyeah! you mos' tiahed to def,
Po' little lamb.
Played yo'se'f clean out o' bref,
Po' little lamb.
See dem han's now — sich a sight!
Would you evah b'lieve dey's white?
Stan' still twell I wash 'em right,
Po' little lamb.

¹From "Lyrics of the Hearthside." Copyright, 1899, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

Jes' cain't hol' yo' haid up straight,
Po' little lamb.
Hadn't oughter played so late,
Po' little lamb.
Mammy do' know whut she'd do,
Ef de chillun's all lak you;
You's a caution now fu' true,
Po' little lamb.

Lay yo' haid down in my lap,
Po' little lamb.
Y'ought to have a right good slap,
Po' little lamb.
You been runnin' roun' a heap.
Shet dem eyes an' don't you peep,
Dah now, dah now, go to sleep,
Po' little lamb.

WHEN DE CO'N PONE'S HOT¹

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

DEY is times in life when Nature
Seems to slip a cog an' go,
Jes' a-rattlin' down creation,
Lak an ocean's overflow;
When de worl' jes' stahts a-spinnin'
Lak a piccaninny's top,
An' yo' cup o' joy is brimmin'
'Twell it seems about to slop,
An' you feel jes' lak a racah,
Dat is trainin' fu' to trot —
When yo' mammy says de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot.

When you set down at de table,
Kin' o' weary lak an' sad,
An' you'se jes' a little tiahed
An' purhaps a little mad;
How yo' gloom tu'ns into gladness,
How yo' joy drives out de doubt
When de oven do' is opened,
An' de smell comes po'in' out;
Why, de 'lectric light o' Heaven
Seems to settle on de spot,
When yo' mammy says de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot.

¹From "Lyrics of Lowly Life." Copyright, 1896, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

When de cabbage pot is steamin'
An' de bacon good an' fat,
When de chittlin's is a-sputter'n'
So's to show you whah dey's at;
Tek away yo' sody biscuit,
Tek away yo' cake an' pie,
Fu' de glory time is comin'
An' it's 'proachin' mighty nigh,
An' you want to jump an' hollah,
Dough you know you'd bettah not,
When yo' mammy says de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot.

I have hyeahd o' lots o' sermons,
An' I've hyeahd o' lots o' prayers,
An' I've listened to some singin'
Dat has tuck me up de stairs
Of de Glory-Lan' an' set me
Jes' below de Mahstah's th'one,
An' have left my hea't a-singin'
In a happy aftah-tone;
But dem wu'ds so sweetly murmured
Seem to tech de softes' spot,
When my mammy says de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot.

EARLY MAY IN NEW ENGLAND

BY PERCY MACKAYE

STRAWBERRY-FLOWER and violet
Are come, but the wind blows coldly yet;
And robin's egg skies brood sunny chill
Where hyacinth summer sleeps under the hill
And the frog is still.

Applebloom floats on the warm blue river,
But white shad-blossoms ripple and shiver,
And purple-grackle pipes till his blithe heart grieves,
For his gladdest songs, through the little elm-leaves,
Are but make-believes.

OLD TIMES

BY HOWARD WEEDEN

I HAVEN'T cooked a 'Possum — Lord!
For such a long, long time,
It seems to me I've lost somehow
De very chune an' rhyme.

De times is changed, an' we ain't got
De consolations which
We're 'bleeged to have if we would cook
De 'Possum sweet an' rich.

De cabin an' de big fire-place
Dey neither one is lef' —
With fires so good de 'Possum would
Almos' jes' cook his se'f.

I ought to think 'bout Canaan, but
It's Ole Times crowds my mind,
An' maybe when I gits to Heaben
It's Ole Times dat I'll find!

HOMESICK

BY HOWARD WEEDEN

I LONG to see a cotton-field
Once more before I go,
All hot an' splendid, roll its miles
Of sunny summer snow!

I long to feel de warm sweet wind
Blow down de river bank,
Where fields of wavin' sugar-cane
Are growin' rich an' rank.

I long to see dat Easy World
Where no one's in a flurry;
And where, when it comes time to die,
Dis nigger needn't hurry!

THE PERFECT LYRIC

BY MARION PELTON GUILD

LIKE Shakespeare's lark, that sweeps into the blue;
Like Swinburne's roses, washed with Wordsworth's
dew;
Like Sappho's fire, that burns the centuries through.

A keen, bright dagger, piercing to the heart;
A sweetness heaven-distilled, to allay the smart;
A rainbow tear, dropped by imperial Art.

THE ULTIMATE LOVE

BY MARION PELTON GUILD

THAT gentle lady, whose tempestuous throne
Was Dante's heart, inspired her poet's quest;
Sent down her laureled messenger, to arrest
His uncompanied feet, to wanderings prone,
And guide them where the abysms of horror groan,
Yea, on to Purgatory's fire-washed crest,
Where with most stern yet merciful behest
She waited him, and Eden's morn outshone.

'Twas she who led him still from shining sphere
To sphere more glorious, till at last they came
To that great, final splendor of God's face;
Then Beatricè soft withdrew. All fear,
All hope, all joy, centred in that flame,
And God alone filled all his being's space.

AS A LITTLE CHILD

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

I REMEMBER my cry at the cardinal flower
 When I first found its hidden place;
I remember the streamers of northern lights,
 I, awake in my bed one hour;
I remember the look on my father's face
 When I did a childish wrong;
I remember my first loneliness,
 How the hours were long, were long;
I remember the touch of my mother's shawl
 As it hung on the closet door,
 And the loving folds it wore;
I remember a toy in the baby's hand
 When he fell asleep and smiled.
This is the prayer I pray tonight,
 Not for joy or a life undefiled,
But that always the simple things may come
Thus to thrill my heart, to burst my heart,
 As they did to the little child.

THE SUPREME FORGIVENESS

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

THEY have forgiven me, these that I have wronged,
While you still mindful are.
Because that I have suffered wrong from you,
Therefore you stand afar.
Yet I do not accuse at all, my love,
Nay, *mercy* cry.
They that love least, they hurt the most.
(God, that through them we die!)

THE WAYFARER¹

BY HELEN HAY WHITNEY

HALF way to happiness,
The whole way back again,
Stumbling up the stubborn hill
From the luring lane.

Little sunset House of Hearts
Standing all alone,
I would come and sweep the leaves
From your stepping stone.

I, and he, could light your fires
Laughing at the rain.
But oh, it's far to Happiness,
A short way back again.

¹From "Herbs and Apples." Copyright, 1910, by John Lane Co.

RENUNCIATION¹

BY HELEN HAY WHITNEY

Not what I ask, but what I do not ask,
O my Beloved, proves my love for you.
And love can set to love no harder task
Than wistful silence, reticence to sue.

I lock my lips, I force a wise content
With all my being waiting for a sign.
Ah, if men knew what women's smiling meant
When fierce and hard the heart cries out, "He's
mine."

Mothers of men are we, we barren ones
Who say, "Be happy, dear, and play your part."
What matter how we yearn, you are our sons
Whose every footfall breaks a woman's heart.

¹From "Herbs and Apples." Copyright, 1910, by John Lane Co.

THE-STAY-AT-HOME

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY MARKS

I HAVE waited, I have longed —

I have longed as none can know,
All my spring and summer time,
For this day to come and go;
And the foolish heart was mine,
Dreaming I would see them shine, —
Harlequin and Columbine

And Pierrot!

Now the laughing has gone by,
On the highway from the inn;
And the dust has settled down,
And the house is dead within.
And I stay — who never go —
Looking out upon the snow,
Columbine and Pierrot

And Harlequin!

All the rainbow things you see
Understream are not so fine;
And their voices weave and cling
Like my honeysuckle vine,
Lovely as a Violin! —
Mellow gold and silver-thin:
Pierrot and Harlequin

And Columbine!

Oh, the people that have seen,
They forget that it was so!
They, who never stay at home,
Say, "'Tis nothing but a show."
— And I keep the passion in:
And I bide; and I spin.
Columbine . . . Harlequin
. . . Pierrot!

THE SINGING MAN¹

An Ode of the Portion of Labor

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY MARKS

I

He sang above the vineyards of the world.

And after him the vines with woven hands
Clambered and clung, and everywhere unfurled
Triumphing green above the barren lands;
Till high as gardens grow, he climbed, he stood,
Sun-crowned with life and strength, and singing toil,
And looked upon his work; and it was good:
The corn, the wine, the oil.

He sang above the noon. The topmost cleft
That grudged him footing on the mountain scars
He planted and despaired not; till he left
His vines soft breathing to the host of stars.
He wrought, he tilled; and even as he sang,
The creatures of his planting laughed to scorn
The ancient threat of deserts where there sprang
The wine, the oil, the corn!

He sang not for abundance.— Over-lords
Took of his tilth. Yet was there still to reap
The portion of his labor; dear rewards
Of sunlit day, and bread, and human sleep.
He sang, for strength; for glory of the light.

¹ Copyright 1911, by The American Magazine.

He dreamed above the furrows, "They are mine!"
When all he wrought stood fair before his sight
With corn, and oil, and wine.

*Truly the light is sweet,
Yea, and a pleasant thing
It is to see the Sun.
And that a man should eat
His bread that he hath won;
(So is it sung and said), —
That he should take and keep,
After his laboring,
The portion of his labor in his bread,
His bread that he hath won;
Yea, and in quiet sleep,
When all is done.*

He sang; above the burden and the heat,
Above all seasons with their wayward grace;
Above the chance and change that led his feet
To this last ambush of the Market-place.
"Enough for him," they said — and still they say —
"A crust, with air to breathe, and sun to shine;
He asks no more!" — Before they took away
The corn, the oil, the wine.

He sang. No more he sings now, anywhere.
Light was enough, before he was undone.
They knew it well, who took away the air,
— Who took away the sun;

Who took to serve their soul-devouring greed;
Himself, his breath, his bread — the goad of toil; —
Who have and hold, before the eyes of Need,
The corn, the wine, the oil!

*Truly, one thing is sweet
Of things beneath the Sun;
This, that a man should earn his bread and eat,
Rejoicing in his work which he hath done!
What shall be sung or said
Of desolate deceit,
When others take his bread,
His, and his children's bread?
And the laborer hath none.
This, for his portion now, of all that he hath done.
He earns; and others eat.
He starves; and they sit at meat,
Who have taken away the Sun.*

II

SEEK him now, that singing Man.
Look for him,
Look for him
In the mills,
In the mines;
Where the very daylight pines, —
He, who once did walk the hills!
You shall find him, if you scan
Shapes all unbefitting Man,
Bodies warped, and faces dim,
In the mines; in the mills

Where the ceaseless thunder fills
Spaces of the human brain
Till all thought is turned to pain.
Where the skirl of wheel on wheel,
Grinding him who is their tool,
Makes the shattered senses reel
To the numbness of the fool.
Perish'd thought, and halting tongue —
(Once it spoke; — once it sung!)
Live to hunger, dead to song.
Only heart-beats loud with wrong,
Hammer on,— *How long?*
. *How long? — How long?*

Search for him;
Search for him;
Where the crazy atoms swim
Up the fiery furnace-blast.
You shall find him at the last,—
He whose forehead braved the sun; —
Wreckt and tortured and undone.
Where no breath across the heat
Whispers him that life was sweet;
But the sparkles mock and flare,
Scattering up the crooked air.
(Blackened with that bitter mirk,—
Would God know his handiwork?)

Thought is not for such as he;
Nought but strength, and misery;
Since for just the bite and sup,

Life must needs be swallowed up.
Only, reeling up the sky,
Hurtling flames that hurry by,
Gasp and flare, with *Why* — *Why*,

. *WHY?*

Why the human mind of him
Shrinks, and falters and is dim
When he tries to make it out:
What the torture is about. —
Why he breathes, a fugitive
Whom the World forbids to live.
Why he earned for his abode,
Habitation of the toad!

Why his fevered day by day
Will not serve to drive away
Horror that must always haunt: —

. *Want* *Want!*

Nightmare shot with waking pangs; —
Tightening coil, and certain fangs,
Close and closer, always nigh

. *WHY* *WHY?*

Why he labors under ban
That denies him for a man.
Why his utmost drop of blood
Buys for him no human good;
Why his utmost urge of strength
Only lets Them starve at length; —
Will not let him starve alone;
He must watch and see his own
Fade and fail, and starve, and die.

. Why? . . . Why?

Heart-beats, in a hammering song,
 Heavy as an ox may plod,
 Goaded — goaded — faint with wrong,
 Cry unto some ghost of God,
 . . . How Long? . . . How Long?
 How Long?

Seek him yet. Search for him!
 You shall find him, spent and grim.
 In the prisons where we pen
 Those unsightly shards of men.
 Sheltered fast;
 Housed at length;
 Clothed and fed, no matter how! —
 Where the householders, aghast,
 Measure in his broken strength
 Nought but power for evil, now.
 Beast-of-burden drudgeries
 Could not earn him what was his:
 He who heard the world applaud
 Glories seized by force and fraud,
 He must break, — *he* must take! —
 Both for hate and hunger's sake.
 He must seize by fraud and force;
 He must strike without remorse!
 Seize he might; but never keep.
 Strike, his once! — Behold him here.

(Human life we buy so cheap,
Who should know we held it dear?)

No denial,— no defence
From a brain bereft of sense,
Any more than penitence.
But the heart-beats now, that plod
Goaded— goaded — dumb with wrong,
Ask not even a ghost of God
. *How long?*

*When the sea gives up its dead,
Prison caverns, yield instead
This, rejected and despised;
This, the Soiled and Sacrificed!
Without form or comeliness;
Shamed for us that did transgress;
Bruised, for our iniquities,
With the stripes that are all his!
Face that wreckage, you who can.
It was once the Singing Man.*

III

MUST it be? — Must we then
Render back to God again,
This, His broken work, this thing
For His man that once did sing?
Will not all our wonders do?
Gifts we stored the ages through,
(Trusting that He had forgot) —
Gifts the Lord required not?

Would the all-but-human serve!
Monsters made of stone and nerve;
Towers that threaten and defy
Curse or blessing of the sky;
Shafts that blot the stars with smoke;
Lightnings harnessed under yoke;
Sea-things, air-things, wrought with steel,
That can smite, and fly, and feel!
Oceans calling each to each;
Hostile hearts, with kindred speech.
Every work that Titans can;
Every marvel: save a man,
Who might rule without a sword. —
Is a man more precious, Lord?

Can it be? — Must we then
Render back to Thee again
Million, million wasted men?
Men of flickering human breath,
Only made for life and death?

Ah, but see the sovereign Few,
Highly-favored, that remain!
These, the glorious residue
Of the cherished race of Cain.
These, the magnates of the age,
High above the human wage,
Who have numbered and possess
All the portion of the rest!

What are all despairs and shames,
What the mean forgotten names

Of the thousand more or less,
For one surfeit of success?

For those dullest lives we spent,
Take these Few magnificent!
For that host of blotted ones,
Take these glittering central Suns.
Few; — but how their lustre thrives
On the million broken lives!
Splendid, over dark and doubt,
For the million souls gone out!
These, the holders of our hoard,—
Wilt Thou not accept them, Lord?

IV

OH, in the wakening thunders of the heart,
—The small lost Eden, troubled through the night,
Sounds there not now,— foreboded and apart,
Some voice and sword of light?

Some voice and portent of a dawn to break? —
Searching, like God, the ruinous human shard
Of that lost Brother-man Himself did make,
And Man himself hath marred?

It sounds! — And may the anguish of that birth
Seize on the world; and may all shelters fail,
Till we behold new Heaven and new Earth
Through the rent Temple-vail!

When the high-tides that threaten near and far,
To sweep away our guilt before the sky,—

Flooding the waste of this dishonored Star,
Cleanse, and o'erwhelm, and cry! —

Cry, from the deep of world-accusing waves,
With longing more than all since Light began,
Above the nations,— underneath the graves,—
“Give back the Singing Man!”

THE NIGHT-WATCH

BY MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON-BIANCHI

MARK you those kindling eyes with love-light brave —
The buoyant step and flash of laughter gay?
Bright burn the fires of a human heart,
To hold the wolves of memory at bay!

IN DREAMS

BY MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON-BIANCHI

IN dreams we lost all hindering mortal sway,
Inviolatè of dawn, — or fealty sworn by day —
Faithless in dreams!
The loving silence left us side by side —
Beyond the wakeful wastes of longing, — satisfied,
Faithful in dreams!
Melting and mingling, vanishing and blest —
I scarce remember, — lay your head upon my
breast?
Fearless in dreams;
Nor when we meet so otherwise, forget
How in the formless sorcery of sleep, we yet
Were wed in dreams.

THE WATCHER

BY MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON-BIANCHI

FROM towered battlement I sweep the plain,
And smite the heights of hope with eager cry —
Who wears the crown? Who lie among the slain?
No harbinger as yet against the sky.

The future sleeps in night's dark hostelry;
A watcher lone, I sound my bugle-call
To speed the chance — whate'er the tidings be —
With soul erect though coward strongholds fall.

The echo wafts no signal from the breeze,
Each wakeful star a sentry's challenge gleams;
Behind me are the silent certainties,
Around me rise the silver mists of dreams.

God of the plain, what bidding wilt Thou send?
Again in vain I scan the dim highway —
Shall sword or scepter mark the vigil's end?
God of the hills, art Thou for peace or fray?

At last! Across the ridge I see him leap
And fly on wing of light unto my gate;
Hail, runner Day! Well spurned the fields of sleep,
Thou dauntless sun-clad servitor of fate!

Put off thy sandals, while, with bars flung wide,
I meet thy weal or woe on bended knee.
Hail, runner Day! whatever may betide
From out the regal hand of destiny.

KINDRED

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

I WANDER through the woodland ways,
And not a whispered sound,
No shudder in the leaves betrays
The quivering life around.

And yet I feel the kindred near
In every ambushed shade,
From tree and grass they peep and peer,
Half friendly, half afraid.

I bend above the magic tide;
But veiled in beryl light
The countless ocean-creatures hide,
With crystal eyes and bright:

The rainbow shapes glide to and fro,
Or gaze in still surprise;
The wonder-kin I do not know,
Yet feel their curious eyes.

Above, the starry mystery,
With teeming space between;
I feel its wonders close to me,
Its presences unseen.

MY MOTHER'S CLOTHES

BY ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

WHEN I was small, my mother's clothes
All seemed so kind to me!
I hid my face amid the folds
As safe as safe could be.

The gown that she had on
To me seemed shining bright,
For woven in that simple stuff
Were comfort and delight.

Yes, everything she wore
Received my hopes and fears,
And even the garments of her soul
Contained my smiles and tears.

Then softly will I touch
This dress she used to wear.
The old-time comfort lingers yet,
My smiles and tears are there.

A tenderness abides,
Though laid so long away;
And I must kiss their empty folds,
So comfortable are they.

SONG OF THE WANDERING DUST

BY ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

WE are of one kindred, wheresoe'er we be, —
Red upon the highroad or yellow on the plain,
White against the sea drift that girts the heavy sea;
Thou hast made us brothers, God of wind and rain!

Yellow all along the fields, hey ho the morn!
All the throb of those old days lingers in my feet,
Pleasant moods of growing grass and young laugh of
the corn,
And the life of the yellow dust is sweet!

When I bend my head low and listen at the ground,
I can hear vague voices that I used to know,
Stirring in dim places, faint and restless sound;
I remember how it was when the grass began to grow!

We are of one kindred, wheresoe'er we be, —
Red upon the highroad or yellow on the plain,
White against the glistening kelp that girts the heavy
sea;
Thou hast made us brothers, God of wind and rain!

Blown along the sea beach! Oh, but those were days!
How we loved the lightning, straight and keen and
white!

Bosomed with the ribboned kelp! Hist! through all
the ways

Of my brain I hear the sea, calling through the night.

How we used to jostle, braced together each to each,
When the sea came booming, stalwart, up the strand!
Ridged our shoulders, met the thunder, groaned and
held the beach!

I thank the God that made me, I am brother to
the sand!

We are of one kindred, wheresoe'er we be, —
Red upon the highroad or yellow on the plain,
White against the sea drift that girts the heavy sea;
Thou hast made us brothers, God of wind and rain!

Red upon the highroad that travels up to town!
I have nigh forgotten how the old way goes.
Ay, but I was there once, trampled up and down!
Shod feet and bare feet, I was friend to those!

Old feet and young feet, — still within my breast
I can feel the steady march, tread, tread, tread!
In my heart they left their blood, — God give them
rest!

In my bones I feel the dust raised from their dead!

We are of one kindred, wheresoe'er we be, —
Dumb along the highroad or fashioned in the brain;
Once my flesh was beaten from the white sand by the
sea;

Thou hast made us brothers, God of wind and rain!

Red dust and yellow dust, whither shall we go?
Up the road and by the sea and through the hearts
of men!

Red dust and yellow dust, when the great winds blow,
We shall meet and mingle, pass and meet again.

Red dust and yellow dust, I can feel them yet,
On my lips and through my soul, fine-grained in my
mood.

Still the solemn kinship calls, the old loves will not
forget,
And my heart answers back to its blood.

Old dust and strange dust, wheresoe'er we be, —
Red along the highroad or yellow on the plain,
White against the sea drift that girts the heavy sea,
Thou hast made us brothers, God of wind and rain!

AS IN A ROSE-JAR

BY THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

As in a rose-jar filled with petals sweet
 Blown long ago in some old garden place,
 Mayhap, where you and I, a little space
Drank deep of love and knew that love was fleet —
Or leaves once gathered from a lost retreat
 By one who never will again retrace
 Her silent footsteps — one, whose gentle face
Was fairer than the roses at her feet;

So, deep within the vase of memory
 I keep my dust of roses fresh and dear
 As in the days before I knew the smart
Of time and death. Nor aught can take from me
 The haunting fragrance that still lingers here—
 As in a rose-jar, so within my heart!

SONG AT THE BRINK OF DEATH

BY BERTHA FRANCES GORDON

BEFORE I leap and lose myself below,
Give me one moment's look beyond the brink.
Volumes of fog, vast piles of rolling mists,
Make war upon each other like the waves.
I hear strong humming as of mighty winds,
And shock and crash, as if a myriad
Of toppling worlds were crushed and ground to dust.
And from their dissolution, whirling, rise
Sharp fumes and strange; and all the tingling air
Seems full of unseen thorns that prick and burn.
My soul is in my hand — I shall not fear,
Now shall I test the temper of that sword
That I have spent my life to weld and whet.
Through ills I dream not of, through agony
And ruin I shall cleave my fiery way.
The heart within me burns like glowing wine,
And as the hush of earth slips from my soul,
The thrill of dawning godhead stirs within.
I swing my sword, and with a cry I leap.

LUCRETIUS

BY TRUMBULL STICKNEY

Sperata Voluptas Suavis Amicitiae

SLOW Spring that, slipping thro' the silver light,
Like some young wanderer now returnest home
After strange years,
How like to me! to mine thy timorous plight!
Who quietly near my friendship's altar come
Where yet no God appears.

By many a deed I sought to win his love,
Made him a wreath of all my songs and hours, —
Most vain, most fair!
Now falls about the shroud my years have wove;
My evening drops her large, slow purple flowers
Thro' gardens of gold air.

To him this verse, to him this crown of leaves,
My supreme piety shall I commend:
This is my last,
Wreathed of what Youth endows and Age bereaves,
Bound by the fingers of a lover and friend,
Green with the vital past.

We sunder, he my Truth, I the desire.
I spread my wooing fingers, I would learn
His least address:

But parcels of the heaven-dispersèd fire,
Sky-severed exiles, we divinely learn
To suffer loneliness.

My life was little in joy, little in pain;
Mine were the wise denials, with none I coped
To win the sky;
And when I surely saw my love was vain —
The joy of his sweet friendship I had hoped —
I stilled. Now let me die, —

Now that the endless wind is growing warm,
Richer the star, and flowers on many a slope
Undo their sheath;
O let us yield to life's divinest charm
That lured us thro' the blasted field of hope,
Let us return to death.

GO SLEEP, MA HONEY¹

BY EDWARD D. BARKER

WHIPP'WILL'S singin' to de moon, —

Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.

He sing a pow'ful, mo'nful tune,

Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.

De day bird's sleepin' on his nes',

He know it time to take a res',

An' he's gwine ter do his lebel bes', —

Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.

Old banjo's laid away, —

Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.

Its pickin's froo for to-day, —

Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.

De night time surely come to pass,

De cricket's chirpin' in de grass,

An' de ole mule's gone to sleep at las',

Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.

I hear de night win' in de corn, —

Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.

Dey's a ghos' out dah, sure's yo' born, —

Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.

But he dassent come where we keep a light,

An' de candle's burnin' all de night,

So sink to res', des be all right, —

Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.

¹ Copyright, 1909, by M. Witmark & Sons.

THE GREEN INN¹

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

I SICKEN of men's company
The crowded tavern's din,
Where all day long with oath and song
Sit they who entrance win,
So come I out from noise and rout
To rest in God's Green Inn.

Here none may mock an empty purse
Or ragged coat and poor,
But Silence waits within the gates
And Peace beside the door;
The weary guest is welcomest,
The richest pays no score.

The roof is high and arched and blue,
The floor is spread with pine;
On my four walls the sunlight falls
In golden flecks and fine;
And swift and fleet on noiseless feet
The Four Winds bring me wine.

Upon my board they set their store
Great drinks mixed cunningly
Wherein the scent of furze is blent
With odour of the sea;

¹From "The Joy of Life and Other Poems." Copyright, 1909,
by Mitchell Kennerley.

As from a cup I drink it up
To thrill the veins of me.

It's I will sit in God's Green Inn
Unvexed by man or ghost,
Yet ever fed and comforted,
Companioned by my host,
And watched by night by that white light
High swung from coast to coast.

O you, who in the House of Strife
Quarrel and game and sin,
Come out and see what cheer may be
For starveling souls and thin
Who come at last from drought and fast
To sit in God's Green Inn.

BESTOWAL

BY MARGARET FULLER

KNOCK at my heart, and I will ope
To Unforgetfulness;
Breathe on my brows, and from your own
Will fail my hands' caress;

Ask of my eyes, and mine shall veil,
Too faint to seek or chide;
Kiss — and within your will I lie
Like seaweed in the tide.

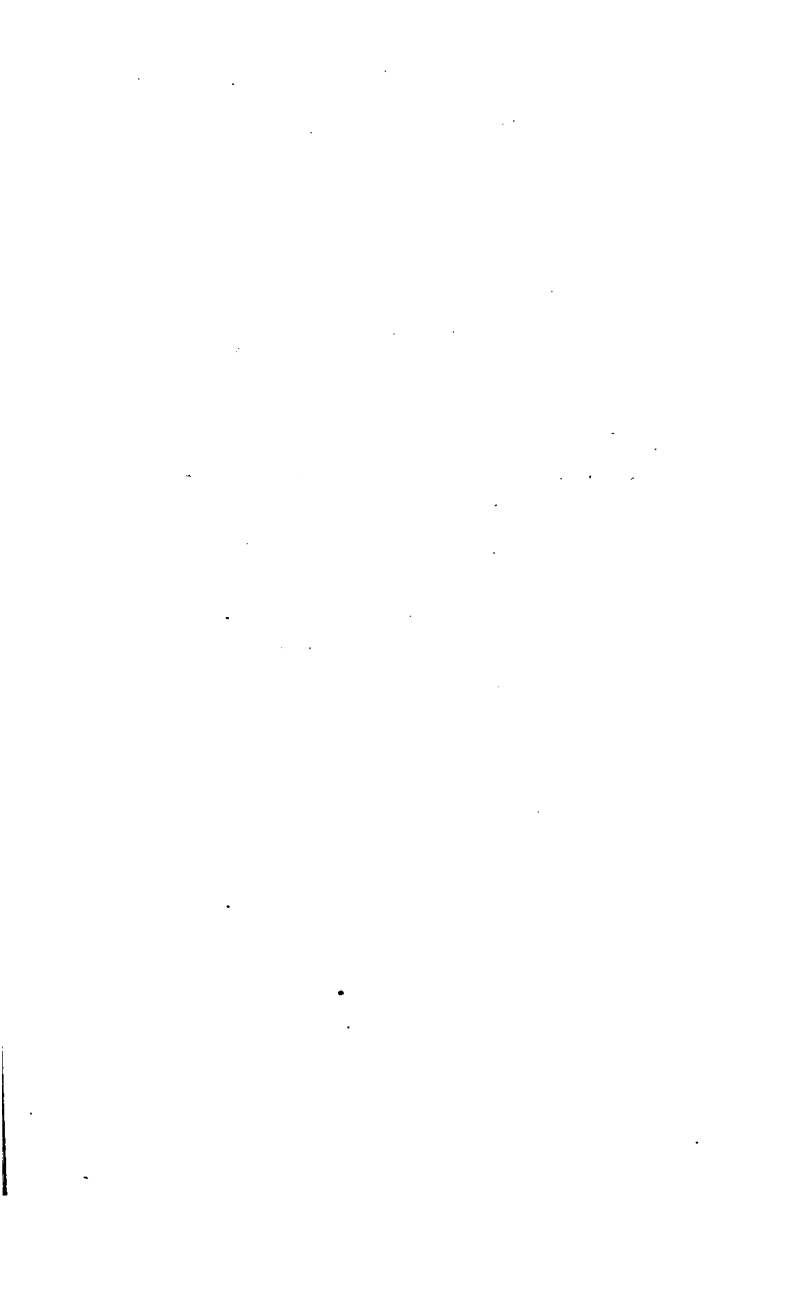
THE PASSION-FLOWER

BY MARGARET FULLER

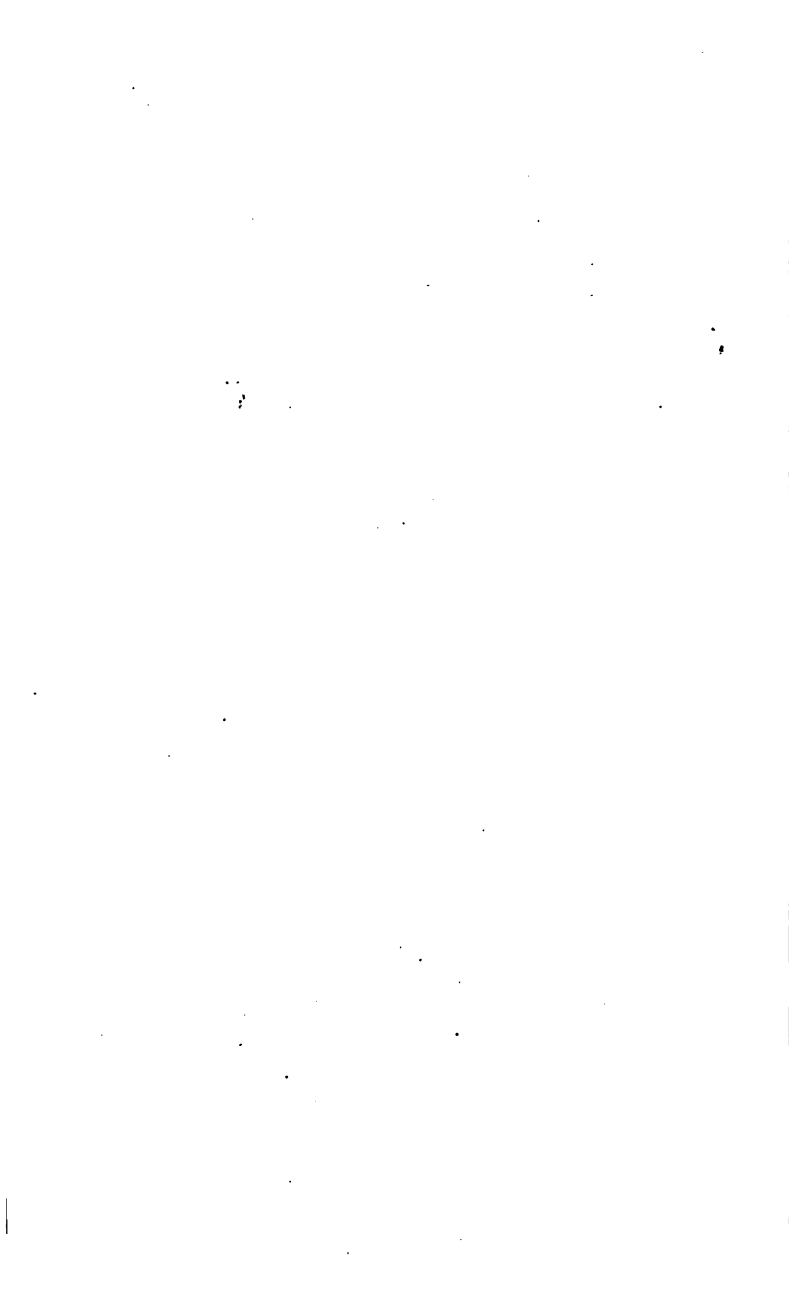
My love gave me a passion-flower.
I nursed it well — so brief its hour!
My eyelids ache, my throat is dry:
He told me that it would not die.

My love and I are one, and yet
Full oft my cheeks with tears are wet —
So sweet the night is and the bower!
My love gave me a passion-flower.

So sweet! Hold fast my hands. Can God
Make all this joy revert to sod,
And leave to me but this for dower —
My love gave me a passion-flower.

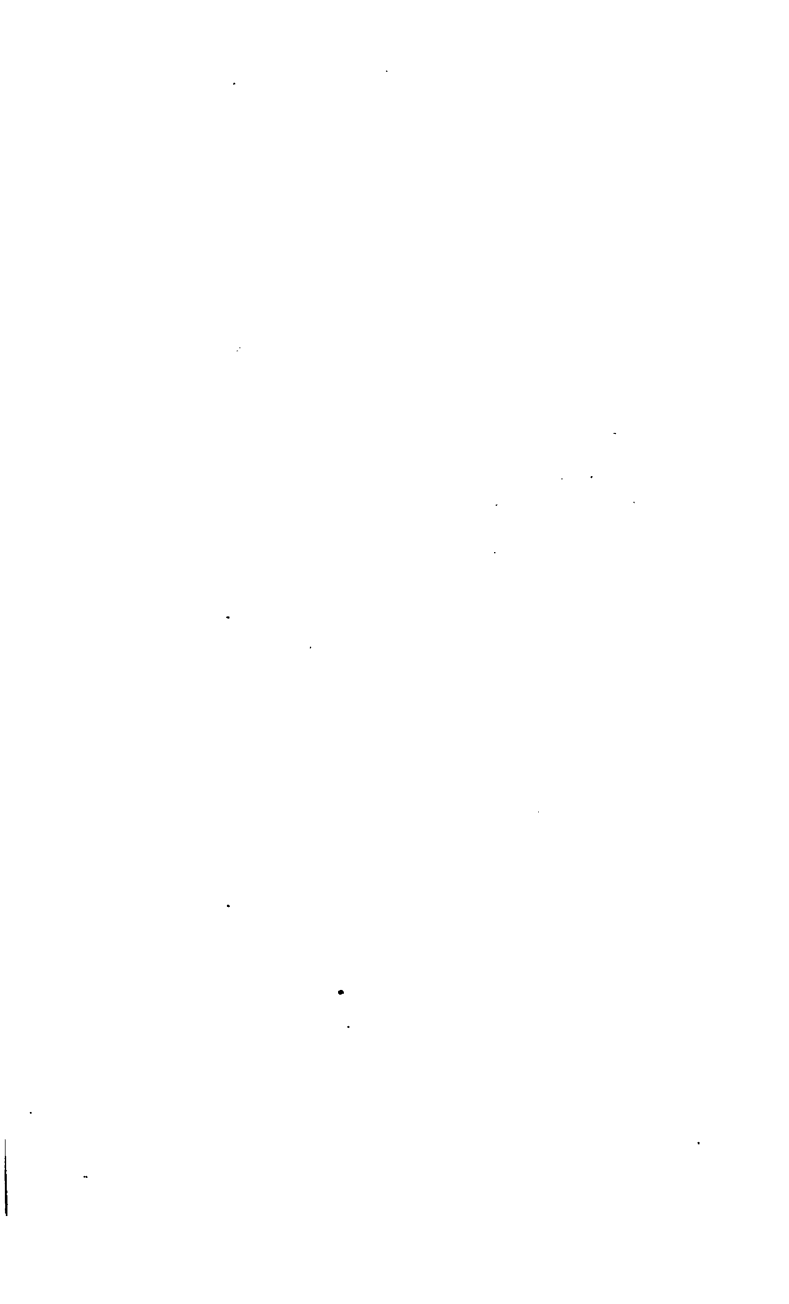


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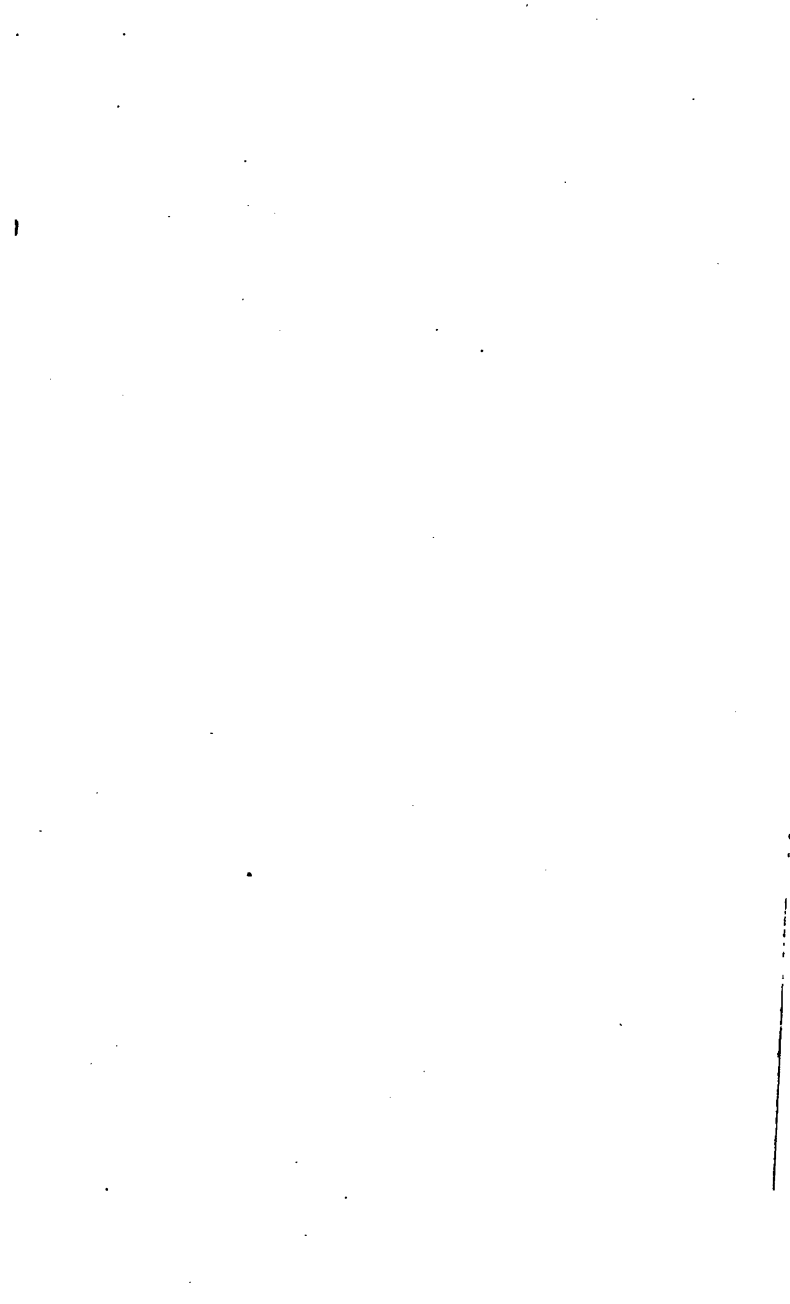
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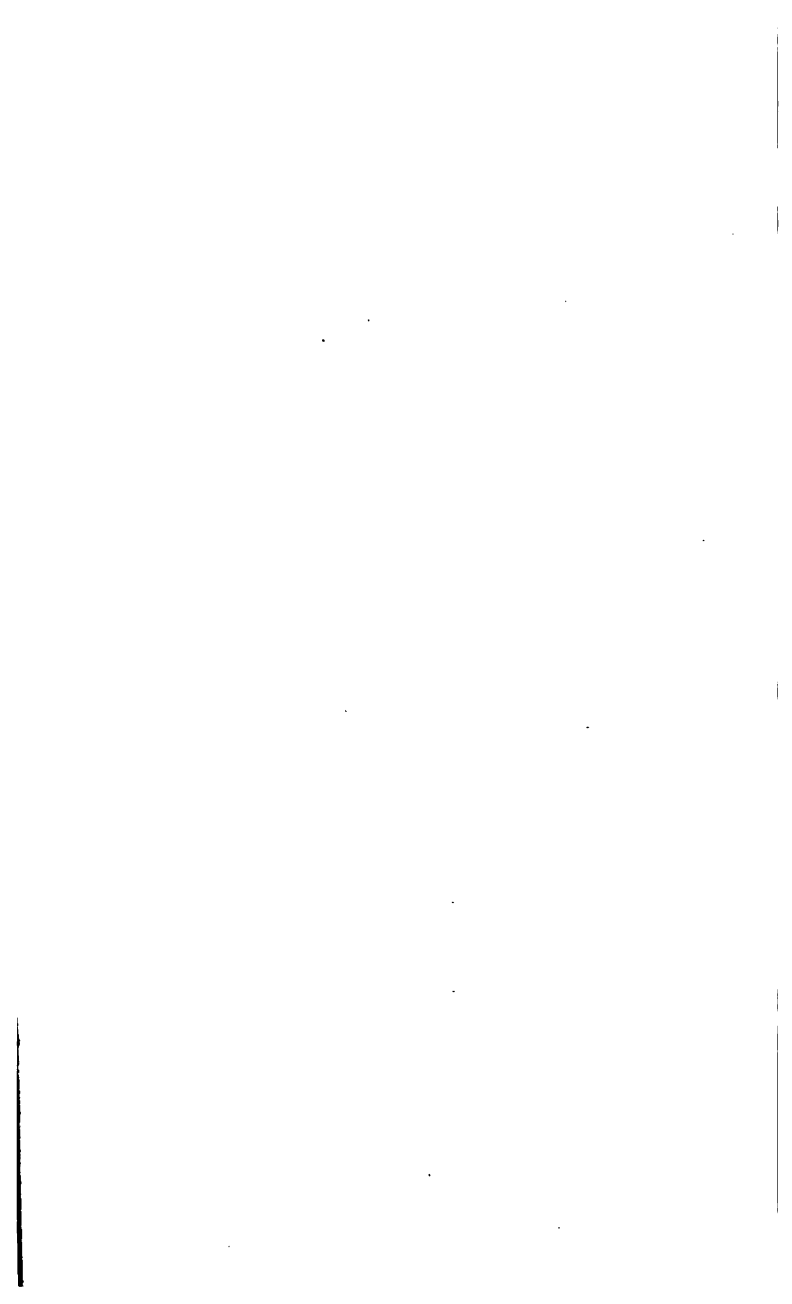
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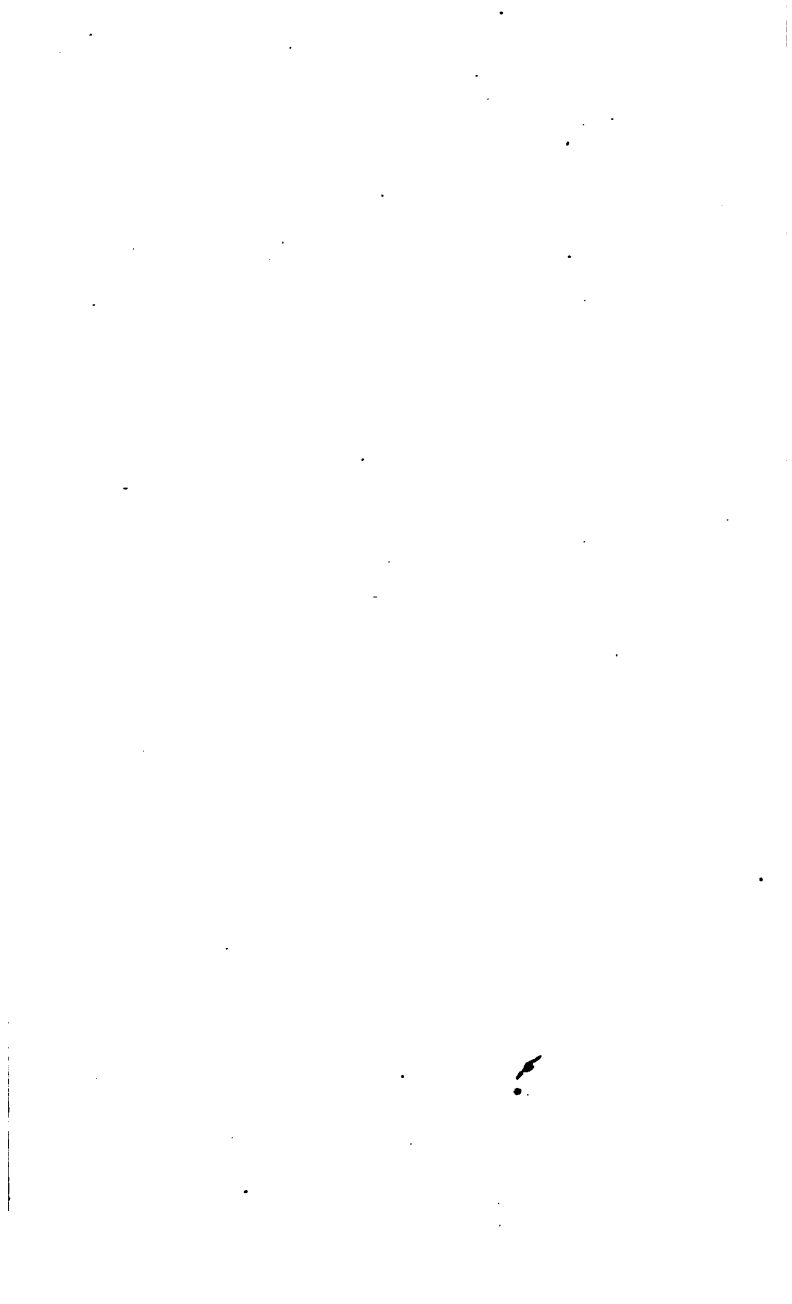


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